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THE

LIFE AND WORKS

OF

WILLIAM COWPER.

Engraved by F. Finden

Yours very truly
John Johnson.

WILLIAM COWPER.

VOL. VIII.

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM COWPER

POEMS.

EDITED BY

THE REV. T. S. GRIMSHAWE, A.M.

RECTOR OF BURTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, AND VICAR OF
BIDDENHAM, BEDFORDSHIRE, AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF THE REV. LEGH RICHMOND.

WITH AN ESSAY

ON THE GENIUS AND POETRY OF COWPER,

BY THE

REV. J. W. CUNNINGHAM, A.M.

VICAR OF HARROW.

VOL. VIII.

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A Portrait of the Editor's lamented brother-in-law, and Cowper's kinsman, the Rev. Dr. Johnson, (so often referred to in the course of the present work,) being prefixed to this volume, it may be proper to state, that by the maternal line of the Donnes he was cousin to the Poet, by one remove, which was the reason why he was usually designated as Cowper's *kinsman*, his mother having been the daughter of the Rev. Roger Donne, rector of Catfield, Norfolk, own brother to Cowper's mother. His unremitting and watchful care over the poet, for several successive years, and during a period marked by a painful and protracted malady, his generous sacrifice of his time, and of every personal consideration, that he might administer to the peace and comfort of his afflicted friend—his affectionate sympathy, and uniform forgetfulness of self, in all the various relations of life—these virtues have justly claimed for Dr. Johnson the esteem and love of his friends, and the honourable distinction of being ever identified with the endeared name of Cowper. He was rector of the united parishes of Yaxham and Wel-

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borne, in the county of Norfolk, where he preached the doctrines of the Gospel with fidelity, and adorned them by the Christian tenor of his life and conduct. He married Miss Livius, daughter of the late George Livius, Esq., formerly at the head of the Commissariat, in India, during the government of Warren Hastings. The Editor was connected with him by marrying the sister of Mrs. Johnson. He departed in the autumn of the year 1833, after a short illness, and was followed to the grave by a crowded assemblage of his parishioners, to whom he was endeared by his virtues. He left his estimable widow and four surviving children to lament his loss. Cowper was engraved on his heart, and his Poems minutely impressed on his memory. Both, therefore, became a frequent theme of conversation; and it is to these sources of information, that the writer is indebted for the knowledge of many facts and incidents that are incorporated in the present Edition.

In the view of East Dereham, prefixed to the Seventh Volume, the house seen in the centre of the Market-place is that in which Dr. Johnson resided and in which Cowper died.

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A TALE.*

In Scotland's realms, where trees are few,
Nor even shrubs abound;
But where, however bleak the view,
Some better things are found;

For husband there and wife may boast
Their union undefiled,
And false ones are as rare almost
As hedgerows in the wild—

* This tale is founded on an article which appeared in the Buckinghamshire Herald, Saturday, June 1, 1793:—"Glasgow, May 23. In a block, or pulley, near the head of the mast of a gabert, now lying at the Broomielaw, there is a chaffinch's nest and four eggs. The nest was built while the vessel lay at Greenock, and was followed hither by both birds. Though the block is occasionally lowered for the inspection of the curious, the birds have not forsaken the nest. The cock, however, visits the nest but seldom, while the hen never leaves it, but when she descends to the hull for food."

In Scotland's realm forlorn and bare
The history chanced of late—
The history of a wedded pair,
A chaffinch and his mate.

The spring drew near, each felt a breast
With genial instinct fill'd;
They pair'd, and would have built a nest,
But found not where to build.

The heaths uncover'd and the moors
Except with snow and sleet,
Sea-beaten rocks and naked shores
Could yield them no retreat.

Long time a breeding-place they sought,
Till both grew vex'd and tired;
At length a ship arriving brought
The good so long desired.

A ship?—could such a restless thing
Afford them place of rest?
Or was the merchant charged to bring
The homeless birds a nest?

Hush—silent hearers profit most—
This racer of the sea
Proved kinder to them than the coast,
It served them with a tree.

But such a tree! 'twas shaven deal,
The tree they call a mast,
And had a hollow with a wheel
Through which the tackle pass'd.

Within that cavity aloft
Their roofless home they fix'd,
Form'd with materials neat and soft,
Bents, wool, and feathers mix'd.

Four ivory eggs soon pave its floor
With russet specks bedight—
The vessel weighs, forsakes the shore,
And lessens to the sight.

The mother-bird is gone to sea,
As she had changed her kind;
But goes the male? Far wiser, he
Is doubtless left behind.

No—soon as from ashore he saw
The winged mansion move,
He flew to reach it, by a law
Of never-failing love;

Then perching at his consort's side,
Was briskly borne along,
The billows and the blast defied,
And cheer'd her with a song.

The seaman with sincere delight
His feather'd shipmates eyes,
Scarce less exulting in the sight
Than when he tows a prize.

For seamen much believe in signs,
And from a chance so new
Each some approaching good divines,
And may his hopes be true!

Hail, honour'd land! a desert where
Not even birds can hide,
Yet parent of this loving pair
Whom nothing could divide.

And ye who, rather than resign
Your matrimonial plan,
Were not afraid to plough the brine
In company with man;

For whose lean country much disdain
We English often show,
Yet from a richer nothing gain
But wantonness and woe—

Be it your fortune, year by year,
The same resource to prove,
And may ye, sometimes landing here,
Instruct us how to love!

June, 1793.

TO MARY.

THE twentieth year is well nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah! would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow——
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more;
My Mary!

For, though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream:
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently press'd, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two; yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

And still to love, though press'd with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

Autumn of 1793.

THE CASTAWAY.

Obscurest night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roar'd,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Wash'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away:
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted; nor his friends had fail'd
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford;
And, such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delay'd not to bestow:
But he, they knew, nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld:
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repell'd:
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried—"Adieu!"

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more:
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him; but the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear

And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date:
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone;
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perish'd, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he.

March 20, 1799.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Dear President, whose art sublime
Gives perpetuity to time,
And bids transactions of a day,
That fleeting hours would waft away
To dark futurity, survive,
And in unfading beauty live,—
You cannot with a grace decline
A special mandate of the Nine—
Yourself, whatever task you choose,
So much indebted to the Muse.
Thus say the sisterhood:—We come—
Fix well your pallet on your thumb,

Prepare the pencil and the tints—
We come to furnish you with hints.
French disappointment, British glory,
Must be the subject of the story.
First strike a curve, a graceful bow,
Then slope it to a point below;
Your outline easy, airy, light,
Fill'd up, becomes a paper kite.
Let independence, sanguine, horrid,
Blaze like a meteor in the forehead:
Beneath (but lay aside your graces)
Draw six-and-twenty rueful faces,
Each with a staring, stedfast eye,
Fix'd on his great and good ally.
France flies the kite—'tis on the wing—
Britannia's lightning cuts the string.
The wind that raised it, ere it ceases,
Just rends it into thirteen pieces,
Takes charge of every fluttering sheet,
And lays them all at George's feet.
Iberia, trembling from afar,
Renounces the confederate war.
Her efforts and her arts o'ercome,
France calls her shatter'd navies home
Repenting Holland learns to mourn
The sacred treaties she has torn;
Astonishment and awe profound
Are stamp'd upon the nations round:
Without one friend, above all foes,
Britannia gives the world repose.

ON THE AUTHOR OF LETTERS ON LITERATURE.*

The Genius of the Augustan age
His head among Rome's ruins rear'd,
And, bursting with heroic rage,
When literary Heron appear'd,

Thou hast, he cried, like him of old
Who set the Ephesian dome on fire,
By being scandalously bold,
Attain'd the mark of thy desire.

And for traducing Virgil's name
Shalt share his merited reward;
A perpetuity of fame,
That rots, and stinks, and is abhorr'd.

THE DISTRESSED TRAVELLERS;

OR, LABOUR IN VAIN.

A New Song, to a Tune never sung before.

I sing of a journey to Clifton,†
We would have performed, if we could;
Without cart or barrow, to lift on
Poor Mary‡ and me through the mud.
Slee, sla, slud,
Stuck in the mud;
Oh it is pretty to wade through a flood!

* Nominally by Robert Heron, Esq., but supposed to have been written by John Pinkerton. 8vo. 1785.

† A village near Olney. ‡ Mrs. Unwin.

So away he went, slipping and sliding;
Hop, hop, *à la mode de deux frogs;*
'Tis near as good walking as riding,
When ladies are dressed in their clogs.
Wheels, no doubt,
Go briskly about,
But they clatter, and rattle, and make such a rout.

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

"Well! now, I protest it is charming;
How finely the weather improves!
That cloud, though 'tis rather alarming,
How slowly and stately it moves."

HE.

"Pshaw! never mind,
'Tis not in the wind,
We are travelling south, and shall leave it behind."

SHE.

"I am glad we are come for an airing,
For folks may be pounded, and penn'd,
Until they grow rusty, not caring
To stir half a mile to an end."

HE.

"The longer we stay,
The longer we may;
It's a folly to think about weather or way."

SHE.

"But now I begin to be frighted,
If I fall, what a way I should roll!
I am glad that the bridge was indicted,
Stay! stop! I am sunk in a hole!"

HE.

"Nay, never care,
'Tis a common affair;
You'll not be the last, that will set a foot there."

SHE.

"Let me breathe now a little, and ponder
On what it were better to do;
That terrible lane I see yonder,
I think we shall never get through.'"

HE.

"So think I:—
But, by the by,
We never shall know, if we never should try."

SHE.

"But should we get there, how shall we get home?
What a terrible deal of bad road we have past!
Slipping, and sliding, and if we should come
To a difficult stile, I am ruined at last!
Oh this lane!
Now it is plain
That struggling and striving is labour in vain."

HE.

"Stick fast there while I go and look;

SHE.

"Don't go away, for fear I should fall:"

HE.

"I have examined it, every nook,
And what you see here is a sample of all.
Come, wheel round,
The dirt we have found
Would be an estate, at a farthing a pound."

Now, sister Anne,* the guitar you must take,
Set it, and sing it, and make it a song:
I have varied the verse, for variety's sake,
And cut it off short—because it was long.
'Tis hobbling and lame,
Which critics won't blame,
For the sense and the sound, they say, should be the same.

STANZAS

ON THE LATE INDECENT LIBERTIES TAKEN WITH THE REMAINS OF MILTON,† ANNO 1790.

"ME too, perchance, in future days,
The sculptured stone shall show,
With Paphian myrtle or with bays
Parnassian on my brow.

* The late Lady Austen.
† The bones of Milton, who lies buried in Cripplegate

"But I, or ere that season come,
Escaped from every care,
Shall reach my refuge in the tomb,
And sleep securely there."*

So sang, in Roman tone and style,
The youthful bard, ere long
Ordain'd to grace his native isle
With her sublimest song.

Who then but must conceive disdain,
Hearing the deed unblest
Of wretches who have dared profane
His dread sepulchral rest!

Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones†
Where Milton's ashes lay,
That trembled not to grasp his bones
And steal his dust away!

church, were disinterred; a pamphlet by Le Neve was published at the time, giving an account of what appeared on opening his coffin.

* Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus
Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas—At ego secura pace quiescam.
Milton in Manso.

† Cowper, no doubt, had in his memory the lines said to have been written by Shakspeare on his tomb:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

O ill requited bard! neglect
Thy living worth repaid,
And blind idolatrous respect
As much affronts thee dead.

August, 1790.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM BULL.

June 22, 1782.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

If reading verse be your delight,
Tis mine as much, or more, to write;
But what we would, so weak is man,
Lies oft remote from what we can.
For instance, at this very time
I feel a wish by cheerful rhyme
To soothe my friend, and, had I power,
To cheat him of an anxious hour;
Not meaning (for I must confess,
It were but folly to suppress)
His pleasure, or his good alone,
But squinting partly at my own.
But though the sun is flaming high
In the centre of yon arch, the sky,
And he had once (and who but he?)
The name for setting genius free,
Yet whether poets of past days
Yielded him undeserved praise,

And he by no uncommon lot
Was famed for virtues he had not;
Or whether, which is like enough,
His Highness may have taken huff,
So seldom sought with invocation,
Since it has been the reigning fashion
To disregard his inspiration,
I seem no brighter in my wits,
For all the radiance he emits,
Than if I saw, through midnight vapour,
The glimmering of a farthing taper.
Oh for a succedaneum, then,
To accelerate a creeping pen!
Oh for a ready succedaneum,
Quod caput, cerebrum, et cranium
Pondere liberet exoso,
Et morbo jam caliginoso!
Tis here; this oval box well fill'd
With best tobacco, finely mill'd,
Beats all Anticyra's pretences
To disengage the encumber'd senses.
Oh Nymph of transatlantic fame,
Where'er thine haunt, whate'er thy name,
Whether reposing on the side
Of Oroonoquo's spacious tide,
Or listening with delight not small
To Niagara's distant fall,
'Tis thine to cherish and to feed
The pungent nose-refreshing weed,

Which, whether pulverized it gain
A speedy passage to the brain,
Or whether, touch'd with fire, it rise
In circling eddies to the skies,
Does thought more quicken and refine
Than all the breath of all the Nine—
Forgive the bard, if bard he be,
Who once too wantonly made free,
To touch with a satiric wipe
That symbol of thy power, the pipe;
So may no blight infest thy plains,
And no unseasonable rains;
And so may smiling peace once more
Visit America's sad shore;
And thou, secure from all alarms,
Of thundering drums and glittering arms,
Rove unconfined beneath the shade
Thy wide expanded leaves have made;
So may thy votaries increase,
And fumigation never cease.
May Newton with renew'd delights
Perform thine odoriferous rites,
While clouds of incense half divine
Involve thy disappearing shrine;
And so may smoke-inhaling Bull
Be always filling, never full.

EPITAPH ON MRS. M. HIGGINS, OF WESTON.

Laurels may flourish round the conqueror's tomb,
But happiest they who win the world to come:
Believers have a silent field to fight,
And their exploits are veil'd from human sight.
They in some nook, where little known they dwell,
Kneel, pray in faith, and rout the hosts of hell;
Eternal triumphs crown their toils divine,
And all those triumphs, Mary, now are thine.

1791.

SONNET TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Deem not, sweet rose, that bloom'st 'midst many a thorn,
Thy friend, tho' to a cloister's shade consign'd,
Can e'er forget the charms he left behind,
Or pass unheeded this auspicious morn!
In happier days to brighter prospects born,
O tell thy thoughtless sex, the virtuous mind,
Like thee, content in every state may find,
And look on Folly's pageantry with scorn.
To steer with nicest art betwixt th' extreme
Of idle mirth, and affectation coy;
To blend good sense with elegance and ease;
To bid Affliction's eye no longer stream;
Is thine; best gift, the unfailing source of joy,
The guide to pleasures which can never cease!

ON A MISTAKE IN HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER.

Cowper had sinn'd with some excuse,
If, bound in rhyming tethers,
He had committed this abuse
Of changing ewes for wethers;*

But, male for female is a trope,
Or rather bold misnomer,
That would have startled even Pope,
When he translated Homer.

ON THE BENEFIT RECEIVED BY HIS MAJESTY FROM SEA-BATHING IN THE YEAR 1789.

O Sovereign of an isle renown'd
For undisputed sway,
Wherever o'er yon gulf profound
Her navies wing their way,

* I have heard about my wether mutton from various quarters. It was a blunder hardly pardonable in a man who has lived amid fields and meadows, grazed by sheep, almost these thirty years. I have accordingly satirized myself in two stanzas which I composed last night, while I lay awake, tormented with pain, and well dosed with laudanum. If you find them not very brilliant, therefore, you will know how to account for it.—*Letter to Joseph Hill, Esq.*, dated April 15, 1792.

With juster claim she builds at length
Her empire on the sea,
And well may boast the waves her strength
Which strength restored to thee.

ADDRESSED TO MISS —— ON READING THE PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.*

And dwells there in a female heart,
By bounteous Heaven design'd,
The choicest raptures to impart,
To feel the most refined—

Dwells there a wish in such a breast
Its nature to forego,
To smother in ignoble rest
At once both bliss and woe!

Far be the thought, and far the strain,
Which breathes the low desire,
How sweet soe'er the verse complain,
Though Phœbus string the lyre.

Come, then, fair maid, (in nature wise,)
Who, knowing them, can tell
From generous sympathy what joys
The glowing bosom swell:

* For Mrs. Greville's Ode, see *Annual Register*, vol. v. p. 202.

In justice to the various powers
Of pleasing, which you share,
Join me, amid your silent hours,
To form the better prayer.

With lenient balm may Oberon hence
To fairy land be driven,
With every herb that blunts the sense
Mankind received from heaven.

"Oh! if my sovereign Author please,
Far be it from my fate
To live unbless'd in torpid ease,
And slumber on in state;

"Each tender tie of life defied,
Whence social pleasures spring,
Unmoved with all the world beside,
A solitary thing—"

Some Alpine mountain, wrapt in snow,
Thus braves the whirling blast,
Eternal winter doom'd to know,
No genial spring to taste.

In vain warm suns their influence shed,
The zephyrs sport in vain,
He rears unchanged his barren head,
Whilst beauty decks the plain.

What though in scaly armour dress'd,
Indifference may repel
The shafts of woe—in such a breast
No joy can ever dwell.

'Tis woven in the world's great plan,
And fix'd by Heaven's decree,
That all the true delights of man
Should spring from sympathy.

'Tis nature bids, and whilst the laws
Of nature we retain,
Our self-approving bosom draws
A pleasure from its pain.

Thus grief itself has comforts dear
The sordid never know;
And ecstasy attends the tear
When virtue bids it flow.

For, when it streams from that pure source,
No bribes the heart can win
To check, or alter from its course,
The luxury within.

Peace to the phlegm of sullen elves,
Who, if from labour eased,
Extend no care beyond themselves,
Unpleasing and unpleased.

Let no low thought suggest the prayer,
Oh! grant, kind Heaven, to me,
Long as I draw ethereal air,
Sweet Sensibility!

Where'er the heavenly nymph is seen,
With lustre-beaming eye.
A train, attendant on their queen
(Her rosy chorus) fly;

The jocund loves in Hymen's band,
With torches ever bright,
And generous friendship, hand in hand
With pity's wat'ry sight.

The gentler virtues too are join'd
In youth immortal warm;
The soft relations, which, combined,
Give life her every charm.

The arts come smiling in the close,
And lend celestial fire;
The marble breathes, the canvass glows,
The muses sweep the lyre.

"Still may my melting bosom cleave
To sufferings not my own,
And still the sigh responsive heave
Where'er is heard a groan.

"So pity shall take virtue's part,
Her natural ally,
And fashioning my soften'd heart,
Prepare it for the sky."

This artless vow may Heaven receive,
And you, fond maid, approve:
So may your guiding angel give!
Whate'er you wish or love!

So may the rosy-finger'd hours
Lead on the various year,
And every joy, which now is yours,
Extend a larger sphere!

And suns to come, as round they wheel,
Your golden moments bless
With all a tender heart can feel,
Or lively fancy guess!

1762.

FROM A LETTER TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON,

LATE RECTOR OF ST. MARY WOOLNOTH.

Says the pipe to the snuff-box, I can't understand
What the ladies and gentlemen see in your face,
That you are in fashion all over the land,
And I am so much fallen into disgrace.

Do but see what a pretty contemplative air
I give to the company—pray do but note 'em—
You would think that the wise men of Greece were all there,
Or, at least, would suppose them the wise men of Gotham.

My breath is as sweet as the breath of blown roses,
While you are a nuisance where'er you appear;
There is nothing but snivelling and blowing of noses,
Such a noise as turns any man's stomach to hear.

Then, lifting his lid in a delicate way, [ing,
  And opening his mouth with a smile quite engag-
The box in reply was heard plainly to say,
  What a silly dispute is this we are waging!

If you have a little of merit to claim, [weed,
  You may thank the sweet-smelling Virginian
And I, if I seem to deserve any blame,
  The beforemention'd drug in apology plead.

Thus neither the praise nor the blame is our own,
  No room for a sneer, much less a cachinnus,
We are vehicles, not of tobacco alone,
  But of any thing else they may choose to put in us.

THE FLATTING MILL.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

When a bar of pure silver or ingot of gold
Is sent to be flatted or wrought into length,
It is pass'd between cylinders often, and roll'd
In an engine of utmost mechanical strength.

Thus tortured and squeezed, at last it appears
Like a loose heap of ribbon, a glittering show,
Like music it tinkles and rings in your ears,
And, warm'd by the pressure, is all in a glow.

This process achieved, it is doom'd to sustain
The thump after thump of a gold-beater's mallet,
And at last is of service in sickness or pain
To cover a pill for a delicate palate.

Alas for the poet! who dares undertake
To urge reformation of national ill—
His head and his heart are both likely to ache
With the double employment of mallet and mill.

If he wish to instruct, he must learn to delight,
Smooth, ductile, and even his fancy must flow,
Must tinkle and glitter like gold to the sight,
And catch in its progress a sensible glow.

After all he must beat it as thin and as fine
As the leaf that enfolds what an invalid swallows;
For truth is unwelcome, however divine,
And unless you adorn it, a nausea follows.

EPITAPH ON A FREE BUT TAME REDBREAST,

A FAVOURITE OF MISS SALLY HURDIS.

These are not dewdrops, these are tears,
And tears by Sally shed
For absent Robin, who she fears,
With too much cause, is dead.

One morn he came not to her hand
As he was wont to come,
And, on her finger perch'd, to stand
Picking his breakfast-crumb.

Alarm'd, she call'd him, and perplex'd
She sought him, but in vain—
That day he came not, nor the next,
Nor ever came again.

She therefore raised him here a tomb,
Though where he fell, or how,
None knows, so secret was his doom,
Nor where he moulders now.

Had half a score of coxcombs died
In social Robin's stead,
Poor Sally's tears had soon been dried,
Or haply never shed.

But Bob was neither rudely bold
Nor spiritlessly tame;
Nor was, like theirs, his bosom cold,
But always in a flame.

March, 1792.

SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

HAYLEY—thy tenderness fraternal shown
In our first interview, delightful guest!
To Mary, and me for her dear sake distress'd,
Such as it is, has made my heart thy own,
Though heedless now of new engagements grown;
For threescore winters make a wintry breast,
And I had purposed ne'er to go in quest
Of friendship more, except with God alone.
But thou hast won me; nor is God my foe,
Who, ere this last afflictive scene began,
Sent thee to mitigate the dreadful blow,
My brother, by whose sympathy I know
Thy true deserts infallibly to scan,
Not more to admire the bard than love the man.

June 2, 1792.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE lies one who never drew
Blood himself, yet many slew;
Gave the gun its aim, and figure
Made in field, yet ne'er pull'd trigger.

Armed men have gladly made
Him their guide, and him obey'd;
At his signified desire
Would advance, present, and fire—
Stout he was, and large of limb,
Scores have fled at sight of him!
And to all this fame he rose
Only following his nose.
Neptune was he call'd, not he
Who controls the boisterous sea,
But of happier command,
Neptune of the furrow'd land;
And, your wonder vain to shorten,
Pointer to Sir John Throckmorton.

1792.

ON RECEIVING HAYLEY'S PICTURE.

In language warm as could be breathed or penn'd
Thy picture speaks the original, my friend,
Not by those looks that indicate thy mind—
They only speak thee friend of all mankind;
Expression here more soothing still I see,
That friend of all a partial friend to me.

January, 1793.

ON A PLANT OF VIRGIN'S BOWER.

DESIGNED TO COVER A GARDEN-SEAT.

THRIVE, gentle plant! and weave a bower
For Mary and for me,
And deck with many a splendid flower,
Thy foliage large and free.

Thou camest from Eartham, and wilt shade
(If truly I divine)
Some future day the illustrious head
Of him who made thee mine.

Should Daphne show a jealous frown,
And envy seize the bay,
Affirming none so fit to crown
Such honour'd brows as they,

Thy cause with zeal we shall defend,
And with convincing power;
For why should not the virgin's friend
Be crown'd with virgin's bower?

Spring of 1793.

ON RECEIVING HEYNE'S VIRGIL.

FROM MR. HAYLEY.

I SHOULD have deem'd it once an effort vain
To sweeten more sweet Maro's matchless strain,
But from that error now behold me free,
Since I received him as a gift from thee.

Oct. 1793.

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO LADY HESKETH, BY A LADY.

In returning a Poem of Mr. Cowper's, lent to the Writer, on condition she should neither show it nor take a copy.

What wonder! if my wavering hand
Had dared to disobey,
When Hesketh gave a harsh command,
And Cowper led astray.

Then take this tempting gift of thine,
By pen uncopied yet!
But canst thou Memory confine,
Or teach me to forget?

More lasting than the touch of art,
Her characters remain;
When written by a feeling heart
On tablets of the brain.

COWPER'S REPLY.

To be remember'd thus is fame,
And in the first degree;
And did the few, like her, the same,
The press might rest for me.

So Homer, in the mem'ry stor'd
Of many a Grecian belle,
Was once preserved—a richer hoard,
But never lodged so well.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS THEODORA JANE COWPER.

William was once a bashful youth,
His modesty was such,
That one might say, to say the truth,
He rather had too much.

Some said that it was want of sense,
And others, want of spirit,
(So blest a thing is impudence,)
While others could not bear it.

But some a different notion had,
And at each other winking,
Observed, that though he little said,
He paid it off with thinking.

Howe'er, it happen'd, by degrees,
He mended, and grew perter,
In company was more at ease,
And dress'd a little smarter;

Nay, now and then, could look quite gay,
As other people do;
And sometimes said, or tried to say,
A witty thing or so.

He eyed the women, and made free
To comment on their shapes,
So that there was, or seem'd to be,
No fear of a relapse.

The women said, who thought him rough,
But now no longer foolish,
"The creature may do well enough,
But wants a deal of polish."

At length improved from head to heel,
'Twere scarce too much to say,
No dancing beau was so genteel,
Or half so *dégagé*.

Now, that a miracle so strange
May not in vain be shown,
Let the dear maid who wrought the change
E'en claim him for her own!

TO THE SAME.

How quick the change from joy to wo,
How chequer'd is our lot below!
Seldom we view the prospect fair;
Dark clouds of sorrow, pain, and care,

(Some pleasing intervals between,)
Scowl over more than half the scene.
Last week with Delia, gentle maid!
Far hence in happier fields I stray'd.
Five suns successive rose and set,
And saw no monarch in his state,
Wrapt in the blaze of majesty,
So free from every care as I.
Next day the scene was overcast—
Such day till then I never pass'd,—
For on that day, relentless fate!
Delia and I must separate.
Yet ere we look'd our last farewell,
From her dear lips this comfort fell,—
"Fear not that time, where'er we rove,
Or absence, shall abate my love."

LINES ON A SLEEPING INFANT.

Sweet babe! whose image here express'd
Does thy peaceful slumbers show;
Guilt or fear, to break thy rest,
Never did thy spirit know.

Soothing slumbers! soft repose,
Such as mock the painter's skill,
Such as innocence bestows,
Harmless infant! lull thee still.

LINES.

Oh! to some distant scene, a willing exile
From the wild roar of this busy world,
Were it my fate with Delia to retire,
With her to wander through the sylvan shade,
Each morn, or o'er the moss-embrowned turf,
Where, blest as the prime parents of mankind
In their own Eden, we would envy none,
But, greatly pitying whom the world calls happy,
Gently spin out the silken thread of life!

INSCRIPTION FOR A MOSS-HOUSE IN THE SHRUBBERY AT WESTON.

Here, free from riot's hated noise,
Be mine, ye calmer, purer joys,
A book or friend bestows;
Far from the storms that shake the great,
Contentment's gale shall fan my seat,
And sweeten my repose.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM RUSSEL.

Doom'd, as I am, in solitude to waste
The present moments, and regret the past;
Depriv'd of every joy I valued most,
My friend torn from me, and my mistress lost;

Call not this gloom I wear, this anxious mien,
The dull effect of humour, or of spleen!
Still, still, I mourn, with each returning day,
Him* snatch'd by fate in early youth away;
And her—thro' tedious years of doubt and pain,
Fix'd in her choice, and faithful—but in vain!
O prone to pity, generous, and sincere,
Whose eye ne'er yet refus'd the wretch a tear;
Whose heart the real claim of friendship knows
Nor thinks a lover's are but fancied woes;
See me—ere yet my destin'd course half done,
Cast forth a wand'rer on a world unknown!
See me neglected on the world's rude coast,
Each dear companion of my voyage lost!
Nor ask why clouds of sorrow shade my brow,
And ready tears wait only leave to flow!
Why all that soothes a heart from anguish free,
All that delights the happy—palls with me!

ON THE HIGH PRICE OF FISH.

Cocoa-nut naught,
Fish too dear,
None must be bought
For us that are here:

* Sir William Russel, the favourite friend of the young poet.

No lobster on earth,
That ever I saw,
To me would be worth
Sixpence a claw.

So, dear Madam, wait
Till fish can be got
At a reas'nable rate,
Whether lobster or not;

Till the French and the Dutch
Have quitted the seas,
And then send as much
And as oft as you please.

TO MRS. NEWTON.

A NOBLE theme demands a noble verse,
In such I thank you for your fine oys*ters*.
The barrel was magnificently large,
But, being sent to Olney at free charge,
Was not inserted in the driver's list,
And therefore overlook'd, forgot, or miss'd;
For, when the messenger whom we dispatch'd
Inquir'd for oysters, Hob his noddle scratch'd;
Denying that his waggon or his wain
Did any such commodity contain.

In consequence of which, your welcome boon
Did not arrive till yesterday at noon;
In consequence of which some chanc'd to die,
And some, though very sweet, were very dry.
Now Madam says, (and what she says must still
Deserve attention, say she what she will,)
That what we call the diligence, be-case
It goes to London with a swifter pace,
Would better suit the carriage of your gift,
Returning downward with a pace as swift;
And therefore recommends it with this aim—
To save at least three days,—the price the same;
For though it will not carry or convey
For less than twelve pence, send whate'er you may
For oysters bred upon the salt sea-shore,
Pack'd in a barrel, they will charge no more.

News have I none that I can deign to write,
Save that it rain'd prodigiously last night;
And that ourselves were, at the seventh hour,
Caught in the first beginning of the show'r;
But walking, running, and with much ado,
Got home—just time enough to be wet through,
Yet both are well, and, wond'rous to be told,
Soused as we were, we yet have caught no cold;
And wishing just the same good hap to you,
We say, good Madam, and good Sir, adieu!

VERSES PRINTED BY HIMSELF ON A FLOOD AT OLNEY.

To watch the storms, and hear the sky
Give all our almanacks the lie;
To shake with cold, and see the plains
In autumn drown'd with wintry rains;
'Tis thus I spend my moments here,
And wish myself a Dutch mynheer;
I then should have no need of wit;
For lumpish Hollander unfit!
Nor should I then repine at mud,
Or meadows deluged with a flood;
But in a bog live well content,
And find it just my element
Should be a clod, and not a man;
Nor wish in vain for Sister Ann,
With charitable aid to drag
My mind out of its proper quag;
Should have the genius of a boor,
And no ambition to have more.

EXTRACT FROM A SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

Hear, Lord, the song of praise and pray'r,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place,
From infants, made the public care,
And taught to seek thy face!

Thanks for thy word, and for thy day,
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play
Thy holy Sabbaths more.

Thanks that we hear—but, oh! impart
To each desires sincere,
That we may listen with our heart,
And learn, as well as hear.

ON THE RECEIPT OF A HAMPER.

(IN THE MANNER OF HOMER.)

THE straw-stuff'd hamper with his ruthless steel
He open'd, cutting sheer th' inserted cords,
Which bound the lid and lip secure. Forth came
The rustling package first, bright straw of wheat,
Or oats, or barley; next a bottle green
Throat-full, clear spirits the contents, distill'd
Drop after drop odorous, by the art
Of the fair mother of his friend—the Rose.

ON THE NEGLECT OF HOMER.

COULD Homer come himself, distress'd and poor,
And tune his harp at Rhedicina's door,
The rich old vixen would exclaim, (I fear,)
"Begone! no tramper gets a farthing here."

SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE OF THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

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The Rev. John Newton has formed too prominent a feature in the life and correspondence of Cowper, and is too intimately associated with his endeared name, not to require a brief notice of the leading events of his life, on introducing those beautiful Olney Hymns which were written by Cowper. Any detailed statement is rendered unnecessary by his own memoir of himself,* and a subsequent one by the Rev. Mr. Cecil. The life of Newton abounds with the most extraordinary incidents, resembling the fictions of romance, rather than the realities of common life. But the hand of God is so visible, and the ultimate triumph of divine grace is so signally displayed amidst the most daring provocations, as to render it one of the most remarkable biographical memoirs ever submitted to the public eye.

* See The Life of the Rev. John Newton, written by himself, in a series of letters addressed to the Rev. Mr. Haweis.

The Rev. John Newton was born in London the 24th of July, 1725. His father was master of a ship in the Mediterranean trade. His mother was a pious character; and it is to her that he was indebted, in his early years, for those religious impressions, which, however subsequently weakened, were probably never wholly effaced. Her premature death deprived him of this excellent parent, at an age when he most needed her superintending care. When he was eleven years old he joined his father, and made five voyages with him to the Mediterranean. His early life seems to present a mingled detail of religious duties and declensions—relapses into sin, accompanied by strong convictions of his guilt and danger—providential warnings, which roused his conscience for a time, and were subsequently forgotten; till at length, by successive instances of grieving God's Holy Spirit, he sank into the very depths of wickedness. In the year 1742 he formed an attachment, equalling in degree all that the writers of romance have imagined; but in its duration unalterable. In 1743 he was impressed, put on board a tender, from which he was released by the exertions of his father, and soon after entered the navy as a midshipman. Here he was seduced into infidel principles by one of his companions, who in a violent storm was swept into eternity, while he himself was mercifully spared. Having deserted his ship, he was overtaken, kept in irons, publicly whipped, and degraded from his

office. He now became a prey to the most gloomy thoughts, and seemed to be given up to judicial hardness, and even to doubt the existence of a future state of being.

We contemplate this period of his life with awe and terror. He subsequently engaged in the slave trade on the coast of Africa, where his conduct awakened, even among the slaves, emotions of alarm and astonishment. In the midst of this daring impiety, Newton passed through every successive stage of providential dealings, from the first whisper of conscience, till the awful catalogue of judgments seemed to be utterly expended. Every thing was exhausted save the long-suffering and mercy of God. His guilt was equalled only by his misery. The slave trade on the coast of Africa was to him the fit memorial of a captivity more galling in its character, more terrible in its consequences. At home, abroad, on the mighty deep, or on foreign shores, he carried with him the marks of his servitude, the taint of his corruption, and the visible wrath of an offended God.

The divine dealings towards the children of pious parents are strongly illustrated in the foregoing narrative. We have often observed that they are generally the subjects of a special dispensation whenever they become wanderers from God. In mercy to the praying parent, as well as to the erring child, he never leaves them without repeated tokens of his displeasure and intimations of his will.

He disappoints their hopes, blights their prospects, and brings upon them the day of his wrathful visitation. "*If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail.*" Psal. lxxxix. 30—33.

We by no means interpret this clause as generally conveying the assurance that the children of pious parents will ultimately be saved. The conclusion would be too absolute, and seem opposed to the testimony of facts. But we nevertheless believe that the prayers and instructions of a godly parent rise up, like the alms of Cornelius, as a memorial before God; and that early impressions are seldom utterly effaced. They pursue the memory amid the tumult of business, the seductions of pleasure, and the broad path of sin. They are a powerful stimulant to conscience in moments of pain, depression, and sorrow; till at length the cry of penitence often bursts from the overwhelmed heart, and the last accents have been known to be those of prayer and praise.

We now proceed to detail the particulars of Newton's conversion. This event occurs on his return homewards from the coast of Africa, when the ship is overtaken by a dreadful storm,

and death seems to be inevitable. We extract the account from his own narrative.

"The 21st of March is a day much to be remembered by me, and I have never suffered it to pass wholly unnoticed since the year 1748. On that day the Lord sent from on high, and delivered me out of deep waters. I began to think of my former religious professions, the extraordinary turns in my life; the calls, warnings, and deliverances I had met with; the licentious course of my conversation, particularly my unparalleled effrontery in making the gospel-history the constant subject of profane ridicule. I thought, allowing the scripture premises, there never was, nor could be such a sinner as myself; and then, comparing the advantages I had broken through, I concluded at first, that my sins were too great to be forgiven. The Scripture likewise seemed to say the same; for I had formerly been well acquainted with the Bible, and many passages upon this occasion returned upon my memory, particularly those awful passages, Prov. i. 24—31; Heb. vi. 4—6; and 2 Pet. ii. 20, which seemed so exactly to suit my case and character, as to bring with them a presumptive proof of a divine original. Thus, as I have said, I waited with fear and impatience to receive my inevitable doom. Yet, though I had thoughts of this kind, they were exceedingly faint and disproportionate; it was not till long after, (perhaps several years,) till I had gained some clear views of the infinite

righteousness and grace of Jesus Christ my Lord, that I had a deep and strong apprehension of my state by nature and practice: and, perhaps, till then I could not have borne the sight. When I saw, beyond all probability, there was still hope or respite, and heard about six in the evening that the ship was freed from water, there arose a gleam of hope; I thought I saw the hand of God displayed in our favour. I began to pray; I could not utter the prayer of faith; I could not draw near to a reconciled God, and call him Father. My prayer was like the cry of the ravens, which yet the Lord does not disdain to hear. I now began to think of that Jesus whom I had so often derided. I recollected the particulars of his life, and of his death: and death for sins *not his own*, but, as I remembered, for the sake of those who in their distress should put their trust in Him. And now I chiefly wanted evidence. The comfortless principles of infidelity were deeply rivetted, and I rather wished than believed these things were real facts. The great question now was, how to obtain *faith?* I speak not of an appropriating faith, (of which I then knew neither the nature nor necessity,) but how I should gain an assurance that the Scriptures were of divine inspiration, and a sufficient warrant for the exercise of trust and hope in God. One of the first helps I received (in consequence of a determination to examine the New Testament more carefully) was from Luke xi. 13. I had been sen-

sible that to profess faith in Jesus Christ, when in reality I did not believe his history, was no better than a mockery of a heart-searching God: but here I found a Spirit spoken of, which was to be communicated to those who ask it. Upon this I reasoned thus. If this book is true, the promise in this passage is true likewise. I have need of that very Spirit by which the whole was written, in order to understand it aright. He has engaged here to give that Spirit to those who ask. I must, therefore, pray for it; and if it is of God, he will make good his own word. My purposes were strengthened by John vii. 17. I concluded from thence, that though I could not say from my heart that I believed the gospel, yet I would for the present take it for granted, and that by studying it in this light I should be more and more confirmed in it. If what I am writing could be perused by our modern infidels, they would say (for I too well know their manner) that I was very desirous to persuade myself into this opinion. I confess I was; and so would they be, if the Lord should show them, as he was pleased to show me at that time, the absolute necessity of some expedient to interpose between a righteous God and a sinful soul. Upon the gospel-scheme I saw at least a peradventure of hope, but on every other side I was surrounded with black unfathomable despair." *

Alluding to the means which he enjoyed at this

* See "Life of Newton," prefixed to his works.

eventful period, for acquiring spiritual light and knowledge, he observes, "As to books, I had a New Testament, Stanhope, and a volume of Bishop Beveridge's Sermons, one of which, upon our Lord's Passion, affected me much. In perusing the New Testament, I was struck with several passages, particularly that of the fig-tree, Luke xiii.; the case of St. Paul, 1 Tim. i.; but particularly the prodigal, Luke xv.—a case I thought had never been so clearly exemplified as by myself. And then the goodness of the father in receiving, nay, in running to meet such a son, and this intended only to illustrate the Lord's goodness to returning sinners; this gained upon me. I continued much in prayer; I saw that the Lord had interposed *so far* to save me; and I hoped he would do more. The outward circumstances helped in this place to make me still more serious and earnest in crying to Him who alone could relieve me; and sometimes I thought I could be content to die even for want of food, if I might but die a believer. Thus far I was answered, that before we arrived in Ireland I had a satisfactory evidence in my own mind of the truth of the gospel, as considered in itself, and its exact suitableness to answer all my needs. I saw that, by the way there pointed out, God might declare, not his mercy only, but his justice also, in the pardon of sin, on account of the obedience and sufferings of Jesus Christ. I stood in need of an Almighty Saviour, and such a one I found described in the New

Testament. Thus far the Lord had wrought a marvellous thing. I was no longer an infidel. I heartily renounced my former profaneness; I had taken up some right notions; was seriously disposed, and sincerely touched with a sense of the undeserved mercy I had received, in being brought safe through so many dangers. I was sorry for my past mispent life, and purposed an immediate reformation: I was quite freed from the habit of swearing, which seemed to have been deeply rooted in me as a second nature. Thus, to all appearance, I was a new man.

But though I cannot doubt that this change, so far as it prevailed, was wrought by the Spirit and power of God, yet still I was greatly deficient in many respects. I was, in some degree, affected with a sense of my more enormous sins, but I was little aware of the innate evils of my heart. I had no apprehension of the spirituality and extent of the law of God. The hidden life of a Christian, as it consists in communion with God by Jesus Christ, and a continual dependence on him for hourly supplies of wisdom, strength, and comfort, was a mystery, of which I had as yet no knowledge. I acknowledged the Lord's mercy in pardoning what was past, but depended chiefly upon my own resolution to do better for the time to come. I had no christian friend or faithful minister to advise me that my strength was no more than my righteousness; and though I soon began to inquire for serious

books, yet, not having spiritual discernment, I frequently made a wrong choice; and I was not brought in the way of evangelical preaching or conversation, (except a few times when I heard, but understood not,) for six years after this period. Those things the Lord was pleased to discover to me gradually. I learnt them here a little and there a little, by my own painful experience, at a distance from the common means and ordinances, and in the midst of the same course of evil company, and bad examples, as I had been conversant with for some time. From this period I could no more make a mock at sin, or jest with holy things; I no more questioned the truth of Scripture, or lost a sense of the rebukes of conscience. Therefore I consider this as the beginning of my return to God, or rather of his return to me; but I cannot consider myself to have been a believer (in the full sense of the word) till a considerable time afterwards." *

Progressive conversions seem to be most agreeable to the analogy of nature; and though we by no means question the reality of instantaneous conversions, or consider that the grace of God is limited either to time, manner, or degree; yet we have generally observed that they partake too much of a spirit of excitement to form a sure and safe test. The excitement of the senses is a dangerous ingredient in holy things, because they are equally susceptible of opposite impressions. Those

* Life of Newton.

conversions ultimately prove most solid and abiding, where the understanding is enlightened, the conscience roused, and the will subdued by the simultaneous energy and power that moves and purifies the feelings and affections of the heart.

But in whatever manner it was accomplished, the conversion of Newton claims to rank among those memorable acts of divine grace which have invested the names of a Rochester, a Gardiner, and a Bunyan, with so much interest and celebrity. May we not also mark its affinity to the still more distinguished examples recorded in the sacred writings, such as a Manasses, or a Saul, prototypes not less in guilt than in mercy? If any man could justly appropriate the words of the apostle, surely that individual was Newton. "Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all long suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting." 1 Tim. i. 16. Instances like these abound in edifying truths. They exhibit the divine sovereignty in legible and unerring characters. They serve also to confound the pride and self-glory of man, by proving that "base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence." 1 Cor. i. 28, 29.

But above all they proclaim that no man is beyond the reach of mercy, however guilty, depraved,

or lost; and that the door is never closed to the broken and contrite spirit. Let not then the penitent despair, nor yet the impenitent presume; but rightly interpreting these wonderful and gracious dispensations, may many a returning prodigal, like Newton, exclaim in the accents of adoring faith and love, "*Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy.*" Micah vii. 18.

That we may proceed to the more important events of Newton's subsequent history, we shall here briefly mention, that at this time he wrote to his father, who was then going out as Governor of York Fort, in Hudson's Bay, where he died in 1750. He previously gave his consent to his son's marriage with Miss Catlett, the lady who had been the object of so long and romantic an attachment. They were united on the 1st of February, 1750. After this event he made three voyages to Africa, devoting much of his time to classical and devotional studies, and performing public worship in his vessel according to the Liturgy of the Church of England, twice every day. The moral change which his mind had experienced is expressed in the following beautiful and edifying manner, strongly exemplifying the power of divine grace to raise and elevate the soul.

'To be at sea in these circumstances, withdrawn out of the reach of innumerable temptations, with

opportunity and turn of mind disposed to observe the wonders of God in the great deep, with the two noblest objects of sight, the expanded *heavens* and the expanded *ocean*, continually in view; and where evident interpositions of Divine Providence, in answer to prayer, occur almost every day; these are helps to quicken and confirm the life of faith, which, in a good measure, supply to a religious sailor the want of those advantages which can be enjoyed only upon the shore. And, indeed, though my knowledge of spiritual things, as knowledge is usually estimated, was at this time very small; yet I sometimes look back with regret on these scenes. I never knew sweeter or more frequent hours of divine communion, than in my two last voyages to Guinea, when I was either almost secluded from society on shipboard, or when on shore amongst the natives. I have wandered through the woods, reflecting on the singular goodness of the Lord to me, in a place where, perhaps, there was not a person that knew Him for some thousands of miles round about me.

"In desert woods, with thee, my God,
Where human footsteps never trod,
How happy could I be;
Thou my repose from care, my light,
Amidst the darkness of the night,
In solitude my company." *

* These lines are a translation from the following well-

His views on the subject of the slave trade are thus recorded by himself.

"During the time I was engaged in the slave-trade I never had the least scruple as to its lawfulness. I was upon the whole satisfied with it, as the appointment Providence had marked out for me; yet it was, in many respects, far from eligible. It was, indeed, accounted a genteel employment, and usually very profitable, though to me it did not prove so, the Lord seeing that a large increase of wealth would not be good for me. However, I considered myself as a sort of a *gaoler* or *turnkey*, and I was sometimes shocked with an employment that was perpetually conversant with chains, bolts, and shackles. In this view I had often petitioned in my prayers that the Lord, in his own time, would be pleased to fix me in a more humane calling, and, if it might be, place me where I might have more frequent converse with his people and ordinances, and be freed from those long separations from home which very often were hard to bear. My prayers were now answered, though in a way which I little expected." *

known passage of Propertius; Newton piously applying to the Creator what the poet addresses to the creature.

Sic ego desertis possim bene vivere sylvis,
Quo nulla humano sit via trita pede.
Tu mihi curarum requies, in nocte vel atrâ
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.

See *Life of Newton*.

* Life of Newton.

The circumstance to which he alludes may be briefly stated. When he was within two days of sailing on a new voyage, and to all appearance in good health, he was suddenly seized with a fit, which deprived him of sense and motion. It lasted about an hour, but left behind such symptoms as induced the physicians to judge that it would not be safe or prudent to proceed on the voyage. The event was remarkable. The person who was appointed to take his place, most of the officers, and many of the crew died, and the vessel was brought back to Liverpool with great difficulty.*

Thus ended Newton's connexion with Africa and the slave-trade and with a seafaring mode of life. He was destined for higher ends, and the providence and grace of God soon pointed out a sphere more suited to his newly acquired views, and presenting ample means for extended usefulness.

"And now," he observes, "having reason to close with the Apostle's determination, 'to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified,' I devoted my life to the prosecution of spiritual knowledge, and resolved to pursue nothing but in subservience to this main design."† With this view he acquired a sufficient proficiency in the Greek language, so as to read with facility the New Testament and Septuagint; he then entered upon the study of the Hebrew, and two years afterwards

* Life of Newton. † Ibid.

engaged in the Syriac, besides reading the best writers in divinity, and attending on the ministry of men distinguished for their piety and their scriptural views. In reference to his own entrance on the sacred office, he thus states his sentiments.

"One word concerning my views to the *ministry*, and I have done. I have told you, that this was my dear mother's hope concerning me; but her death and the scenes of life in which I afterwards engaged, seemed to cut off the probability. The first desires of this sort in my own mind arose many years ago, from a reflection on Gal. i. 23, 24. 'But they had heard only, that he which persecuted us in times past, now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed. And they glorified God in me.' I could not but wish for such a public opportunity to testify the riches of divine grace. I thought I was, above most living, a fit person to proclaim that faithful saying, 'That Jesus Christ came into the world to save the chief of sinners;' and as my life had been full of remarkable turns, and I seemed selected to show what the Lord could do, I was in some hopes that perhaps, sooner or later, he might call me into this service."*

This choice of Newton seemed to be not only a natural consequence of his newly-acquired state of mind, but to be in perfect conformity with those leadings of Providence which we have so fully re-

* Life of Newton.

corded. Who so fit to proclaim the adorable mercy and goodness of God, the freeness of his grace, the severity of his justice, and the tenderness of his love, as he who had so recently gone through the whole of the mighty process? Who could trace the natural obduracy and corruption of the human heart, the rebellion of the will, the vile slavery of sin, and the power that breaks its fetters, like him whose past history so forcibly illustrated these truths? Men cannot teach others till they themselves are first taught of God; and so long as this necessary discipline is wanting, preaching is but a sublime and empty declamation.

Newton being further confirmed in his resolution by the judgment of some Christian friends, received a title to a curacy in Yorkshire, Dec. 16, 1758, and applied to the Archbishop of York, Dr. Gilbert, for ordination. As he had not however graduated at the University, he was rejected, the Archbishop alleging the rules and canons of the church. Four years after this period, in 1762, having experienced a continuance of the same difficulties, and conscious that he was burying his talents, he was about to direct his zeal in another channel, when he was restrained by the influence of his wife. In reference to this trial, he makes the following reflection. "The exercises of my mind upon this point, I believe, have not been peculiar to myself. I have known several persons, sensible, pious, of competent abilities, and cordially attached to the esta-

blished church, who, being wearied out with repeated refusals of ordination, and, perhaps, not having the advantage of such an adviser as I had, have at length struck into the itinerant path, or settled among the Dissenters. Some of these, yet living, are men of respectable characters and useful in their ministry. But their influence, which would once have been serviceable to the true interests of the church of England, now rather operates against it."

Finally, being recommended by the Earl of Dartmouth * to Dr. Green, Bishop of Lincoln, of whose candour and kindness he speaks with much respect, he was ordained deacon at Buckden, April 29, 1764, and appointed to the curacy of Olney, Bucks. He received priest's orders the year following.

In this sphere of duty Newton continued nearly sixteen years exercising the functions of his office with exemplary fidelity, going from house to house, and exhibiting a pattern of an excellent parish priest. By the munificence of John Thornton, Esq., he was enabled to exercise the rites of hospitality and to dispense relief effectually to the poor. "Be hospitable," said Mr. Thornton, "and keep an open house for such as are worthy of entertainment.

* Lord Dartmouth was the patron of the living of Olney and distinguished for his piety. It is due to this noble family to state, that in no instance has a vacancy in the living ever been filled up but in subserviency to the interests of true religion.

Help the poor and needy. I will statedly allow you 200*l.* a year, and readily send whatever you have occasion to draw for more." Newton once observed, that he thought he had received of Mr. Thornton upwards of 3,000*l.* in this way, during the time he resided at Olney.*

Such traits do honour to human nature.

One of the incidents which distinguishes the residence of Newton at Olney is his friendship and intercourse with Cowper. It is said, that this intercourse was injurious to the poet, and that Newton's peculiar views, which were Calvinistic, increased the morbid turn of his mind. The doctrinal sentiments of Newton we shall shortly consider, without however entering upon a lengthened discussion unsuited to the character of the present work. But we hesitate not to affirm that though the standard of Newton was unquestionably more Calvinistic than what is generally adopted by the clergy in these times, the main doctrines which he held were the common fundamental principles of the Christian faith, and that no preacher could have been more practical in his views. In other respects, Newton was social in his spirit, affectionate in his feelings, and cultivated in his understanding. Having had ample means of ascertaining his real character, the editor can with truth assert that no man was more beloved, admired, and respected.

* Cecil's Memoir of Newton.

We next examine Newton's *doctrinal views.*

The doctrines of Newton embraced all those great fundamental truths which distinguish the period of the reformation, and were continued downwards to the times of Charles I., when an evident departure from sound doctrine is perceptible in the writers of that age, as well as in those which succeeded.* We claim for Newton the praise of having been one among a few faithful witnesses who boldly proclaimed those truths, when religion was degenerating, with some few exceptions, into a system of moral ethics. It is to such men as Romaine, Venn, Berridge, Milner, Walker of Truro, Adam of Wintringham, Stillingfleet, Jones of St. Saviour's, Newton, and a few others, that we owe that revival of piety which is now diffusing itself so generally among the members of our church. These doctrines comprise the fall and corruption of man, the divinity and offices of the Saviour, the necessity of conversion by the grace of the Holy Spirit, free justification by faith in the atonement, the work of sanctification in all its progressive stages, attested by the evidence of a holy and devoted life, founded on these views and principles.

These great and important truths are generally called "doctrines according to godliness;" that is, they constitute the only genuine spring and source of godliness. It cannot be effected without them, because the principle would be wanting which is

* Bishops Hall, Davenant, and Jeremy Taylor, are honourable exceptions.

alone competent to produce real holiness. They form the vital essence of Christianity, its distinguishing and essential badge, its grace, its ornament, and glory.

Some men decry doctrine altogether, and assert that we are more concerned with the precepts than the doctrines of the Bible. But these doctrines are to be found in our Articles,* in our Homilies,† in the works of Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Hooper, Tindal, and others, the confessors and martyrs of the glorious Reformation.

We subjoin the testimony of an eminent prelate on this subject, delivered in a charge in the year 1792. We refer to the venerable Bishop of Durham, Dr. Shute Barrington.

"All that distinguishes Christianity from other religions is doctrinal; a Christian's hopes and consolations, his obligations and motives, are doctrinal points; the very means and end of his salvation, the many objects of his most earnest intention, are all points of faith and doctrine. Divest Christianity of its faith and doctrines, and you despoil it of all that is peculiar to it in its motives, its consolations, its sanctions, and its duties. You divest it of all that made revelation necessary; you reduce it to

* See 9, 10, 11, 12, 13th Articles.

† See the Homilies entitled "On the misery of man;" on "Justifying faith;" "Good works annexed to faith;" on "the death and passion of our Saviour Christ;" Homily for Whitsunday, &c.

the cold and ineffectual substance of what is called philosophy; that philosophy which has of late shown itself not the friend of religion, learning, and civil order, but of anarchy, conceit, and atheism; you reduce it to the obscure glimmerings of human knowledge; that knowledge which the greatest of the ancient philosophers* confessed to be totally insufficient to satisfy the doubts and solicitude of an inquiring mind, and looked forward with a kind of prophetic exultation to the period when Divine Providence, in compassion to the weakness of our nature, should enlighten mankind by the revelation of himself, which modern philosophers reject." †

We add the distinguished testimony of Archbishop Secker.

"To improve the people effectually, you must be assiduous in teaching the principles not only of virtue and natural religion, but of the gospel; and of the gospel, not as almost explained away by modern refiners, but 'as the truth is in Jesus;' as it is taught by the church of which you are members; as you have engaged by your subscriptions and declarations, that you will teach it yourselves. You must preach to them faith in the ever-blessed Trinity; you must set forth the original corruption of our nature; our redemption, according to God's eternal purpose in Christ, by the sacrifice of the

* Plato.

† See Bishop of Durham's Charge, (Barrington,) 1792.

cross; our sanctification by the influences of the Divine Spirit; the insufficiency of good works, and the efficacy of faith to salvation. . . . . .

"The *truth*, I fear, is, that many, if not most of us, have dwelt too little on these doctrines in our sermons, ... partly from not having studied theology deeply enough to treat of them ably and beneficially. God grant it may never have been for want of inwardly experiencing their importance. But, whatever be the cause, *the effect has been lamentable.*" *

If a solemn and admonitory warning was ever conveyed to the Christian world on this subject, it has been afforded by the conduct of the church of Geneva. By a regulation, the breach of which was made punishable by expulsion, the great fundamental doctrines, such as the essential divinity of Christ, the doctrine of human corruption, the atonement, justification by faith, and the personality and offices of the Holy Spirit, were prohibited in the pulpit. The people, no longer accustomed to these important truths, soon forgot them, and the consequence has been the substitution of a cold and lifeless Socinianism. Had it not been for that band of faithful men in this country, so much misrepresented and traduced, who shall say whether, in our own communion, we might not have incurred the same fearful result? They stood in the gap, like Phineas, and the plague was stayed.

* See "Watson's Tracts," vol. vi.

We know all that is urged in opposition to this reasoning, and we will examine its merits. These doctrines, it is said, are overcharged. The corruption of human nature, for instance, instead of being described as partial, is represented to be total. Society, we are assured, could not exist on such a supposition.

Let us listen to what Newton remarks on this subject.

" His natural powers, though doubtless impaired, were not destroyed. Man by nature is still capable of great things. His understanding, reason, memory, imagination, &c. sufficiently proclaim that the ' hand which made him is divine.' He is, as Milton says of Beelzebub, ' *majestic though in ruins.*' He can reason, invent, and, by application, attain a considerable knowledge in natural things. The exertions of human genius, as specified in the characters of some philosophers, poets, orators, &c. are wonderful. *But man cannot know, love, trust or serve his Maker, unless he be renewed in the spirit of his mind.*" *

" Sin did not deprive him of rationality but of spirituality." †

Again: " God has not left man destitute of such dispositions as are necessary to the peace of society; but I deny that there is *any moral goodness in them,*

* See Newton's " Cardiphonia." Letter to Rev. Mr. S.
† Ibid.

unless they are founded in a supreme love to God, have his glory for their aim, and are produced by faith in Jesus Christ." *

What does Newton here assert that is not maintained in the 13th Article of our own church? †

Thus man's natural and moral powers survive the fall; but those which are *spiritual* are effaced and lost. Nature cannot confer what it is the province of grace alone to bestow. It requires a divine power to restore and quicken the soul. But what is the doctrine of the church of England as regards man's partial or total corruption? We extract the following passage from the Homily on the Nativity:—

" Whereby it came to pass that, as before (the fall) he was blessed, so now he was accursed; as before he was loved, so now he was abhorred; as before he was most beautiful and precious, so now he was most vile and wretched *in the sight of his Lord and Maker.* Instead of the image of God, he was now become the image of the devil, instead of the citizen of heaven, he was become the bond slave of hell, *having in himself no one part of his former purity and cleanness, but being altogether spotted and defiled, insomuch that now he seemed to be nothing else but a lump of sin.*" ‡ Who ever used

* Ibid.

† Works done before the grace of Christ and the inspiration of his Spirit are not pleasant to God, forasmuch as they spring not of faith in Jesus Christ, &c.

‡ See also Article IX. of the church of England on Original Sin.

language stronger and more explicit than these words?

Thus we see that men, in attacking these views and sentiments, are, in fact, impugning the doctrines of their own church.

We merely add one more remark on the much-controverted subject of conversion. To those who deny this doctrine, and describe it as "spiritual revelry," pretended illuminations, &c., we recommend the consideration of the following passage in the Homily on Whitsunday. It refers to our Lord's conversation with Nicodemus, and to the inability of the latter to comprehend this great spiritual change of heart.

"Behold a lively pattern of a fleshly and carnal man. He had little or no intelligence of the Holy Ghost, and therefore he goeth bluntly to work, and asketh how this thing were possible to be true. Whereas, otherwise, if he had known the great power of the Holy Ghost in this behalf, that it is He which inwardly worketh the regeneration and new birth of mankind, he would never have marvelled at Christ's words, but would rather take occasion thereby to praise and glorify God."

We have thought proper to adduce these testimonies, because they vindicate the doctrines of Newton, and of those who concur with him in these views. They fully prove how much the stability of our church, in the estimation of some of its ablest advocates, depends on the faithfulness with

which these doctrines are maintained. On this subject we would beg to express our deepest conviction that, if the Church of England is to survive those perils by which she is threatened; if, as we anticipate, she will rise from her tribulation with renewed strength and beauty; it is to the purity of her doctrine, and to the devotedness of her ministers, and not to the richness of her endowments, or to the secular arm of the state, that she must be indebted for her durability and greatness. To be upheld, she must be "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might," apostolical in her doctrines, restored in her discipline, and holy in her practice. The language shall then be addressed to her that is applied by the inspired prophet to Zion: "*No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn.*" Isaiah liv. 17. Or, to use words still more emphatic, "*The gates of hell shall not prevail against her.*"

Having thus generally vindicated the doctrines of Newton, we next advert to some of his writings. We make a few extracts from his Cardiphonia, the most popular of his writings, being a series of letters on religious subjects. The following is addressed to a nobleman, distinguished for his piety.

"To devote soul and body, every talent, power, and faculty, to the service of the Lord's cause and will; to let our light shine (in our several situa-

tions) to the praise of his grace; to place our highest joy in the contemplation of his adorable perfections; to rejoice even in tribulations and distresses, in reproaches and infirmities, if thereby the power of Christ may rest upon us, and be magnified in us; to be content, yea, glad to be nothing, that he may be all in all;—to obey *him* in opposition to the threats or solicitations of men; to trust *him*, though all outward appearances seem against us; to rejoice in *him*, though we should (as will sooner or later be the case) have nothing else to rejoice in; to live above the world, and to have our conversation in heaven; to be like the angels, finding our own pleasure in performing his;—this, my Lord, is the prize, the mark of our high calling, to which we are encouraged with a holy ambition continually to aspire. It is true, we shall still fall short; we shall find that, when we should do good, evil will be present with us; but the attempt is glorious, and shall not be wholly in vain. He that gives us thus to *will*, will enable us to perform with growing success, and teach us to profit even by our mistakes and imperfections." *

The privileges of the believer are thus set forth.

" How great and honourable is the privilege of a true believer! That he has neither wisdom nor strength in himself is no disadvantage; for he is connected with infinite wisdom and almighty power.

* " Cardiphonia." Letters to a Nobleman.

Though weak as a worm, his arms are strengthened by the mighty God of Jacob, and all things become possible, yea, easy to him, that occur within the compass of his proper duty and calling. The Lord, whom he serves, engages to proportion his strength to his day, whether it be a day of service or of suffering; and, though he be fallible and short-sighted, exceedingly liable to mistake and imposition, yet, while he retains a sense that he is so, and with the simplicity of a child asks counsel and direction of the Lord, he seldom takes a wrong step, at least not in matters of consequence; and even his inadvertencies are overruled for good. If he forgets his true state, and thinks himself to be something, he presently finds he is indeed nothing; but if he is content to be nothing, and to have nothing, he is sure to find a seasonable and abundant communication of all that he wants. Thus he lives, like Israel in the wilderness, upon mere bounty; but then it is a bounty unchangeable, unwearied, inexhaustible, and all-sufficient." *

The believer's call, duty, and privilege is thus illustrated by the happy application of Milton's character of Abdiel, at the end of book 5, of the "Paradise Lost." The compliment to his noble friend is just and merited.

"Faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he,
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,

* "Cardiphonia."

Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single."

"Methinks your Lordship's situation particularly resembles that in which the poet has placed Abdiel. You are not indeed called to serve God quite alone; but, amongst those of your own rank, and with whom the station in which he has placed you necessitates you to converse, how few are there who can understand, second, or approve the principles upon which you act; or easily bear a conduct which must impress conviction or reflect dishonour upon themselves! But you are not alone. The Lord's people (many of whom you will not know till you meet them in glory) are helping you here with their prayers. His angels are commissioned to guard and guide your steps. Yea, the Lord himself fixes his eye of mercy upon your private and public path, and is near you at your right hand, that you may not be moved! That he may comfort you with the light of his countenance, and uphold you with the arm of his power, is my frequent prayer." *

Such is the sweet strain of practical and experimental piety in which Newton writes, uniting the graces of composition with the courtesy of christian feeling, and the sentiments of an exalted piety. The nobleman, to whom these letters are addressed,

* "Cardiphonia."

(twenty-six in number,) was the Earl of Dartmouth, the patron of the living of Olney. Happy would it be if men of rank were always willing to listen to such truths, and the pen of a Newton could record them with so much faithfulness and grace. The date of this correspondence commences in the year 1765, and terminates in 1777. The succeeding eight letters, to the Rev. Mr. S., are addressed to the Rev. Thomas Scott, and will be shortly adverted to. Mr. B., to whom eleven letters are inscribed, is Mr. Barham, the father of the late Jos. Foster Barham, Esq., M.P. One letter is addressed to the latter, as Mr. B., jun.; and Miss M. B., is Miss Martha Barham, his sister. The Rev. Mr. R., is Mr. Rose, late Rector of Beckenham, who married her sister. I am enabled to verify these facts from family connexion, and personal knowledge. Besides these letters, Newton was the author of "Omicron," "Letters to a Wife," "Review of Ecclesiastical History," "Sermons," "the Aged Pilgrim's Triumph," "Life of the Rev. William Grimshawe," an ancestor of the Editor, distinguished for his piety and laborious exertions, though accompanied with some peculiarities; I cannot however record his name without reverence for his piety and zeal. The majority of the Olney Hymns were contributed by Newton, and have always been acceptable to the religious public. They are diversified in their subject, and uniformly spiritual and experimental, though inferior, as

poetical compositions, to those contributed by Cowper.

His lines on the Ocean are characterized by great force and beauty.

A THOUGHT ON THE SEA SHORE.

In ev'ry object here I see
Something, O Lord! that leads to thee.
Firm as the rocks thy promise stands,
Thy mercies countless as the sands;
Thy love a sea immensely wide,
Thy grace an ever-flowing tide.

In ev'ry object here I see
Something, my heart, that points at thee.
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
Unfruitful as the barren sand,
Deep and deceitful as the Ocean,
And, like the tides, in constant motion.

The last point of view in which Newton claims to be considered is, as the honoured instrument, in the hands of God, for raising up others who became eminent for piety and usefulness. We pass over many instances of comparatively less importance, and select two of known celebrity, the late Rev. Thomas Scott, and the Rev. Claudius Buchanan. Mr. Scott, at the time of Newton's residence at Olney, was the curate of Ravenstone, in that neighbourhood. Though strictly conscientious, and earnest in the discharge of his duties, yet his views were indistinct, and his mind labouring under strong prejudices. The sentiments and principles of New-

ton, so opposite to his own, excited his attention. He was unable to comprehend them, and, as a natural consequence, deprecated and rejected them. Newton presented him with one of his publications, entitled, "Omicron." This led to a correspondence, which is inserted in the "Cardiphonia." The influence of Newton's arguments, though slow, was finally successful. The strong and powerful prejudices of Scott yielded, like the mists that are dispelled by the penetrating beams of the sun. He has recorded this eventful period of his life in his "Force of Truth," a book which merits to be universally read. Mr. Scott's subsequent career and usefulness are well known. He was "a burning and a shining light." His "Commentary on the Bible" requires no eulogium, its praise is in all the churches. In America alone, we believe that not less than forty or fifty thousand copies have been sold. It is now circulating in France and in Switzerland. Perhaps no book has contributed so essentially to diffuse the great doctrines of the Reformation, and to revive the piety and spirit of former ages. We do not know a more splendid trophy to the name and usefulness of Newton, than to be recorded as the instrument, under the Divine blessing, of having raised up so distinguished a character as the Rev. Thomas Scott.

The second instance is that of the Rev. Claudius Buchanan. Mr. Newton, after a residence of nearly sixteen years at Olney, was removed to London,

having been presented, by the recommendation of John Thornton, Esq., to the living of St. Mary's Woolnoth. On a Sunday evening a stranger stood in one of the aisles of the church, while Newton was preaching. He became impressed with what he heard, and communicated to him the state of his mind: Newton admiring his talents, and anticipating his future usefulness, introduced him to the late Henry Thornton, Esq., by whose liberality he was sent to college. He was afterwards ordained, and subsequently filled an important situation in the East. He at length returned to Europe to awaken Britain to the claims of India. The effect produced by his appeals, and by his celebrated sermon, "The Star in the East," will long be remembered. He was eminently instrumental in rousing public attention to the duty of evangelizing India.

The stranger whose history we have thus briefly recorded was the Rev. Claudius Buchanan.

Such is the history of Newton, abounding in the most singular and eventful incidents, and exhibiting a man not less distinguished by his piety than by his acknowledged talents and great usefulness. The moral truths that it conveys are both numerous and highly instructive. To parents it is fraught with the greatest encouragement, by proving that early impressions of piety, however they may seem to be extinguished by a long course of impenitence, may subsequently revive, though probably under the most solemn dispensations: "*Thou shalt*

be visited of the Lord with thunder, and with earthquake, and great noise, with storm and tempest, and the flame of devouring fire." Isaiah xxix. 6. The mercy that spares in the midst of manifold provocations; the long-suffering and goodness of God; the doctrine of a particular Providence; the strivings of his Spirit; the necessity of the conversion of the soul to God; and the ultimate triumphs of his grace; how forcibly have these truths been illustrated in the foregoing narrative! Reader, adore the wonderful power and grace of God! See what this grace has done for others! Learn what it is capable of effecting for yourself, and what an instrument of extended usefulness Providence may render you, when your own heart is once renewed by his Spirit! Who shall trace the final consequences of a single soul thus brought to God! The last great day alone can reveal the issue. If then you have not yet entered on this heavenly road, make *the Grand Experiment* in the strength and power of God. "It is high time to awake out of sleep." "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." *Save thyself and others.* Flee to the cross of Christ for pardon and mercy. Read the neglected Bible. Pour out the heart in fervent, persevering prayer; and let thy faith be quickened, and thy fears assuaged by the gracious assurance, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Matt. xxi. 22.

He died at his residence in Coleman-street Buildings, London, Dec. 21, 1807, in his 83rd year.

The following epitaph, composed by himself, is inscribed on a plain marble tablet, near the vestry door, in the church of St. Mary Woolnoth, London.

JOHN NEWTON, Clerk,

ONCE AN INFIDEL AND LIBERTINE,
A SERVANT OF SLAVES IN AFRICA,
WAS, BY THE RICH MERCY OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR
JESUS CHRIST,
PRESERVED, RESTORED, PARDONED,
AND APPOINTED TO PREACH THE FAITH HE HAD LONG
LABOURED TO DESTROY,
NEAR SIXTEEN YEARS AT OLNEY IN BUCKS,
AND TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN THIS CHURCH.
ON FEB. 1, 1750, HE MARRIED
MARY,
DAUGHTER OF THE LATE GEORGE CATLETT,
OF CHATHAM, KENT.
HE RESIGNED HER TO THE LORD WHO GAVE HER,
ON THE 15th OF DECEMBER, 1790.

In his study at the vicarage in Olney, Bucks, are still to be seen the following lines, inscribed on the wall:—

"Since thou wast precious in my sight thou hast been honourable."—*Isaiah* xliii. 4.

But,

"Thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondman in the land of Egypt, and the Lord thy God redeemed thee!"—*Deuteronomy* xv. 15.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS

ON

THE OLNEY HYMNS.

THE OLNEY HYMNS.

THE origin of the Olney Hymns, and the proportion contributed by Cowper to that collection, have been already stated in the first volume of this Work.* Before, however, we enter on the subject of these Hymns, it will not perhaps be thought uninteresting to present the reader with a brief historical account of Psalmody, and to detail the circumstances which first gave rise to a metrical version of the Psalms of David. We shall extract the information principally from "Warton's History of English Poetry." Sir John Hawkins may also be consulted on the same subject.†

The praise of having first effected a metrical version of the Psalms is to be assigned to France. About the year 1540, Clement Marot, valet of the bedchamber to Francis I., was the favourite poet of France. Being tired of the vanities of profane poetry, and anxious to raise the tone of public taste

* Vol. i. p. 118.

† History of Music.

and feeling, he attempted a version of the Psalms into French rhyme, aided by Theodore Beza, and encouraged by the Professor of Hebrew in the University of Paris. This translation, not aiming at any innovation in the public worship, received the sanction of the Sorbonne, as containing nothing contrary to sound doctrine. Solicitous to justify this new application of his poetical powers, Marot expatiates in his dedication on the superior claims of sacred poetry, and observes "that the golden age would now be restored, when we should see the peasant at his plough, the carman in the streets, and the mechanic in his shop, solacing their toils with psalms and canticles; and the shepherd and shepherdess, reposing in the shade, and teaching the rocks to echo the name of the Creator."*

This version soon eclipsed the brilliancy of his madrigals and sonnets. In the festive and splendid court of Francis I. of a sudden nothing was heard but the psalms of Clement Marot. By each of the royal family and the principal nobility of the court,

* Le Laboureur a sa charruë,
Le Charretier parmy le ruë,
Et l'Artisan en sa boutique,
Avecques un Pseaume ou Cantique,
En son labour se soulager.
Heureux qui orra le Berger
El la Bergere au bois estans,
Fair que rochers et estangs
Apres eux chantent la hauteur
Du sainct nom de Createur.—Clement Marot.

a psalm was chosen, and adapted to a popular ballad tune.

Calvin soon discovered what a powerful auxiliary psalm-singing might prove to the reformed religion, and immediately introduced Marot's version into his congregation at Geneva. They were adapted to plain and easy melodies * by Guillaume de Franc, and became a characteristic badge of the newly established worship. Germany next caught the sacred ardour, and the choral mode of service yielded to the attractive and popular character of a devotional melody, in which all might join, without distinction of rank or character. Psalm-singing being thus associated with the Reformed religion, became interdicted to the Catholics under the most severe penalties.

This predilection for sacred song soon reached England. Previously however to this event, Sir Thomas Wyatt and the celebrated Lord Surrey had translated portions of the Psalms into metre. We subjoin a brief specimen from each of these writers, as illustrating the style and poetical pretensions of that early period of English literature.

PSALM XXXII.—*Beati quorum, &c.*

Oh! happy are they that have forgiveness got
Of their offence, not by their penitence,

* This mode of adaptation may be seen in the "Godly and Spiritual Songs," &c. printed at Edinburgh in 1597, and reprinted there in 1801.—*Park.*

As by merit, which recompenseth not ;
Although that yet pardon hath not offence
Without the same, but by the goodness
Of Him that hath perfect intelligence,
Of heart contrite, and covereth the greatness
Of sin within a merciful discharge.—
And happy is he to whom God doth impute
No more his faults, by 'knowledging his sin :
But cleansed now the Lord doth him repute.

Sir Thomas Wyatt

Psalm viii. LORD, WHAT IS MAN?

But yet among all these I ask, " What thing is man ?"
Whose turn to serve in his poor need this work Thou first began.
Or what is Adam's son that bears his father's mark ?
For whose delight and comfort eke Thou hast wrought all this work.
I see thou mind'st him much, that dost reward him so :
Being but earth, to rule the earth, whereon himself doth go.
From angels substance eke Thou mad'st him differ small ;
Save one doth change his life awhile ; the other not at all.
The sun and moon also Thou mad'st to give him light ;
And each one of the wandering stars to twinkle sparkles bright.
The air to give him breath ; the water for his health ;
The earth to bring forth grain and fruit, for to increase his wealth.

Earl of Surrey.

Sir Thomas Wyatt versified the seven Penitential Psalms, and died in 1542. The Earl of Surrey honoured his memory and virtues by three sonnets. Five years afterwards this distinguished and highly-

gifted nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII. and was beheaded, in the year 1547 He has left a version of the eighth, fifty-fifth, seventy-third, and eighty-eighth Psalms.*

The versification of Sternhold and Hopkins, the first that was ever used in the Church of England, next demands our attention. Sternhold was groom of the robes to Henry VIII. It is singular that both in France and England we are indebted to laymen and court poets for the introduction of what subsequently became so characteristic a feature in the reformed worship. Sternhold composed fifty-one Psalms, and dedicated his version to King Edward VI. His coadjutor in this undertaking was John Hopkins, a clergyman and school-master, in Suffolk. His poetry is rather of a higher order than that of Sternhold. He translated fifty-eight Psalms. To the above may be added the names of William Whyttingham, Dean of Durham, who added sixteen Psalms. The hundredth and hundred and nineteenth Psalms were included in this number. The rest were contributed by Robert Wisdome, Archdeacon of Ely; by William Hethe, a Scotch divine; John Pullain, and Thomas Churchyard, one of the pages of the Earl of Surrey. The entire version of the Psalter was at length published by John Day, in 1562, attached

* There is also a fragment of a comment on the Seven Penitential Psalms, in English verse, attributed to Dr. Alcock, Bishop of Ely, the founder of Jesus College, Cambridge.

for the first time to the Common Prayer, and entitled, "The whole Booke of Psalmes, collected into English metre, by J. Sternhold, J. Hopkins, and others, conferred with the Ebrue, with apt Notes to sing them withall."

They are believed to contain some of the original melodies composed by French and German musicians. Many of them are the tunes of Gondinel and Le Jeune, who are among the first composers of Marot's French psalms. Not a few were probably imported by the Protestant refugees from Flanders, who fled into England from the persecution of the Duke of Alva. Some of our own musicians, such as Marbeck, Tallis, Tye, Parsons, and Munday, are supposed to have contributed their talents towards this undertaking.

We insert a few extracts from the original version, which in this refined age will appear rather ludicrous, and unsuited to the dignity of sacred poetry.

Psalm lxxxiv. 12.

Why doost withdrawe thy hand aback,
And hide it in thy lappe?
O plucke it out, and be not slack
To give thy foes a rappe!

Psalm lxviii. 37.

For why? their hearts were nothing bent,
To him nor to his *trade*.

The miraculous march of Jehovah before the

Israelites, through the wilderness, is thus represented by Sternhold.

PSALM lxviii.

When thou didst march before thy folk,
The Egyptians from among,
And brought them from the wilderness,
Which was both wide and long:

The earth did quake, the raine pourde downe,
Heard were great claps of thunder;
The mount Sinai shooke in such a sorte,
As it would cleave in sunder.

Thy heritage with drops of rain
Abundantly was *washt;*
And *if so be* it barren was,
By thee it was *refresht.*

God's *army is two millions,*
Of warriours *good and strong,*
The Lord also in Sinai
Is present them among.

Though this version has undergone many revisions, yet we fully agree with Warton, that its continued use is discreditable to the Church of England.* The translation, in its genuine and unsophisticated state, may justly indeed be considered, as he observes, no inconsiderable monu-

* Warton's censure is expressed in very strong language. "To the disgrace of sacred music, sacred poetry, and our established worship, these Psalms still continue to be sung in the Church of England." See *History of English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 461.

ment of our ancient literature, if not of our ancient poetry; and Fuller, likewise, remarks, "Match these verses for their ages, they shall go abreast with the best poems of those times." Still the spirit of the present age demands a higher standard both of poetical taste and devotional piety. They are too bald and jejune. The public feeling requires a more luminous exhibition of the great truths of the gospel, and a more experimental mode of delineating the trials and conflicts of the Christian warfare. No man has accomplished this important task more successfully than Watts. He has united the inspiration of poetry with the hallowed fire from the altar; and we hesitate not to assert, that if Watts had been a churchman, his version would have been in universal repute among us. It is already incorporated with most of the modern selections, where there is a return to the doctrines of the Reformation; and Sternhold and Hopkins are becoming increasingly unsuited to the advancing spirit of religious inquiry.

It was this conviction which induced Newton, in the year 1771, to engage in the composition of the Olney Hymns. They were designed to be the joint contribution of Newton and Cowper, but the morbid depression of the poet prevented the fulfilment of his share of the engagement. The total number contributed by Cowper has been variously stated. Hayley estimates it at sixty-eight. Other biographers have considerably reduced the amount.

Some editions assign sixty-three; others insert sixty-five. There is at present no uniform standard, nor is there, to the best of our judgment, one single edition entitled to the credit of correctness.* We trust that we have the means of deciding this controverted subject. So far as the original edition, now lying before us, published, under the superintendence of Newton himself, by Johnson, the bookseller, and bearing the date of 1779, may be considered as the most authentic guide and criterion, we are enabled to state that the original number, distinguished by the initial letter C (Cowper's signature) is sixty-seven. If to the above we add a hymn *not* inserted in Newton's original edition, because subsequently composed, but which we have been enabled to authenticate as the production of Cowper, the total number, entitled to be ascribed to his pen, is sixty-eight. The hymn that we allude to begins,

"To Jesus, the crown of my hope."

It has already appeared before the public in some modern selections.

Of these hymns two were written at the period of Cowper's recovery at St. Albans, when his mind had received those gracious impressions which so powerfully influenced his future principles and

* One edition imputes two hymns of Newton's to Cowper, by mistaking the numerical letter C for the initial of Cowper's name.

writings. The *first* which Cowper ever composed was in allusion to this event. It is entitled "The Happy Change," and begins with the words,

"How bless'd thy creature is, O God."

The *second* was written when he contemplated retiring from the busy world. It is the beautiful and admired hymn,

"Far from the world, O Lord, I flee."

It may be interesting to the reader to learn, from concurring sources of information, that the celebrated hymn commencing with

"God moves in a mysterious way,"

was the *last* in the collection that he composed, and that it was written on the eve of that afflicting malady, which, occurring in Jan. 1773, suspended his powers for nearly seven successive years, though his correspondence was partially resumed with Mr. Hill and Mr. Unwin, from the year 1776. It was during a solitary walk in the fields that he had a presentiment of his approaching attack, and it is to this remarkable impression that we owe the origin of the above admired composition.

This hymn acquires a peculiar interest from the above incident, as well as from the unshaken faith and submission which it inculcates under the darkest dispensations. It seems as if God were giving him a chart of the voyage through those seas of trouble which he was about to navigate. No man could have written this hymn unless under the influence

of a real or supposed special dispensation; and one end perhaps designed by it was, that Cowper should not only convey instruction to his own mind, but be made the instrument of consoling others. Few hymns have been more admired or more frequently quoted. It stands pre-eminent in that class which refer to the mysterious dealings of God, and is singularly qualified to invigorate the faith, to check the speculations of finite reason, and to lead the sufferer to repose on the unerring wisdom and goodness of God.

We must be careful, at the same time, how we reason on these subjects. That impressions of approaching trials may be sent from God, and subsequently be realized, we are by no means prepared to deny; but that they are often the occasion of fulfilling themselves, by acting strongly on a nervous temperament, we still more firmly believe. Again, that they frequently exist, and are not confirmed by the result, is well known. On the whole, we think reason as well as Scripture militates strongly against the doctrine of impressions. There is often an order and progression in them which, if minutely traced, prove their fallacy. Anxiety first suggests fear. A too great sensitiveness of feeling, an excursive imagination, and the want of a more vigorous exercise of faith next invest what was only imaginary, with reality. It thus acquires a form and existence, next expands into magnitude, and then rises into the power and ascendency of an

absorbing idea; till, by a final deception, the impression is attributed to a divine hand. But who does not see that it is more justly to be ascribed to morbid sensibility, to nervous excitement, and, most of all, to the want of a firmer confidence in the power and goodness of God? The language of Scripture is decidedly opposed to the theory of impressions. The Bible directs us never to indulge in anticipations of evil, and to "take no thought for the morrow." An habitual trust in a superintending Providence will ever prove to be the best preservative against imaginary or real evil, and will fill the mind with the sweet calm of a holy and abiding peace.

In returning to the subject of the Olney Hymns, we may remark that those contributed by Cowper are, with some few exceptions, distinguished by excellencies of no common kind. To the grace and beauty of poetical composition they unite the sublimity of religious sentiment, and the tenderness and fervour of devotional feeling. The nearer approaches to the Deity, which constitute the communion of the soul with God, and in which the believer is able to contemplate him as a reconciled Father in Christ Jesus; the sufficiency of divine grace to pardon all our sins, and to renew and sanctify the soul; the aspirations of prayer for the attainment of these blessings, and the song of praise in the consciousness of their enjoyment; the faith that reposes every care on his promises, and realizes their covenanted truth;—such are the subjects on

which Cowper delights to dwell with a fervour which gives new wings to our devotion, and raises us above the enfeebling vanity of earthly things.

To specify all the hymns which lay claim to our admiration, would far exceed the limits of our plan, and interfere with the judgment and discrimination of the reader. We cannot, however, avoid referring to the following:—"O for a closer walk with God;" "Ere God had built the mountains;' "The Lord will happiness divine;" "There is a fountain fill'd with blood;" "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;" "God of my life, to thee I call;" and especially, "The billows swell, the winds are high." There is a character of experimental piety pervading the hymns of Cowper, which singularly adapts them to meet the feelings of the contemplative or tried Christian. The deeper and more secret emotions of the soul; the vicissitudes of joy and sorrow; the fears that depress, and the hopes that soothe and tranquillize the mind, are treated with a fidelity and pathos, that render Cowper emphatically the poet of the heart. His hymns possess one peculiar feature which powerfully engages our sympathies. They disclose the inward recesses, and deep exercises of his own mind. But the sorrows of Cowper are now ended. Every trace is obliterated, except the record of them which is stamped on his interesting page. He has entered within the vail, where the mysterious dispensations of Providence, which once cast their deep shade on his chequered path,

are vindicated and explained. He has joined "the general assembly and Church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and an innumerable company of angels, and God, the judge of all, and the spirits of just men made perfect, and Jesus, the Mediator of the new Covenant." There, freed from the sorrows and finite conceptions of erring reason, he unites with the redeemed of the Lord in that nobler song of praise, "*Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.*"

HYMNS.

I. WALKING WITH GOD. *Gen.* v. 24.

Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return!
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame:
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

II. JEHOVAH-JIREH. THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Gen. xxii. 14.

The saints should never be dismay'd,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For when they least expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.

This Abraham found: he raised the knife;
God saw, and said, "Forbear!
Yon ram shall yield his meaner life;
Behold the victim there."

Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey;
But hark! the foe's at hand;*
Saul turns his arms another way,
To save the invaded land.

When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
He thought to rise no more;†
But God prepared a fish to save,
And bear him to the shore.

Blest proofs of power and grace divine,
That meet us in his word!
May every deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.

* 1 Sam. xxiii. 27. † Jonah i. 17.

Wait for his seasonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait:
The promise may be long delay'd,
But cannot come too late.

III. JEHOVAH-ROPHI. I AM THE LORD THAT HEALETH THEE. *Exod.* xv. 26.

Heal us, Emmanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch:
Deep-wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the less?
Be that far from thee, Lord!

Remember him who once applied,
With trembling, for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,*
"Oh, help my unbelief!"

She too, who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace,†
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Conceal'd amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunn'd thy view;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

* Mark ix. 24. † Mark v. 34.

Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee, if we may;
Oh! send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

IV. JEHOVAH-NISSI. THE LORD MY BANNER.

Exod. xvii. 15.

By whom was David taught
To aim the deadly blow,
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
Nor sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.

'Twas Israel's God and king
Who sent him to the fight;
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.

Who order'd Gideon forth,
To storm the invaders' camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp? *
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.

* Judges vii. 9, and 20.

Oh! I have seen the day,
When, with a single word,
God helping me to say,
My trust is in the Lord,
My soul hath quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness, and pride,
How often do they steal
My weapon from my side!
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his servant to the end.

V. JEHOVAH-SHALOM. THE LORD SEND PEACE

Judges vi. 24.

Jesus, whose blood so freely stream'd,
To satisfy the law's demand;
By thee from guilt and wrath redeem'd,
Before the Father's face I stand.

To reconcile offending man,
Make Justice drop her angry rod;
What creature could have form'd the plan,
Or who fulfil it but a God?

No drop remains of all the curse,
For wretches who deserved the whole;
No arrows dipt in wrath to pierce
The guilty but returning soul.

Peace by such means so dearly bought,
What rebel could have hoped to see?
Peace, by his injured Sovereign wrought,
His Sovereign fasten'd to a tree.

Now, Lord, thy feeble worm prepare!
For strife with earth and hell begins;
Confirm and guard me for the war,
They hate the soul that hates his sins.

Let them in horrid league agree!
They may assault, they may distress;
But cannot quench thy love to me,
Nor rob me of the Lord, my peace.

VI. WISDOM. *Prov.* viii. 22—31.

Ere God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills;
Before he fill'd the fountains
That feed the running rills;
In me, from everlasting,
The wonderful I Am,
Found pleasures never-wasting,
And Wisdom is my name.

When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of Ocean's mighty flood;

He wrought by weight and measure,
And I was with him then:
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And mine, the sons of men.

Thus Wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and thy grace,
Thou everlasting lover
Of our unworthy race!
Thy gracious eye survey'd us
Ere stars were seen above;
In wisdom thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

And couldst thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,
Who, when we saw thee, slighted
And nail'd thee to a tree?
Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery divine!
The voice that speaks in thunder,
Says, "Sinner, I am thine!"

VII. VANITY OF THE WORLD.

God gives his mercies to be spent;
Your hoard will do your soul no good;
Gold is a blessing only lent,
Repaid by giving others food.

The world's esteem is but a bribe,
To buy their peace you sell your own;
The slave of a vain-glorious tribe,
Who hate you while they make you known.

The joy that vain amusements give,
Oh! sad conclusion that it brings!
The honey of a crowded hive,
Defended by a thousand stings.

'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
That live upon her treacherous smiles:
She leads them blindfold by her rules,
And ruins all whom she beguiles.

God knows the thousands who go down
From pleasure into endless woe;
And with a long despairing groan
Blaspheme their Maker as they go.

O fearful thought! be timely wise·
Delight but in a Saviour's charms,
And God shall take you to the skies,
Embraced in everlasting arms.

VIII. O LORD, I WILL PRAISE THEE. *Isaiah* xii. 1.

I WILL praise thee every day
Now thine anger's turn'd away!
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

Here in the fair gospel-field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.

Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

Praise ye, then, his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame!
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round!
Zion, shout, for this is he,
God the Saviour dwells in thee!

IX. THE CONTRITE HEART. *Isaiah* lvii. 15.

The Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If ought is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

O make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it if it be.

X. THE FUTURE PEACE AND GLORY OF THE CHURCH. *Isaiah* ix. 15—20.

Hear what God the Lord hath spoken,
"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways:
You shall name your walls, Salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

" There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow;
Still in undisturb'd possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again

" Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me;
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light."

XI. JEHOVAH OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS. *Jer.* xxiii. 6.

My God, how perfect are thy ways!
But mine polluted are;
Sin twines itself about my praise,
And slides into my prayer.

When I would speak what thou hast done,
To save me from my sin,
I cannot make thy mercies known,
But self-applause creeps in.

Divine desire, that holy flame
Thy grace creates in me;
Alas! impatience is its name,
When it returns to thee.

This heart, a fountain of vile thoughts,
How does it overflow!
While self upon the surface floats,
Still bubbling from below.

Let others in the gaudy dress
Of fancied merit shine;
The Lord shall be my righteousness,
The Lord for ever mine.

XII. EPHRAIM REPENTING. *Jer.* xxxi. 18—20.

My God, till I received thy stroke,
How like a beast was I!
So unaccustom'd to the yoke,
So backward to comply.

With grief my just reproach I bear,
Shame fills me at the thought;
How frequent my rebellions were!
What wickedness I wrought!

Thy merciful restraint I scorn'd,
And left the pleasant road;
Yet turn me, and I shall be turn'd
Thou art the Lord my God.

"Is Ephraim banish'd from my thoughts,
Or vile in my esteem?
No," saith the Lord, "with all his faults,
I still remember him.

"Is he a dear and pleasant child?
Yes, dear and pleasant still;
Though sin his foolish heart beguiled,
And he withstood my will.

"My sharp rebuke has laid him low,
He seeks my face again;
My pity kindles at his woe,
He shall not seek in vain."

XIII. THE COVENANT. *Ezek.* xxxvi. 25—28.

The Lord proclaims his grace abroad!
Behold, I change your hearts of stone;
Each shall renounce his idol-god,
And serve, henceforth, the Lord alone

My grace, a flowing stream, proceeds
To wash your filthiness away;
Ye shall abhor your former deeds,
And learn my statutes to obey.

My truth the great design ensures,
I give myself away to you;
You shall be mine, I will be yours,
Your God unalterably true.

Yet not unsought, or unimplored,
The plenteous grace shall I confer;*
No—your whole hearts shall seek the Lord,
I'll put a praying spirit there.

From the first breath of life divine,
Down to the last expiring hour,
The gracious work shall all be mine,
Begun and ended in my power.

XIV. JEHOVAH-SHAMMAH. *Ezek.* xlviii. 35.

As birds their infant brood protect,†
And spread their wings to shelter them,
Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
"So will I guard Jerusalem."

And what then is Jerusalem,
This darling object of his care?
Where is its worth in God's esteem?
Who built it, who inhabits there?

Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son;
There dwell the saints, once foes to God,
The sinners whom he calls his own.

There, though besieged on every side,
Yet much beloved and guarded well,
From age to age they have defied
The utmost force of earth and hell.

* Verse 37. † Isaiah xxxi. 5.

Let earth repent, and hell despair,
This city has a sure defence;
Her name is call'd The Lord is there,
And who has power to drive him thence?

XV. PRAISE FOR THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

Zec. xiii. 1.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

'Tis strung, and tuned, for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

XVI. THE SOWER. *Matt.* xiii. 3.

Ye sons of earth, prepare the plough,
Break up the fallow ground;
The sower is gone forth to sow,
And scatter blessings round.

The seed that finds a stony soil,
Shoots forth a hasty blade;
But ill repays the sower's toil,
Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.

The thorny ground is sure to balk
All hopes of harvest there;
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear.

The beaten path and highway side
Receive the trust in vain;
The watchful birds the spoil divide,
And pick up all the grain.

But where the Lord of grace and power
Has bless'd the happy field,
How plenteous is the golden store
The deep-wrought furrows yield!

Father of mercies, we have need
Of thy preparing grace;
Let the same hand that gives the seed
Provide a fruitful place.

XVII. THE HOUSE OF PRAYER. *Mark* xi. 17.

Thy mansion is the Christian's heart,
O Lord, thy dwelling-place secure!
Bid the unruly throng depart,
And leave the consecrated door.

Devoted as it is to thee,
A thievish swarm frequents the place;
They steal away my joys from me,
And rob my Saviour of his praise.

There, too, a sharp designing trade
Sin, Satan, and the world maintain;
Nor cease to press me, and persuade
To part with ease, and purchase pain.

I know them, and I hate their din,
Am weary of the bustling crowd;
But while their voice is heard within,
I cannot serve thee as I would.

Oh! for the joy thy presence gives,
What peace shall reign when thou art here!
Thy presence makes this den of thieves
A calm delightful house of prayer.

And if thou make thy temple shine,
Yet, self-abased, will I adore;
The gold and silver are not mine,
I give thee what was thine before.

XVIII. LOVEST THOU ME? *John* xxi. 16.

Hark, my soul! it is the Lord:
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

"I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

" Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:—
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint:
Yet I love thee and adore:
Oh for grace to love thee more!

XIX. CONTENTMENT. *Phil.* iv. 11.

Fierce passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea:
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to thee.

In vain by reason and by rule
We try to bend the will;
For none but in the Saviour's school
Can learn the heavenly skill.

Since at his feet my soul has sat,
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.

" Art thou a sinner, soul?" he said,
" Then how canst thou complain?
How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd
With everlasting pain!

" If thou of murmuring wouldst be cured,
Compare thy griefs with mine;
Think what my love for thee endured,
And thou wilt not repine.

" 'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
And I do all things well;
Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
And rise with me to dwell.

" In life my grace shall strength supply,
Proportion'd to thy day;
At death thou still shalt find me nigh,
To wipe thy tears away."

Thus I, who once my wretched days
In vain repinings spent,
Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
Have learnt to be content.

XX. OLD TESTAMENT GOSPEL. *Heb.* iv. 2.

Israel, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the Gospel too;
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw a Saviour's face.

The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,*

* Exod. xii. 13.

Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

The Lamb, the Dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,*
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For he who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

The scape-goat on his head†
The people's trespass bore,
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more:
In him our Surety seem'd to say,
"Behold, I bear your sins away."

Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free;‡
The type, well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea;
Described a guilty soul enlarged,
And by a Saviour's death discharged.

Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsafed to me!

* Lev. xii. 6. † Lev. xvi. 21. ‡ Lev. xiv. 51—53.

XXI. SARDIS. *Rev.* iii. 1—6.

" WRITE to Sardis," saith the Lord,
And write what he declares,
He whose Spirit, and whose word,
Upholds the seven stars:
" All thy works and ways I search,
Find thy zeal and love decay'd:
Thou art call'd a living church,
But thou art cold and dead.

" Watch, remember, seek, and strive,
Exert thy former pains;
Let thy timely care revive,
And strengthen what remains:
Cleanse thine heart, thy works amend,
Former times to mind recall,
Lest my sudden stroke descend,
And smite thee once for all.

" Yet I number now in thee
A few that are upright;
These my Father's face shall see,
And walk with me in white.
When in judgment I appear,
They for mine shall be confest;
Let my faithful servants hear,
And woe be to the rest."

XXII. PRAYER FOR A BLESSING ON THE YOUNG.

Bestow, dear Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love!
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

True, you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast;
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.

For you the public prayer is made,
Oh! join the public prayer!
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear!

We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

XXIII. PLEADING FOR AND WITH YOUTH.

Sin has undone our wretched race,
  But Jesus has restored,
And brought the sinner face to face
  With his forgiving Lord.

This we repeat, from year to year,
  And press upon our youth;
Lord, give them an attentive ear,
  Lord, save them by thy truth.

Blessings upon the rising race!
  Make this a happy hour,
According to thy richest grace,
  And thine almighty power.

We feel for your unhappy state,
  (May you regard it too,)
And would awhile ourselves forget
  To pour out prayer for you.

We see, though you perceive it not,
  The approaching awful doom;
O tremble at the solemn thought,
  And flee the wrath to come!

Dear Saviour, let this new-born year
  Spread an alarm abroad;
And cry in every careless ear,
  "Prepare to meet thy God!"

XXIV. PRAYER FOR CHILDREN.

Gracious Lord, our children see,
By thy mercy we are free;
But shall these, alas! remain
Subjects still of Satan's reign?
Israel's young ones, when of old
Pharaoh threaten'd to withhold,*
Then thy messenger said, "No;
Let the children also go."

When the angel of the Lord,
Drawing forth his dreadful sword,
Slew, with an avenging hand,
All the first-born of the land;†
Then thy people's doors he pass'd,
Where the bloody sign was placed;
Hear us, now, upon our knees,
Plead the blood of Christ for these!

Lord, we tremble, for we know
How the fierce malicious foe,
Wheeling round his watchful flight,
Keeps them ever in his sight:
Spread thy pinions, King of kings!
Hide them safe beneath thy wings;
Lest the ravenous bird of prey
Stoop, and bear the brood away.

* Exod. x. 9. † Exod. xii. 12.

XXV. JEHOVAH JESUS.

My song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' works he made
Fill'd all the morning stars with joy

Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim;
That gracious sound well pleased he hears,
And owns Emmanuel for his name.

A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well placed hopes with joy I see;
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal,
To worship him who died for me.

As man, he pities my complaint,
His power and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

XXVI. ON OPENING A PLACE FOR SOCIAL PRAYER.

JESUS! where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Behold, at thy commanding word
We stretch the curtain and the cord;*
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

* Isaiah liv. 2.

XXVII. WELCOME TO THE TABLE.

This is the feast of heavenly wine
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living vine
Were press'd to fill the cup.

Oh! bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed;
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.

The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
Ye trembling souls, appear!
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.

Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.

If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

XXVIII. JESUS HASTING TO SUFFER.

The Saviour, what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When hasting to Jerusalem,
He march'd before the rest!

Good-will to men and zeal for God
His every thought engross;
He longs to be baptized with blood,*
He pants to reach the cross!

With all his sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew;
'Twas love that urged him on.

Lord, we return thee what we can:
Our hearts shall sound abroad
Salvation to the dying Man,
And to the rising God!

And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

XXIX. EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

* Luke xii. 50.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.*

Have you no words? Ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

XXX. THE LIGHT AND GLORY OF THE WORD.

The Spirit breathes upon the Word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none

* Exodus xvii. 11.

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

XXXI. ON THE DEATH OF A MINISTER.

His master taken from his head,
Elisha saw him go;
And in desponding accents said,
"Ah, what must Israel do?"

But he forgot the Lord who lifts
The beggar to the throne;
Nor knew, that all Elijah's gifts
Will soon be made his own.

What! when a Paul has run his course,
Or when Apollos dies,
Is Israel left without resource?
And have we no supplies?

Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives
We have a boundless store,
And shall be fed with what he gives,
Who lives for evermore.

XXXII. THE SHINING LIGHT.

My former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

Ah, whither shall I fly!
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom:
But sure a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day, that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

Forerunner of the sun,*
It marks the Pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

* Psalm cxxx. 6.

XXXIII. SEEKING THE BELOVED.

To those who know the Lord I speak,
Is my beloved near?
The bridegroom of my soul I seek,
Oh! when will he appear?

Though once a man of grief and shame,
Yet now he fills a throne,
And bears the greatest, sweetest name,
That earth or heaven has known.

Grace flies before, and love attends
His steps where'er he goes;
Though none can see him but his friends,
And they were once his foes.

He speaks—obedient to his call
Our warm affections move:
Did he but shine alike on all,
Then all alike would love.

Then love in every heart would reign,
And war would cease to roar;
And cruel and blood-thirsty men
Would thirst for blood no more.

Such Jesus is, and such his grace,
Oh, may he shine on you!
And tell him, when you see his face,
I long to see him too.*

* Cant. v. 8.

XXXIV. THE WAITING SOUL.

Breathe from the gentle south, O Lord,
And cheer me from the north;
Blow on the treasures of thy word,
And call the spices forth!

I wish, thou know'st, to be resign'd,
And wait with patient hope;
But hope delay'd fatigues the mind,
And drinks the spirit up.

Help me to reach the distant goal,
Confirm my feeble knee;
Pity the sickness of a soul
That faints for love of thee.

Cold as I feel this heart of mine,
Yet since I feel it so;
It yields some hope of life divine
Within, however low.

I seem forsaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar;
And ev'ry door is shut but one,
And that is mercy's door.

There, till the dear Deliv'rer come,
I'll wait with humble pray'r;
And when he calls his exile home,
The Lord shall find me there.

XXXV. WELCOME CROSS.

'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil:
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way:
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a castaway.
Bastards may escape the rod,*
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the trueborn child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

* Hebrews xii. 8.

XXXVI. AFFLICTIONS SANCTIFIED BY THE WORD.

O how I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!
It guides me in the peaceful way;
I think upon it all the day.

What are the mines of shining wealth,
The strength of youth, the bloom of health!
What are all joys compared with those
Thine everlasting word bestows!

Long unafflicted, undismay'd,
In pleasure's path secure I stray'd;
Thou madest me feel thy chastening rod,*
And straight I turn'd unto my God.

What though it pierced my fainting heart,
I bless thine hand that caused the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe.

Oh! hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precept I had still despised;
And still the snare in secret laid
Had my unwary feet betray'd.

I love thee, therefore, O my God,
And breathe towards thy dear abode;
Where, in thy presence fully blest,
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

* Psalm cxix. 71.

XXXVII. TEMPTATION.

The billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,—
My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guard and guide me through the storm,
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves,—say, "Peace, be still."

Amidst the roaring of the sea
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

Though tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

XXXVIII. LOOKING UPWARDS IN A STORM.

God of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,*
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

* Psalm lxix. 15.

Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor!

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an Advocate with thee;
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,*
Yet God, my God, forgets me not:
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

XXXIX. THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

My soul is sad, and much dismay'd,
See, Lord, what legions of my foes,
With fierce Apollyon at their head,
My heavenly pilgrimage oppose!

* Psalm xl. 17.

See, from the ever-burning lake,
How like a smoky cloud they rise!
With horrid blasts my soul they shake,
With storms of blasphemies and lies.

Their fiery arrows reach the mark,*
My throbbing heart with anguish tear;
Each lights upon a kindred spark,
And finds abundant fuel there.

I hate the thought that wrongs the Lord;
Oh! I would drive it from my breast,
With thy own sharp two-edged sword,
Far as the east is from the west.

Come, then, and chase the cruel host,
Heal the deep wounds I have received!
Nor let the powers of darkness boast,
That I am foil'd, and thou art grieved!

XL. PEACE AFTER A STORM.

When darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!

* Ephes. vi. 16.

Oh! let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn;
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But, when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

XLI. MOURNING AND LONGING.

The Saviour hides his face!
My spirit thirsts to prove
Renew'd supplies of pardoning grace,
And never-fading love.

The favour'd souls who know
What glories shine in him,
Pant for his presence as the roe
Pants for the living stream!

What trifles tease me now!
They swarm like summer flies,
They cleave to every thing I do,
And swim before my eyes.

How dull the Sabbath day,
Without the Sabbath's Lord!
How toilsome then to sing and pray,
And wait upon the word!

Of all the truths I hear,
How few delight my taste!
I glean a berry here and there,
But mourn the vintage past.

Yet let me (as I ought)
Still hope to be supplied;
No pleasure else is worth a thought,
Nor shall I be denied.

Though I am but a worm,
Unworthy of his care,
The Lord will my desire perform,
And grant me all my prayer.

XLII. SELF-ACQUAINTANCE.

Dear Lord! accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains,
And mourns, with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.

There fiery seeds of anger lurk,
  Which often hurt my frame ;
And wait but for the tempter's work,
  To fan them to a flame.

Legality holds out a bribe
  To purchase life from thee ;
And discontent would fain prescribe
  How thou shalt deal with me.

While unbelief withstands thy grace,
  And puts the mercy by ;
Presumption, with a brow of brass,
  Says, "Give me, or I die."

How eager are my thoughts to roam
  In quest of what they love !
But ah ! when duty calls them home,
  How heavily they move !

Oh, cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,
  Transform me by thy power,
And make me thy beloved abode,
  And let me rove no more.

XLIII. PRAYER FOR PATIENCE.

Lord, who hast suffer'd all for me,
  My peace and pardon to procure,
The lighter cross I bear for thee,
  Help me with patience to endure.

The storm of loud repining hush,
I would in humble silence mourn;
Why should the unburnt though burning bush,
Be angry as the crackling thorn?

Man should not faint at thy rebuke,
Like Joshua falling on his face,*
When the curst thing that Achan took
Brought Israel into just disgrace.

Perhaps some golden wedge suppress'd,
Some secret sin offends my God;
Perhaps that Babylonish vest,
Self-righteousness, provokes the rod.

Ah! were I buffeted all day,
Mock'd, crown'd with thorns, and spit upon;
I yet should have no right to say,
My great distress is mine alone.

Let me not angrily declare
No pain was ever sharp like mine;
Nor murmur at the cross I bear,
But rather weep, remembering thine.

XLIV. SUBMISSION.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

* Joshua vii. 10, 11.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.

Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!

But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils the skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

XLV. THE HAPPY CHANGE.

How blest thy creature is, O God,
When, with a single eye,
He views the lustre of thy word,
The dayspring from on high!

Through all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of Righteousness he eyes,
With healing on his wings.

Struck by that light, the human heart,
A barren soil no more,
Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,
Where serpents lurk'd before.*

The soul a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain,
Feels a new empire form'd within,
And owns a heavenly reign.

The glorious orb, whose golden beams
The fruitful year control,
Since first, obedient to thy word,
He started from the goal;

Has cheer'd the nations with the joys
His orient rays impart;
But, Jesus, 'tis thy light alone
Can shine upon the heart.

XLVI. RETIREMENT.

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

* Isaiah xxxv. 7.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine!

What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

XLVII. THE HIDDEN LIFE.

To tell the Saviour all my wants,
How pleasing is the task!
Nor less to praise him when he grants
Beyond what I can ask.

My labouring spirit vainly seeks
To tell but half the joy;
With how much tenderness he speaks,
And helps me to reply.

Nor were it wise, nor should I choose,
Such secrets to declare;
Like precious wines their tastes they lose,
Exposed to open air.

But this with boldness I proclaim,
Nor care if thousands hear,
Sweet is the ointment of his name,
Not life is half so dear.

And can you frown, my former friends,
Who knew what once I was;
And blame the song that thus commends
The man who bore the cross?

Trust me, I draw the likeness true,
And not as fancy paints;
Such honour may he give to you,
For such have all his saints.

XLVIII. JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings:

When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new
Set free from present sorrow
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow *
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

The vine nor fig-tree neither †
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice

* Matthew vi. 34. † Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

XLIX. TRUE PLEASURES.

Lord, my soul with pleasure springs,
When Jesus' name I hear;
And when God the Spirit brings
The word of promise near:
Beauties too, in holiness,
Still delighted I perceive;
Nor have words that can express
The joys thy precepts give.

Clothed in sanctity and grace,
How sweet it is to see
Those who love thee as they pass,
Or when they wait on thee:
Pleasant too, to sit and tell
What we owe to love divine;
Till our bosoms grateful swell,
And eyes begin to shine.

Those the comforts I possess,
Which God shall still increase,
All his ways are pleasantness,*
And all his paths are peace.
Nothing Jesus did or spoke,
Henceforth let me ever slight;
For I love his easy yoke,†
And find his burden light.

* Prov. iii. 17 † Matt. xi. 30.

L. THE CHRISTIAN.

Honour and happiness unite
To make the Christian's name a praise;
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days!

A kingly character he bears,
No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears,
His joys can never reach a close.

Adorn'd with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face;
His robe is of the ethereal dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

Inferior honours he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth:
The King of kings himself maintains
The expenses of his heavenly birth.

The noblest creature seen below,
Ordain'd to fill a throne above;
God gives him all he can bestow,
His kingdom of eternal love!

My soul is ravish'd at the thought!
Methinks from earth I see him rise!
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

LI. LIVELY HOPE AND GRACIOUS FEAR.

I was a grovelling creature once,
And basely cleaved to earth;
I wanted spirit to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.

But God has breath'd upon a worm,
And sent me, from above,
Wings such as clothe an angel's form,
The wings of joy and love.

With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand,
To view beneath a shining sky
The spacious promised land.

The Lord of all the vast domain
Has promised it to me;
The length and breadth of all the plain
As far as faith can see.

How glorious is my privilege!
To thee for help I call;
I stand upon a mountain's edge,
Oh save me, lest I fall!

Though much exalted in the Lord,
My strength is not my own;
Then let me tremble at his word,
And none shall cast me down.

LII. FOR THE POOR.

When Hagar found the bottle spent,
And wept o'er Ishmael,
A message from the Lord was sent
To guide her to a well.*

Should not Elijah's cake and cruise†
Convince us at this day,
A gracious God will not refuse
Provisions by the way?

His saints and servants shall be fed,
The promise is secure;
"Bread shall be given them," he has said,
"Their water shall be sure." ‡

Repasts far richer they shall prove,
Than all earth's dainties are;
'Tis sweet to taste a Saviour's love,
Though in the meanest fare.

To Jesus then your trouble bring,
Nor murmur at your lot;
While you are poor and he is King,
You shall not be forgot.

LIII. MY SOUL THIRSTETH FOR GOD.

I thirst, but not as once I did
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasures there.

* Gen. xxi. 19. † 1 Kings xvii. 14. ‡ Isa. xxxiii. 16.

It was the sight of thy dear cross
First wean'd my soul from earthly things;
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn like me
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

Dear fountain of delight unknown!
No longer sink below the brim;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living and life-giving stream!

For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

LIV. LOVE CONSTRAINING TO OBEDIENCE.

No strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright:
And what she has she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.

How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success.

Then, to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its power within,
I feel I hate it too.

Then, all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

"What shall I do," was then the word,
"That I may worthier grow?"
"What shall I render to the Lord?"
Is my inquiry now.

To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,*
And duty into choice.

LV. THE HEART HEALED AND CHANGED BY MERCY.

Sin enslaved me many years,
And led me bound and blind;
Till at length a thousand fears
Came swarming o'er my mind.
"Where," I said, in deep distress,
"Will these sinful pleasures end?
How shall I secure my peace,
And make the Lord my friend?"

* Romans iii. 31.

Friends and ministers said much
The gospel to enforce;
But my blindness still was such,
I chose a legal course:
Much I fasted, watch'd, and strove,
Scarce would show my face abroad,
Fear'd almost to speak or move,
A stranger still to God.

Thus afraid to trust his grace,
Long time did I rebel;
Till, despairing of my case,
Down at his feet I fell:
Then my stubborn heart he broke,
And subdued me to his sway;
By a simple word he spoke,
"Thy sins are done away."

LVI. HATRED OF SIN.

Holy Lord God! I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy least commandment slight;
Yet pierced by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite

But, though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait;
Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the only thing I hate.

Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell,
One sin, unslain, within my breast,
Would make that heaven as dark as hell.

The prisoner, sent to breathe fresh air,
And bless'd with liberty again,
Would mourn, were he condemn'd to wear
One link of all his former chain.

But, oh! no foe invades the bliss,
When glory crowns the Christian's head;
One view of Jesus as he is
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

LVII. THE NEW CONVERT.

The new-born child of gospel grace,
Like some fair tree when summer's nigh,
Beneath Emmanuel's shining face
Lifts up his blooming branch on high.

No fears he feels, he sees no foes,
No conflict yet his faith employs,
Nor has he learnt to whom he owes
The strength and peace his soul enjoys.

But sin soon darts its cruel sting,
And comforts sinking day by day:
What seem'd his own, a self-fed spring,
Proves but a brook that glides away.

When Gideon arm'd his numerous host,
The Lord soon made his numbers less;
And said, "Lest Israel vainly boast,*
'My arm procured me this success.'"

Thus will he bring our spirits down,
And draw our ebbing comforts low,
That, saved by grace, but not our own,
We may not claim the praise we owe.

LVIII. TRUE AND FALSE COMFORTS.

O God, whose favourable eye
The sin-sick soul revives,
Holy and heavenly is the joy
Thy shining presence gives.

Not such as hypocrites suppose,
Who with a graceless heart
Taste not of thee, but drink a dose,
Prepared by Satan's art.

Intoxicating joys are theirs,
Who, while they boast their light,
And seem to soar above the stars,
Are plunging into night.

Lull'd in a soft and fatal sleep,
They sin, and yet rejoice;
Were they indeed the Saviour's sheep,
Would they not hear his voice?

* Judges vii. 2.

Be mine the comforts that reclaim
The soul from Satan's power;
That make me blush for what I am,
And hate my sin the more.

'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
At thy dear feet to lie;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly.

LIX. A LIVING AND A DEAD FAITH.

The Lord receives his highest praise
From humble minds and hearts sincere;
While all the loud professor says
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.

To walk as children of the day,
To mark the precepts' holy light,
To wage the warfare, watch, and pray,
Show who are pleasing in his sight.

Not words alone it cost the Lord,
To purchase pardon for his own;
Nor will a soul, by grace restored,
Return the Saviour words alone.

With golden bells, the priestly vest,
And rich pomegranates border'd round,*
The need of holiness express'd,
And call'd for fruit, as well as sound.

* Exod. xxviii. 33.

Easy, indeed, it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and fluent speech
Might serve, instead of faith and love.

But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,
Who talks of free and sovereign grace,
Unless that grace has made him free!

LX. ABUSE OF THE GOSPEL.

Too many, Lord, abuse thy grace.
In this licentious day;
And, while they boast they see thy face,
They turn their own away.

Thy book displays a gracious light
That can the blind restore;
But these are dazzled by the sight,
And blinded still the more.

The pardon, such presume upon,
They do not beg, but steal;
And when they plead it at thy throne,
Oh! where's the Spirit's seal?

Was it for this, ye lawless tribe,
The dear Redeemer bled?
Is this the grace the saints imbibe
From Christ the living head?

Ah, Lord, we know thy chosen few
Are fed with heavenly fare;
But these, the wretched husks they chew
Proclaim them what they are.

The liberty our hearts implore
Is not to live in sin;
But still to wait at wisdom's door,
Till mercy calls us in.

LXI. THE NARROW WAY.

What thousands never knew the road!
What thousands hate it when 'tis known!
None but the chosen tribes of God
Will seek or choose it for their own.

A thousand ways in ruin end,
One, only, leads to joys on high;
By that my willing steps ascend,
Pleased with a journey to the sky.

No more I ask, or hope to find,
Delight or happiness below;
Sorrow may well possess the mind
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow

The joy that fades is not for me,
I seek immortal joys above;
There glory without end shall be
The bright reward of faith and love.

Cleave to the world, ye sordid worms,
Contented lick your native dust,
But God shall fight with all his storms
Against the idol of your trust.

LXII. DEPENDENCE.

To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.

Beware of Peter's word,*
Nor confidently say,
"I never will deny thee, Lord,"
But, "Grant I never may!"

Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings †
Than all your works beside.

* Matthew xxvi 33. † John vi. 29.

In Jesus is our store,
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

LXIII. NOT OF WORKS.

Grace, triumphant in the throne,
Scorns a rival, reigns alone;
Come and bow beneath her sway,
Cast your idol works away.
Works of man, when made his plea,
Never shall accepted be;
Fruits of pride (vain-glorious worm!)
Are the best he can perform.

Self, the god his soul adores,
Influences all his powers;
Jesus is a slighted name,
Self-advancement all his aim:
But when God the Judge shall come,
To pronounce the final doom,
Then for rocks and hills to hide
All his works and all his pride!

Still the boasting heart replies,
What! the worthy and the wise,
Friends to temperance and peace,
Have not these a righteousness?
Banish every vain pretence
Built on human excellence;
Perish every thing in man,
But the grace that never can.

LXIV. PRAISE FOR FAITH.

Of all the gifts thine hand bestows,
Thou Giver of all good!
Not heaven itself a richer knows
Than my Redeemer's blood.

Faith too, the blood-receiving grace,
From the same hand we gain;
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
That gift had been in vain.

Till thou thy teaching power apply,
Our hearts refuse to see,
And weak, as a distemper'd eye,
Shut out the view of thee.

Blind to the merits of thy Son,
What misery we endure!
Yet fly that hand from which alone
We could expect a cure.

We praise thee, and would praise thee more,
To thee our all we owe;
The precious Saviour, and the power
That makes him precious too.

LXV. GRACE AND PROVIDENCE.

Almighty King! whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land,
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart shall break that sighs for more.

Thy providence supplies my food,
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good;
My soul is nourish'd by thy word,
Let soul and body praise the Lord.

My streams of outward comfort came
From him who built this earthly frame;
Whate'er I want his bounty gives,
By whom my soul for ever lives.

Either his hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I feel it, heals again;
From Satan's malice shields my breast,
Or overrules it for the best.

Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe!
It means thy praise, however poor,
An angel's song can do no more.

LXVI. I WILL PRAISE THE LORD AT ALL TIMES.

Winter has a joy for me,
While the Saviour's charms I read,
Lowly, meek, from blemish free,
In the snowdrop's pensive head.

Spring returns, and brings along
Life-invigorating suns:
Hark! the turtle's plaintive song
Seems to speak his dying groans!

Summer has a thousand charms,
All expressive of his worth;
'Tis his sun that lights and warms,
His the air that cools the earth.

What! has Autumn left to say
Nothing of a Saviour's grace?
Yes, the beams of milder day
Tell me of his smiling face.

Light appears with early dawn,
While the sun makes haste to rise;
See his bleeding beauties drawn
On the blushes of the skies.

Evening with a silent pace,
Slowly moving in the west,
Shows an emblem of his grace
Points to an eternal rest.

LXVII. LONGING TO BE WITH CHRIST.

To Jesus, the Crown of my Hope,
My soul is in haste to begone:
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne!

My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power;

Dissolve thou these bonds, that detain
My soul from her portion in thee,
Ah! strike off this adamant chain
And make me eternally free.

When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories I shine
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline:

O then shall the veil be remov'd,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd
I shall meet him whom absent I lov'd,
I shall see whom unseen I ador'd.

And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

Or, if yet remember'd above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise
They will be but new signs of thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.

Thus the strokes which from sin and from pain
Shall set me eternally free
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain,
Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

LXVIII. LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower

Blind unbelief is sure to err,*
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

* John xiii. 7.

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF MADAME GUION,

AND OF

THE MYSTIC WRITERS.

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THE MYSTIC WRITERS.

The mystic writers, though the object of so much public attention in France, towards the close of the seventeenth century, have never attracted much notice in this country, and are known rather as a matter of historical fact than of personal interest. It is to Cowper that we are indebted for the translation of the Hymns of Madame Guion, the founder, or rather reviver, of the Mystics; for it is evident from ecclesiastical history that they existed so early as in the third and fourth centuries, and that the habits of profound contemplation and retirement from the world, in which they indulged, led to the monastic seclusion of which St. Anthony was the most eminent example. Dionysius the Areopagite

is, however, generally considered to be the founder of this sect in the fourth century. Macarius and Hilarion are also included among its supporters. The celebrated Thomas à Kempis, in the fifteenth century, adopted a kind of purified mysticism. Molino, a Spanish priest, though resident at Rome, still further extended these views; till at length Madame Guion, in the reign of Louis XIV. embodied them in their present form, which is known in France under the name of Quietism, from the calm repose and indifference to external objects which is characteristic of these principles.

The Mystics professed to elevate the soul above all sensible and terrestrial objects, and to unite it to the Deity in an ineffable manner; to inculcate a pure and absolutely disinterested love of God, for his own sake, and on account of his adorable perfections; to maintain a close and intimate communion with him by mortifying all the senses, by a profound submission to his will, even under the consciousness of perdition, and by an internal sanctity of heart, strengthened by a holy and sublime contemplation. We shall shortly examine this system, and inquire how far this indifference to salvation, from a supposed conformity to the will of God, is founded either on reason or Scripture; and whether the pure love of God, independent of his love to us, and of our personal interest in the blessings of redemption, is a state of mind to be generally attained.

But we shall first advert to the manner in which Madame Guion was led to embrace these views, and illustrate them by a reference to her own writings. After endeavouring, by unceasing efforts, and many acts of external piety, to raise her mind to a high tone of religious perfection, without being able to attain it, she meets with an ecclesiastic of the order of St. Francis, and requests him to explain the cause of this failure. His reply, and the remarkable consequences by which it was followed, is thus recorded by herself in the narrative of her own life. "*It is, madam, because you seek* WITHOUT *what you have* WITHIN. *Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart, and you will there find him.*"

"Having said these words, he left me. They were to me like the stroke of a dart, which penetrated through my heart. I felt at this instant a very deep wound, a wound so delightful that I desired not to be cured. These words brought into my heart what I had been seeking so many years; or rather, they discovered to me what was there, and which I had not enjoyed for want of knowing it. Oh my Lord! thou wast in my heart, and demandedst only a simple turning of my mind inward, to make me perceive thy presence. Oh infinite Goodness! How was I running hither and thither to seek thee; my life was a burden to me, though my happiness was in myself. I was poor in the midst of riches, and ready to perish with hunger,

near a table plentifully spread, and a continual feast. Oh Beauty, ancient and new! Why have I known thee so late! Alas! I sought thee where thou wast not, and did not seek thee where thou wast. It was for want of understanding these words of thy gospel, 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo here, or Lo there. For behold the kingdom of God is within you.' This I experienced; for thou becamest my king, and my heart thy kingdom, wherein thou didst reign supreme, and perform all thy sacred will."

Hours, she observes, now passed away like moments, and she could hardly do any thing else but pray. She enters at the same time upon a strict course of penances, deprives herself of the most innocent indulgences, and succeeds so far that she could scarcely prefer one thing to another. Her senses are severely mortified, and kept under uniform restraint. She aims at nothing less than the death of the senses, and the utter extinction of self. "It is only by a total death to self," she remarks, "that we can be lost in God."

At length these continual efforts become painful to her, and she is far from realizing either inward peace or the grace of true holiness. In describing her state of mind, she observes;

"I began to experience an insupportable weight, in that very piety which had formerly been so easy and delightful to me; not that I did not love it

extremely, but I found myself defective in that noble practice of it to which I aspired. The more I loved it, the more I laboured to acquire what I saw I failed in. But, alas! I seemed continually to be overcome by that which was contrary to it. My heart, indeed, was detached from all sensual pleasures. For these several years past it has seemed to me that my mind is so detached and absent from the body, that I do things as if I did them not. If I eat or refresh myself, it is done with such an absence, or separation, as I wonder at, and with an entire mortification of the keenness of sensation in all the natural functions."

In addition to this dissatisfaction with herself, it is her lot to be married to a man who is strongly opposed to her views and principles. Her domestic trials aggravate her wretchedness, and she enjoys peace neither in herself, in others, nor in God.

"I could now no longer pray as formerly. Heaven seemed shut to me, and I thought justly too. I could get no consolation, nor make any complaint thereupon; nor had I any creature on earth to apply to, or to whom I might impart my condition. I found myself banished from all beings, without finding a support or refuge in any thing. I could no more practise any virtue with facility. Such as had formerly been familiar to me seemed now to have left me. 'Alas!' said I, 'is it possible that

this heart, formerly all on fire, should now become like ice?' laden with a weight of past sins, and a multitude of new ones, I could not think God would ever pardon me, but looked on myself as a victim of hell. Whatever I tried for a remedy, seemed only to increase the malady. I may say that tears were my drink, and sorrow my food. I had within myself an executioner who tortured me without respite."

We believe the case of Madame Guion to be by no means singular. Many aim at high attainments in religion, with the utmost sincerity of intention, but, being ignorant of the true way of peace, to which a more scriptural view would infallibly lead them, they load the conscience with heavy burdens, till it sinks under the weight of the oppression. Peace of mind is not to be found in self-inflicted austerities, in overstrained efforts, nor even in the way of internal holiness. This is seeking the living among the dead. We first find God, not by what we try to do for ourselves, but in a firm reliance on what Christ the Lord has done for us. "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." This is the only true ground of acceptance. This is the foundation laid in Zion. "He is our peace." Holiness follows, but does not go before; it is the effect but not the cause. Mysticism inverts the order, and seems to give more honour to the sancti-

fying Spirit, than to a crucified Saviour and Redeemer.

However specious, therefore, the counsel given by the priest might seem to be, and powerfully as she was impressed by it for a season, yet it failed in imparting the whole truth. He led her to derive peace from contemplating Christ *within;* but true peace can flow only from contemplating Christ *without.* The "water" and the "blood" are emblematical of a *double* operation. Each is necessary, Christ in the heart for sanctification, Christ on the cross for justification and pardon of sin. To neglect the latter, and to fix our inmost thoughts on the former only, what is it but to make a Saviour of sanctification, and to render the cross of none effect?

In the midst of her internal disquietude, the husband of Madame Guion dies. "At last," she writes, "after having passed twelve years and four months in the crosses of marriage, as great as possible, except poverty, which I never knew, though I had much desired it, God drew me out of that state to give me still stronger crosses to bear, and of such a nature as I had never met with before."

Her life from this period was a continual scene of trials and persecutions, to which her views and principles uniformly exposed her.

Relieved now from all external restraint, this devoted woman dedicates herself to the Lord by a solemn surrender, which she calls a marriage con-

tract, and engages to live wholly to him and to his glory for the remainder of her days.

Her state of mind, and the joy and happiness which it led to, are thus expressed.

" At this time I found that I had the *perfect chastity* of love to God, mine being without any reserve, division, or view of interest;—*perfect poverty*, by the total privation of every thing that was mine both inwardly and outwardly;—*perfect obedience to the will* of God, *submission to the church, and honour to* Jesus Christ in loving himself only."

" The joy which such a soul possesses in its God is so great, that it experiences the truth of those words of the royal prophet, ' All they who are in thee, O Lord, are like persons ravished with joy.' To such a soul the words of our Lord seem to be addressed, ' Your joy no man shall take from you.' John xvi. 22. It is as it were plunged in a river of peace: its prayer is continual: nothing can hinder it from praying to God, or from loving him. It amply verifies these words in the *Canticles*, ' I sleep, but my heart waketh;' for it finds that even sleep itself does not hinder it from praying. Oh, unutterable happiness! Who could ever have thought that a soul, which seemed to be in the utmost misery should ever find a happiness equal to this? Oh happy *poverty*, happy *loss*, happy *nothingness*, which gives no less than God himself in his own immensity, no more circumscribed to the limited manner of the creature, but always drawing

it out of that to plunge it wholly into his own divine essence.

"What then renders this soul so perfectly content? It neither knows, nor wants to know any thing but what God calls it to. Herein it enjoys divine content, after a manner vast, immense, independent of exterior events; more satisfied in its humiliation, and in the opposition of all creatures, by the order of Providence, than on the throne of its own choice.

"It is here that the apostolic life begins. But is every one called to that state? Very few, indeed, as far as I can comprehend; and of the few that are called to it fewer still walk in true purity."

This entire surrender of the soul to God, or self-abandonment, she thus describes.

"Abandonment is a matter of the greatest importance in our process; it is the key to the inner court; so that whosoever knoweth truly how to abandon himself, soon becomes perfect. We must, therefore, continue stedfast and immoveable therein, nor listen to the voice of natural reason. Great faith produces great abandonment; we must confide in God, "hoping against hope." (Rom. iv. 18.)

"Abandonment is the casting off all selfish care, that we may be altogether at the Divine disposal. All Christians are exhorted to this resignation; for it is said to all, "Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, what shall we drink? or, wherewithal shall we be clothed? for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." (Matt.

vi. 31, 32.) "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." (Prov. iii. 6.) "Commit thy ways unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established." (Prov. xvi. 3.) "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass." (Psalm xxxvii. 5.)

"Our abandonment then should be as fully applied to external as internal things, giving up all our concerns into the hands of God, forgetting ourselves, and thinking only of him; by which the heart will remain always disengaged, free, and at peace. It is practised by continually losing our own will in the will of God; by renouncing every particular inclination as soon as it arises, however good it may appear, that we may stand in indifference with respect to ourselves, and only will that which God from eternity had willed; by being resigned in all things, whether for soul or body, whether for time or eternity; by leaving what is past in oblivion, what is to come to Providence, and devoting the present moment to God, which brings with itself God's eternal order, and it is as infallible a declaration to us of his will, as it is inevitable and common to all; by attributing nothing that befalls us to the creature, but regarding all things in God, and looking upon all, excepting only our sins, as infallibly proceeding from him. Surrender yourselves, then, to be led and disposed of just as God pleaseth, with respect both to your outward and inward state."

There is also another term, of frequent occur-

rence in Madame Guion's writings, called *the annihilation of the powers or senses*, (anéantissement des puissances,) by which she means that all the senses and passions are to be completely mortified and suppressed, in order that the soul, freed from the heavy incumbrance, may aspire to full and unrestrained communion with God.

Such is the outline of mysticism, which we have endeavoured to illustrate in her own words. Indiscriminate censure would be no less opposed to the real truth than indiscriminate praise.

The proselytes made to this doctrine in France were numerous, consisting of names distinguished by their piety and rank. Among these, she had the honour of including the great Fénelon, who, though he had too much taste and judgment to adopt the extremes of her system, listened with delight when she descanted before him, at the Hôtel de Beauvilliers, on the pure and disinterested love of God.*

It was in vain that the celebrated Bishop of Meaux† exposed her doctrines with all the powers of his wit, aided by the splendour of his eloquence. Her persecutions awakened new interest. She was sent to the castle of Vincennes, as if she had been a prisoner of state.

There she employed her lonely hours in pouring out the effusions of her heart, in hymns expressive of her love to God, and of the fervour of her devotion. Some of these compositions, written under

* Life of Fénelon. † Bossuet.

circumstances so interesting, we shall present to the reader. They are indebted for their English dress to the poet Cowper, and to the suggestion of the Rev. Mr. Bull of Newport Pagnell, who conceived that the spirit which they breathe could not fail to be congenial to a mind like his.

We shall now venture to offer a few remarks on this system.

What we admire in Madame Guion is, the purity of her heart, its incessant aspirations after holiness, its secret and close communion with God. These are qualifications in which there is reason to believe that the great bulk of professing Christians are greatly deficient. Religion, even among reflecting minds, partakes more of a philosophical than a spiritual character. The fire is in the intellect, the ice is in the heart. In the social circle, the essay, or review, how often is spiritual religion branded with the title of enthusiasm, and the wings of devotion clipped, lest she should soar with too lofty an elevation, and pass beyond the limits which a cold and calculating policy would prescribe.

Among others again, who are the professed followers of Christ, how far do all fall short in the sublime and devotional feeling of love to God! The higher attainments of Christian piety, the inward fervency of spirit, and the entire surrender of the soul, are not sufficiently realized. Men do not rise to the elevation of Bible christianity. Religion is considered too much in the light of a

struggle and a warfare, and too little as a state of inward repose and joy unspeakable and full of glory.

It is in this respect that we think the devotional spirit of Madame Guion may be contemplated with profit, if by a wise discrimination we can adopt what is excellent, and reject what is overstrained, legal, and visionary.

There is, however, a familiarity in her addresses to the Deity incompatible with the reverence due to a sense of his majesty and greatness. In exposing this objectionable part of her writings, Bossuet beautifully apostrophizes the seraphs, and entreats them to bring burning coals from the altar to purify his lips, lest they should have been defiled by the impurities which he had been obliged to record.*

With respect to the distinguishing feature of mysticism, the pure and disinterested love of God, for his own sake, and without any consideration of *self*, that the mind may, at particular seasons, rise to this degree of holy contemplation, we believe to be possible; but we are persuaded that such a state of feeling cannot be habitually sustained, and that it is beyond the general standard and capacities of human nature. God's love to us is recorded in the Scripture as the foundation of our love to him:— "We love him, because he first loved us." Even glorified spirits, whose devotion we may justly sup-

* See Butler's Life of Fénelon.

pose to have attained its highest degree of perfection, are represented as making their own salvation the theme of adoring gratitude and praise. "*For thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests.*" Besides, it is in the great work of redemption that the divine attributes are so gloriously displayed; that the most affecting appeals are made to our fears and hopes; and the most animating motives held forth for our obedience. Man's personal interest is therefore so interwoven with the display of the divine perfections, that the former can never be excluded without obscuring the glory of the very attributes which mysticism requires us to adore.

Again, the doctrine of the Mystics proposes the utter suppression of the passions of hope and fear; the annihilation, as it is called, of all our natural feelings, and an entire abstraction from the world.

The annihilation of our natural feelings, that the heart may be wholly filled with the love and contemplation of the Deity, is not possible, nor, if it were possible, would it be desirable, as we should cease, in that case, to be men, without acquiring the nature of angels. It is not the suppression, but the due controul and consecration of our feelings to the purest ends that the Bible proposes; not the exclusion of what is human, but the admixture of what is divine. The apostles, though gifted with the Holy Ghost from heaven, were still "men of

like passions with ourselves," and the Saviour who was transfigured on Mount Tabor, thirsted at the well of Sychar, and wept at the grave of Lazarus.

Nor is it abstraction from the world, but from its spirit, that the Bible enjoins as a duty on the Christian. "Let us open this wonderful book," observes an elegant writer, "where we may, we meet no mystical abstraction, We feel *our whole mind* to be addressed at once; no faculty, active or passive, being left without its provision. Human nature is everywhere made to furnish the machinery, which may work most effectually on itself. To withdraw the mind from sensible ideas while reading the Bible, is absolutely impossible. It places real life before us, in all its most interesting and most impressive forms; and obliges us to converse with "men of like passions with ourselves," even while it is teaching us the way of God most perfectly.

Instead of abstracting us from the world, it makes it a school of wisdom to us; and teaches us, by example as well as precept, to proceed in making it so daily to ourselves. We discover that while it is the scene of the devil's temptations, it is also the scene of God's providence; and that, as on the former account we must be ever vigilant against its seductions, so, on the latter account, we cannot but be deeply interested in its various movements, past, present, and future. To be regardless of these would be to overlook the volume of prophecy, as well as that kingdom of the Messiah upon

earth, of whose gradual advancement the prophetic oracles chiefly treat, and in whose final triumph all their brightest rays concentre. It is not, therefore, a mystical escape from the world, to which the Christian is called. His vocation is much more glorious; he is to keep himself "unspotted from the world;" but he is to remain in it, that he may maintain, as far as in him lies, his Lord's right to it, and promote his interest in it. He is taught this by the Redeemer's last prayer for his followers: "I pray *not* that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." And he is still more fully instructed by our Lord's own example; who made every walk of human life the scene of his beneficence, and turned every object and occurrence into a means of the most interesting and deepest instruction.*

There is one more feature in mysticism entitled to be considered, because it was subsequently adopted by Fénelon, viz. the possibility of the soul acquiescing in its own destruction, if such were the will of God, from a profound submission to his will and a desire to promote his glory. But this supposition involves a manifest absurdity, because a profound submission to the will of God is a gracious principle, and how can the soul, which is under gracious impressions, ever be the object of perdition, or God be glorified in its destruction?

* See "Remains of Alexander Knox, Esq." vol. i. pp. 303, 304.

The case of Moses, who prayed to be blotted out of the book which God had written, if the Israelites might be spared,* or that of St. Paul, who wished that he might be accursed, for the sake of his brethren, according to the flesh,†—these passages might be quoted; but they are to be considered as referring to the present and not to the future life, in reference to the latter of which they would be obviously repugnant to the justice and goodness of God.

It is evident from what has been said that the religious views of Madame Guion, excellent as they were in their principle, in so far as they inculcated the supreme love of God, profound submission to his will, the calm retirement of the soul, and deadness to the spirit of the world, were nevertheless too overstrained to be suited to the character and constitution of human nature. Wesley translated her Life, and observes, "Such another Life as that of Madame Guion, I doubt whether the world ever saw. It contains an abundance of excellent things, uncommonly excellent; several things, which are utterly false and unscriptural; nay, such as are dangerously false. As to Madame Guion herself, I believe she was not only a good woman, but good in an eminent degree; deeply devoted to God, and often favoured with uncommon communications of his Spirit."

* Exodus xxxii. 32.

† Scott and Henry both agree in this interpretation, viz. a willingness to be treated as an Anathema, and to be cut off from all church communion and privileges, but not to be eternally lost.

The persecutions in which she was thus involved were unremitting and painful. Her doctrines underwent a solemn inquiry at Issy, before three commissioners appointed by Louis XIV. for that purpose: viz. the Bishop of Meaux, the Bishop of Chartres, (afterwards Cardinal de Noailles,) and M. Tronson, the Superior of the congregation of St. Sulpice. After a discussion which lasted six months, her writings received a formal condemnation, in which Fénelon refused to concur. By this apparent sanction of her principles, and still more by his celebrated "Maxims of the Saints," in which he incorporated the more spiritual part of her system, he exposed himself to a series of painful reverses. He was banished the court by Louis XIV., who probably never read his book, nor comprehended his principles, but who never forgave the author of Telemachus. By the same authority he was removed from the office of preceptor to the Dukes of Burgundy, Anjou, and Berri; and commanded to retire to Cambray, which he embellished with his exalted virtues. But a further scene of humiliation awaited him. His powerful opponent, the celebrated Bossuet, not content with attacking his writings, endeavoured to procure their condemnation at the court of Rome, which led to a *bon-mot* of the Pope, that "Fénelon was in fault for too great love to God, and his enemies equally in fault for too little love of their neighbour." The Brief was at length obtained, though not without considerable delay and reluctance. Fénelon received this act of censure with calm serenity, and in obe-

dience to papal authority, ascended his pulpit at Cambray with his Maxims in one hand and the Brief in the other. He then read the condemnation of his own book, amidst the tears and admiration of his congregation; thus evincing a magnanimity which rendered him greater in his defeat than his enemies appeared in their triumph.

Madame Guion spent ten years in prison, during which she composed many hymns, with poems on various spiritual subjects, filling no less than five octavo volumes. Speaking of the period of her imprisonment at Vincennes, she observes, "I passed my time in great peace, content to spend the rest of my life there, if such were the will of God. I sang songs of joy, which the maid who served me learned by heart, as fast as I made them: and we sang together thy praises, O my God! The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies. I esteemed them more than all the gaudy brilliancies of a vain world." We cannot state this fact without doing homage to the virtues of Madame Guion. The piety that could convert a prison into a sanctuary, and transform sufferings into an occasion for joy and thanksgiving, must have been elevated and sincere, however mingled with enthusiasm. Her doctrine of profound submission, under circumstances the most adverse, was no speculative thesis; it was evidently carried into the life and practice.

Who is not reminded by this act of what is recorded in the apostolical times? "And at mid-

night Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God." The rigour of her persecutions, in our opinion, conveys a strong censure against her zealous but misguided opponents. But the case is by no means solitary. The world is always indulgent to the errors of our practice, but severe to the errors of our creed. True policy and humanity would have suggested a different course. Extravagances, when left to themselves, generally work their own cure; but, when visited with persecution, acquire dignity and importance, and never fail to awaken sympathy for the sufferers.

After her long imprisonment, Madame Guion lived a retired life for more than seven years at Blois, where she died June 9, 1717, in the seventieth year of her age, celebrated for her misfortunes and devotion, though her principles, which once convulsed France, and awakened the thunders of the Vatican, are now nearly forgotten.

The following selection from her poems, executed by Cowper, is highly devotional and may be read with interest and edification. It exhibits a happy specimen of her religious views in their best form; and Cowper has given to them the charms of versification, united with a taste and discrimination that ensure their popularity. The poem on the Nativity is a sublime and bold composition, and proves that the piety which warms the heart, seldom fails to enlarge and invigorate the faculties of the mind.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE FRENCH OF

MADAME DE LA MOTHE GUION.

THE NATIVITY.

'Tis folly all—let me no more be told
Of Parian porticos, and roofs of gold;
Delightful views of nature, dress'd by art,
Enchant no longer this indifferent heart;
The Lord of all things, in his humble birth,
Makes mean the proud magnificence of earth;
The straw, the manger, and the mouldering wall.
Eclipse its lustre; and I scorn it all.
  Canals, and fountains, and delicious vales,
Green slopes and plains, whose plenty never fails;
Deep-rooted groves, whose heads sublimely rise,
Earth-born, and yet ambitious of the skies;
The abundant foliage of whose gloomy shades,
Vainly the sun in all its power invades;
Where warbled airs of sprightly birds resound,
Whose verdure lives while Winter scowls around;
Rocks, lofty mountains, caverns dark and deep,
And torrents raving down the rugged steep;
Smooth downs, whose fragrant herbs the spirits cheer;
Meads crown'd with flowers; streams musical and
clear.

Whose silver waters, and whose murmurs, join
Their artless charms, to make the scene divine;
The fruitful vineyard, and the furrow'd plain,
That seems a rolling sea of golden grain:
All, all have lost the charms they once possess'd;
An infant God reigns sovereign in my breast;
From Bethlehem's bosom I no more will rove;
There dwells the Saviour, and there rests my love.

Ye mightier rivers, that, with sounding force,
Urge down the valleys your impetuous course!
Winds, clouds, and lightnings! and, ye waves, whose heads,
Curl'd into monstrous forms, the seaman dreads!
Horrid abyss, where all experience fails,
Spread with the wreck of planks and shatter'd sails;
On whose broad back grim Death triumphant rides,
While havoc floats on all thy swelling tides,
Thy shores a scene of ruin strew'd around
With vessels bulged, and bodies of the drown'd!

Ye fish, that sport beneath the boundless waves,
And rest, secure from man, in rocky caves;
Swift-darting sharks, and whales of hideous size,
Whom all the aquatic world with terror eyes!
Had I but faith immoveable and true,
I might defy the fiercest storm, like you:
The world, a more disturb'd and boisterous sea,
When Jesus shows a smile, affrights not me;
He hides me, and in vain the billows roar,
Break harmless at my feet, and leave the shore.

Thou azure vault where, through the gloom of night,
Thick sown, we see such countless worlds of light!
Thou moon, whose car, encompassing the skies,
Restores lost nature to our wondering eyes;
Again retiring, when the brighter sun
Begins the course he seems in haste to run!
Behold him where he shines! His rapid rays,
Themselves unmeasured, measure all our days;
Nothing impedes the race he would pursue,
Nothing escapes his penetrating view,
A thousand lands confess his quickening heat,
And all he cheers are fruitful, fair, and sweet.

Far from enjoying what these scenes disclose,
I feel the thorn, alas! but miss the rose:
Too well I know this aching heart requires
More solid gold to fill its vast desires;
In vain they represent his matchless might,
Who call'd them out of deep primeval night;
Their form and beauty but augment my woe
I seek the Giver of those charms they show:
Nor, Him beside, throughout the world he made,
Lives there in whom I trust for cure or aid.

Infinite God, thou great unrivall'd One!
Whose glory makes a blot of yonder sun;
Compar'd with thine, how dim his beauty seems,
How quench'd the radiance of his golden beams!
Thou art my bliss, the light by which I move;
In thee alone dwells all that I can love

All darkness flies when thou art pleased to appear,
A sudden spring renews the fading year;
Where'er I turn I see thy power and grace
The watchful guardians of our heedless race;
Thy various creatures in one strain agree,
All, in all times and places, speak of thee;
E'en I, with trembling heart and stammering tongue,
Attempt thy praise, and join the general song.

Almighty Former of this wondrous plan,
Faintly reflected in thine image, man—
Holy and just—the greatness of whose name
Fills and supports this universal frame,
Diffused throughout the infinitude of space,
Who art thyself thine own vast dwelling place;
Soul of our soul, whom yet no sense of ours
Discerns, eluding our most active powers;
Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,
That veil thy face, and keep thee still unknown;
Unknown, though dwelling in our inmost part,
Lord of the thoughts, and Sovereign of the heart!

Repeat the charming truth that never tires,
No God is like the God my soul desires;
He at whose voice heaven trembles, even He,
Great as he is, knows how to stoop to me—
Lo! there he lies—that smiling infant said,
"Heaven, earth, and sea, exist!"—and they obey'd
E'en he, whose being swells beyond the skies,
Is born of woman, lives, and mourns, and dies;
Eternal and immortal, seems to cast
That glory from his brows, and breathes his last.

Trivial and vain the works that man has wrought,
How do they shrink and vanish at the thought!
Sweet solitude, and scene of my repose!
This rustic sight assuages all my woes—
That crib contains the Lord, whom I adore;
And earth's a shade that I pursue no more.
He is my firm support, my rock, my tower,
I dwell secure beneath his sheltering power,
And hold this mean retreat for ever dear,
For all I love, my soul's delight, is here.
I see the Almighty swathed in infant bands,
Tied helpless down the thunder-bearer's hands!
And, in this shed, that mystery discern,
Which faith and love, and they alone, can learn.
Ye tempests, spare the slumbers of your Lord!
Ye zephyrs, all your whisper'd sweets afford!
Confess the God, that guides the rolling year;
Heaven, do him homage; and thou, earth, revere!
Ye shepherds, monarchs, sages, hither bring
Your hearts an offering, and adore your King!
Pure be those hearts, and rich in faith and love;
Join, in his praise, the harmonious world above;
To Bethlehem haste, rejoice in his repose,
And praise him there for all that he bestows!
Man, busy man, alas! can ill afford
To obey the summons, and attend the Lord;
Perverted reason revels and runs wild,
By glittering shows of pomp and wealth beguiled;
And, blind to genuine excellence and grace,
Finds not her author in so mean a place.

Ye unbelieving! learn a wiser part,
Distrust your erring sense, and search your heart;
There soon ye shall perceive a kindling flame
Glow for that infant God, from whom it came;
Resist not, quench not, that divine desire,
Melt all your adamant in heavenly fire!

Not so will I requite thee, gentle love!
Yielding and soft this heart shall ever prove;
And every heart beneath thy power should fall,
Glad to submit, could mine contain them all.
But I am poor, oblation I have none,
None for a Saviour, but himself alone:
Whate'er I render thee, from thee it came:
And, if I give my body to the flame,
My patience, love, and energy divine
Of heart, and soul, and spirit, all are thine.
Ah, vain attempt to expunge the mighty score!
The more I pay, I owe thee still the more.

Upon my meanness, poverty, and guilt,
The trophy of thy glory shall be built;
My self-disdain shall be the unshaken base,
And my deformity its fairest grace;
For destitute of good, and rich in ill,
Must be my state and my description still.

And do I grieve at such an humbling lot?
Nay, but I cherish and enjoy the thought—
Vain pageantry and pomp of earth, adieu!
I have no wish, no memory for you;
The more I feel my misery, I adore
The sacred inmate of my soul the more;

Rich in his love, I feel my noblest pride
Spring from the sense of having nought beside.
In Thee I find wealth, comfort, virtue, might;
My wanderings prove thy wisdom infinite;
All that I have I give thee; and then see
All contrarieties unite in thee;
For thou hast join'd them, taking up our woe,
And pouring out thy bliss on worms below,
By filling with thy grace and love divine
A gulf of evil in this heart of mine.
This is, indeed, to bid the valleys rise,
And the hills sink—'tis matching earth and skies;
I feel my weakness, thank thee, and deplore
An aching heart, that throbs to thank thee more;
The more I love thee, I the more reprove
A soul so lifeless, and so slow to love;
Till, on a deluge of thy mercy toss'd,
I plunge into that sea, and there am lost.

GOD NEITHER KNOWN NOR LOVED BY THE WORLD.

Ye linnets, let us try, beneath this grove,
Which shall be loudest in our Maker's praise!
In quest of some forlorn retreat I rove,
For all the world is blind, and wanders from his ways.

That God alone should prop the sinking soul,
Fills them with rage against his empire now:

I traverse earth in vain from pole to pole,
To seek one simple heart, set free from all below.

They speak of love, yet little feel its sway,
While in their bosoms many an idol lurks;
Their base desires, well satisfied, obey,
Leave the Creator's hand, and lean upon his works.

'Tis therefore I can dwell with man no more;
Your fellowship, ye warblers! suits me best:
Pure love has lost its price, though prized of yore,
Profaned by modern tongues, and slighted as a jest.

My God, who form'd you for his praise alone,
Beholds his purpose well fulfill'd in you;
Come, let us join the choir before his throne,
Partaking in his praise with spirits just and true.

Yes, I will always love; and, as I ought,
Tune to the praise of love my ceaseless voice;
Preferring love too vast for human thought,
In spite of erring men, who cavil at my choice.

Why have I not a thousand thousand hearts,
Lord of my soul! that they might all be thine?
If thou approve—the zeal thy smile imparts,
How should it ever fail! can such a fire decline?

Love, pure and holy, is a deathless fire;
Its object heavenly, it must ever blaze:
Eternal love a God must needs inspire, [praise.
When once he wins the heart, and fits it for his

Self-love dismiss'd—'tis then we live indeed—
In her embrace, death, only death is found:
Come, then, one noble effort, and succeed,
Cast off the chain of self with which thy soul is bound!

Oh! I could cry, that all the world might hear,
Ye self-tormenters, love your God alone;
Let his unequall'd excellence be dear, [own!
Dear to your inmost souls, and make him all your

They hear me not—alas! how fond to rove
In endless chase of folly's specious lure!
'Tis here alone, beneath this shady grove,
I taste the sweets of truth—here only am secure

THE SWALLOW.

I AM fond of the swallow—I learn from her flight,
Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of love:
How seldom on earth do we see her alight!
She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.

It is on the wing that she takes her repose,
Suspended and poised in the regions of air,
'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows,
It is wing'd like herself, 'tis ethereal fare.

She comes in the spring, all the summer she stays,
And, dreading the cold, still follows the sun—
So, true to our love, we should covet his rays,
And the place where he shines not immediately
shun.

Our light should be love, and our nourishment prayer;
It is dangerous food that we find upon earth;
The fruit of this world is beset with a snare,
In itself it is hurtful, as vile in its birth.

'Tis rarely, if ever, she settles below,
And only when building a nest for her young;
Were it not for her brood, she would never bestow
A thought upon any thing filthy as dung.

Let us leave it ourselves, ('tis a mortal abode,)
To bask every moment in infinite love;
Let us fly the dark winter, and follow the road
That leads to the dayspring appearing above.

THE TRIUMPH OF HEAVENLY LOVE DESIRED.

Ah! reign, wherever man is found,
My spouse, beloved and divine!
Then I am rich, and I abound,
When every human heart is thine.

A thousand sorrows pierce my soul,
To think that all are not thine own:
Ah! be adored from pole to pole;
Where is thy zeal? arise; be known!

All hearts are cold, in every place,
Yet earthly good with warmth pursue;
Dissolve them with a flash of grace,
Thaw these of ice, and give us new!

A FIGURATIVE DESCRIPTION OF THE PROCEDURE OF DIVINE LOVE

IN BRINGING A SOUL TO THE POINT OF SELF-RENUNCIATION AND ABSOLUTE ACQUIESCENCE.

'Twas my purpose, on a day,
To embark, and sail away
As I climb'd the vessel's side,
Love was sporting in the tide;
"Come," he said,—"ascend—make haste,
Launch into the boundless waste."

Many mariners were there,
Having each his separate care;
They that row'd us held their eyes
Fix'd upon the starry skies;
Others steer'd, or turn'd the sails
To receive the shifting gales.

Love, with power divine supplied,
Suddenly my courage tried;
In a moment it was night,
Ship and skies were out of sight;
On the briny wave I lay,
Floating rushes all my stay.

Did I with resentment burn
At this unexpected turn?

Did I wish myself on shore,
Never to forsake it more?
No—"My soul," I cried, "be still;
If I must be lost, I will."

Next he hasten'd to convey
Both my frail supports away;
Seized my rushes; bade the waves
Yawn into a thousand graves:
Down I went, and sunk as lead,
Ocean closing o'er my head.

Still, however, life was safe;
And I saw him turn and laugh:
"Friend," he cried, "adieu! lie low,
While the wintry storms shall blow;
When the spring has calm'd the main,
You shall rise and float again."

Soon I saw him, with dismay,
Spread his plumes, and soar away;
Now I mark his rapid flight;
Now he leaves my aching sight;
He is gone whom I adore,
'Tis in vain to seek him more.

How I trembled then and fear'd,
When my love had disappear'd!
"Wilt thou leave me thus," I cried,
"Whelm'd beneath the rolling tide?"
Vain attempt to reach his ear!
Love was gone, and would not hear.

Ah! return, and love me still;
See me subject to thy will;
Frown with wrath, or smile with grace,
Only let me see thy face!
Evil I have none to fear,
All is good, if thou art near.

Yet he leaves me--cruel fate!
Leaves me in my lost estate—
Have I sinn'd? Oh say wherein;
Tell me, and forgive my sin!
King, and Lord, whom I adore,
Shall I see thy face no more?

Be not angry; I resign,
Henceforth, all my will to thine:
I consent that thou depart,
Though thine absence breaks my heart;
Go then, and for ever too;
All is right that thou wilt do.

This was just what Love intended,
He was now no more offended;
Soon as I became a child,
Love return'd to me and smiled:
Never strife shall more betide
'Twixt the bridegroom and his bride.

A CHILD OF GOD LONGING TO SEE HIM BELOVED.

THERE's not an echo round me,
But I am glad should learn,
How pure a fire has found me—,
The love with which I burn.
For none attends with pleasure
To what I would reveal;
They slight me out of measure,
And laugh at all I feel.

The rocks receive less proudly
The story of my flame;
When I approach, they loudly
Reverberate his name.
I speak to them of sadness,
And comforts at a stand;
They bid me look for gladness,
And better days at hand.

Far from all habitation,
I heard a happy sound;
Big with the consolation,
That I have often found
I said, "My lot is sorrow,
My grief has no alloy;"
The rocks replied—"To-morrow,
To-morrow brings thee joy."

These sweet and sacred tidings,
What bliss it is to hear!
For, spite of all my chidings,
My weakness and my fear,
No sooner I receive them,
Than I forget my pain,
And, happy to believe them,
I love as much again.

I fly to scenes romantic,
Where never men resort;
For in an age so frantic
Impiety is sport.
For riot and confusion
They barter things above;
Condemning, as delusion,
The joy of perfect love.

In this sequester'd corner,
None hears what I express;
Deliver'd from the scorner,
What peace do I possess!
Beneath the boughs reclining,
Or roving o'er the wild,
I live as undesigning
And harmless as a child.

No troubles here surprise me,
I innocently play,
While Providence supplies me,
And guards me all the day:

My dear and kind defender
Preserves me safely here,
From men of pomp and splendour,
Who fill a child with fear.

ASPIRATIONS OF THE SOUL AFTER GOD.

My Spouse! in whose presence I live,
Sole object of all my desires,
Who know'st what a flame I conceive,
And canst easily double its fires!
How pleasant is all that I meet!
From fear of adversity free,
I find even sorrow made sweet;
Because 'tis assign'd me by thee.

Transported I see thee display
Thy riches and glory divine;
I have only my life to repay,
Take what I would gladly resign.
Thy will is the treasure I seek,
For thou art as faithful as strong;
There let me, obedient and meek,
Repose myself all the day long.

My spirit and faculties fail;
Oh finish what love has begun!
Destroy what is sinful and frail,
And dwell in the soul thou hast won!

Dear theme of my wonder and praise,
I cry, who is worthy as thou!
I can only be silent and gaze!
'Tis all that is left to me now.

Oh glory in which I am lost,
Too deep for the plummet of thought;
On an ocean of Deity toss'd,
I am swallow'd, I sink into nought.
Yet, lost and absorb'd as I seem,
I chant to the praise of my King;
And, though overwhelm'd by the theme,
Am happy whenever I sing.

GRATITUDE AND LOVE TO GOD.

All are indebted much to thee,
But I far more than all,
From many a deadly snare set free,
And raised from many a fall.
Overwhelm me, from above,
Daily, with thy boundless love.

What bonds of gratitude I feel
No language can declare;
Beneath the oppressive weight I reel,
'Tis more than I can bear:
When shall I that blessing prove,
To return thee love for love?

Spirit of charity, dispense
  Thy grace to every heart;
Expel all other spirits thence,
  Drive self from every part;
Charity divine, draw nigh,
Break the chains in which we lie!

All selfish souls, whate'er they feign,
  Have still a slavish lot;
They boast of liberty in vain,
  Of love, and feel it not.
He whose bosom glows with thee,
He, and he alone, is free.

Oh blessedness, all bliss above,
  When thy pure fires prevail!
Love only teaches what is love;
  All other lessons fail:
We learn its name, but not its powers,
Experience only makes it ours.

HAPPY SOLITUDE—UNHAPPY MEN.

My heart is easy, and my burden light;
I smile, though sad, when thou art in my sight:
The more my woes in secret I deplore,
I taste thy goodness, and I love thee more.

There, while a solemn stillness reigns around,
Faith, love, and hope within my soul abound;
And, while the world suppose me lost in care,
The joys of angels, unperceived, I share.

Thy creatures wrong thee, O thou sovereign good!
Thou art not loved, because not understood;
This grieves me most, that vain pursuits beguile
Ungrateful men, regardless of thy smile.

Frail beauty and false honour are adored;
While Thee they scorn, and trifle with thy word;
Pass, unconcern'd, a Saviour's sorrows by;
And hunt their ruin with a zeal to die.

LIVING WATER.

The fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty short supply;
The morning sees them amply fill'd,
At evening they are dry.

TRUTH AND DIVINE LOVE REJECTED BY THE WORLD.

O love, of pure and heavenly birth!
O simple truth, scarce known on earth!
Whom men resist with stubborn will;
And, more perverse and daring still,
Smother and quench, with reasonings vain,
While error and deception reign.

Whence comes it, that, your power the same
As His on high from whence you came,
Ye rarely find a listening ear,
Or heart that makes you welcome here?—
Because ye bring reproach and pain,
Where'er ye visit, in your train.

The world is proud, and cannot bear
The scorn and calumny ye share;
The praise of men the mark they mean,
They fly the place where ye are seen;
Pure love, with scandal in the rear,
Suits not the vain; it costs too dear.

Then, let the price be what it may,
Though poor, I am prepared to pay;
Come shame, come sorrow; spite of tears,
Weakness, and heart-oppressing fears;
One soul, at least, shall not repine,
To give you room; come, reign in mine!

DIVINE JUSTICE AMIABLE.

Thou hast no lightnings, O thou Just!
Or I their force should know;
And, if thou strike me into dust,
My soul approves the blow.

The heart, that values less its ease
Than it adores thy ways,
In thine avenging anger sees
A subject of its praise.

Pleased I could lie, conceal'd and lost,
In shades of central night;
Not to avoid thy wrath, thou know'st,
But lest I grieve thy sight.

Smite me, O thou, whom I provoke!
And I will love thee still:
The well deserved and righteous stroke
Shall please me, though it kill.

Am I not worthy to sustain
The worst thou canst devise;
And dare I seek thy throne again,
And meet thy sacred eyes?

Far from afflicting, thou art kind;
And, in my saddest hours,
An unction of thy grace I find,
Pervading all my powers.

Alas! thou sparest me yet again;
And, when thy wrath should move,
Too gentle to endure my pain,
Thou soothest me with thy love.

I have no punishment to fear;
But, ah! that smile from thee
Imparts a pang far more severe
Than woe itself would be.

THE SOUL THAT LOVES GOD FINDS HIM EVERY WHERE.

Oh thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My love! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!

All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impress'd with sacred love!
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But, with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

My country, Lord, art thou alone;
Nor other can I claim or own;
The point where all my wishes meet;
My law, my love, life's only sweet!

I hold by nothing here below ;
Appoint my journey and I go ;
Though pierced by scorn, oppress'd by pride,
I feel thee good—feel nought beside.

No frowns of men can hurtful prove
To souls on fire with heavenly love ;
Though men and devils both condemn,
No gloomy days arise from them.

Ah then ! to his embrace repair ;
My soul, thou art no stranger there ;
There love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.

THE TESTIMONY OF DIVINE ADOPTION.

How happy are the new-born race,
Partakers of adopting grace ;
How pure the bliss they share !
Hid from the world and all its eyes,
Within their heart the blessing lies,
And conscience feels it there.

The moment we believe, 'tis our's ;
And if we love with all our powers
The God from whom it came ;
And if we serve with hearts sincere,
'Tis still discernible and clear,
An undisputed claim.

But, ah! if foul and wilful sin
Stain and dishonour us within,
Farewell the joy we knew;
Again the slaves of nature's sway,
In labyrinths of our own we stray,
Without a guide or clue.

The chaste and pure, who fear to grieve
The gracious Spirit they receive,
His work distinctly trace:
And, strong in undissembling love,
Boldly assert and clearly prove
Their hearts his dwelling place.

Oh messenger of dear delight,
Whose voice dispels the deepest night,
Sweet peace-proclaiming Dove!
With thee at hand, to soothe our pains,
No wish unsatisfied remains,
No task but that of love.

'Tis love unites what sin divides;
The centre, where all bliss resides;
To which the soul once brought,
Reclining on the first great cause,
From his abounding sweetness draws
Peace passing human thought.

Sorrow foregoes its nature there,
And life assumes a tranquil air,

Divested of its woes;
There sovereign goodness soothes the breast,
Till then incapable of rest,
In sacred sure repose.

DIVINE LOVE ENDURES NO RIVAL.

Love is the Lord whom I obey,
Whose will transported I perform;
The centre of my rest, my stay,
Love's all in all to me, myself a worm.

For uncreated charms I burn,
Oppress'd by slavish fear no more;
For one in whom I may discern,
E'en when he frowns, a sweetness I adore.

He little loves him who complains,
And finds him rigorous and severe;
His heart is sordid, and he feigns,
Though loud in boasting of a soul sincere.

Love causes grief, but 'tis to move
And stimulate the slumbering mind;
And he has never tasted love,
Who shuns a pang so graciously design'd.

Sweet is the cross, above all sweets,
To souls enamour'd with thy smiles;
The keenest woe life ever meets,
Love strips of all its terrors, and beguiles.

'Tis just that God should not be dear
Where self engrosses all the thought,
And groans and murmurs make it clear,
Whatever else is loved, the Lord is not.

The love of thee flows just as much
As that of ebbing self subsides;
Our hearts, their scantiness is such,
Bear not the conflict of two rival tides.

Both cannot govern in one soul;
Then let self-love be dispossess'd;
The love of God deserves the whole,
And will not dwell with so despised a guest

SELF-DIFFIDENCE.

Source of love, and light of day,
Tear me from myself away;
Every view and thought of mine
Cast into the mould of thine;
Teach, O teach this faithless heart
A consistent constant part;
Or, if it must live to grow
More rebellious, break it now!

Is it thus that I requite
Grace and goodness infinite?
Every trace of every boon
Cancell'd and erased so soon!

Can I grieve thee, whom I love;
Thee, in whom I live and move?
If my sorrow touch thee still,
Save me from so great an ill!

Oh! the oppressive, irksome weight,
Felt in an uncertain state;
Comfort, peace, and rest, adieu,
Should I prove at last untrue!
Still I choose thee, follow still
Every notice of thy will;
But, unstable, strangely weak,
Still let slip the good I seek.

Self-confiding wretch, I thought
I could serve thee as I ought,
Win thee, and deserve to feel
All the love thou canst reveal;
Trusting self, a bruised reed,
Is to be deceived indeed:
Save me from this harm and loss,
Lest my gold turn all to dross?

Self is earthly—faith alone
Makes an unseen world our own;
Faith relinquish'd, how we roam,
Feel our way, and leave our home!
Spurious gems our hopes entice,
While we scorn the pearl of price;
And, preferring servants' pay,
Cast the children's bread away.

THE ACQUIESCENCE OF PURE LOVE.

Love! if thy destined sacrifice am I,
Come, slay thy victim, and prepare thy fires;
Plunged in thy depths of mercy, let me die
The death which every soul that lives desires!

I watch my hours, and see them fleet away;
The time is long that I have languish'd here;
Yet all my thoughts thy purposes obey,
With no reluctance, cheerful and sincere.

To me 'tis equal, whether love ordain
My life or death, appoint me pain or ease;
My soul perceives no real ill in pain;
In ease or health no real good she sees.

One good she covets, and that good alone,
To choose thy will, from selfish bias free;
And to prefer a cottage to a throne,
And grief to comfort, if it pleases thee.

That we should bear the cross is thy command,
Die to the world, and live to self no more;
Suffer, unmoved, beneath the rudest hand,
As pleased when shipwreck'd as when safe on shore.

REPOSE IN GOD.

Blest! who, far from all mankind,
This world's shadows left behind,
Hears from heaven a gentle strain
Whispering love, and loves again.

Blest! who, free from self-esteem,
Dives into the great Supreme,
All desire beside discards,
Joys inferior none regards.

Blest! who in thy bosom seeks
Rest that nothing earthly breaks,
Dead to self and worldly things,
Lost in thee, thou King of kings!

Ye that know my secret fire,
Softly speak and soon retire;
Favour my divine repose,
Spare the sleep a God bestows.

GLORY TO GOD ALONE.

Oh loved! but not enough—though dearer far
Than self and its most loved enjoyments are;
None duly loves thee, but who, nobly free
From sensual objects, finds his all in thee.

Glory of God! thou stranger here below,
Whom man nor knows, nor feels a wish to know;
Our faith and reason are both shock'd to find
Man in the post of honour—Thee behind.

Reason exclaims—"Let every creature fall,
Ashamed, abased, before the Lord of all;"
And faith, o'erwhelm'd with such a dazzling blaze,
Feebly describes the beauty she surveys.

Yet man, dim-sighted man, and rash as blind,
Deaf to the dictates of his better mind,
In frantic competition dares the skies,
And claims precedence of the only wise.

Oh lost in vanity, till once self-known!
Nothing is great, or good, but God alone;
When thou shalt stand before his awful face,
Then, at the last, thy pride shall know his place.

Glorious, Almighty, First, and without end!
When wilt thou melt the mountains and descend?
When wilt thou shoot abroad thy conquering rays,
And teach these atoms, thou hast made, thy praise?

Thy glory is the sweetest heaven I feel;
And, if I seek it with too fierce a zeal,
Thy love, triumphant o'er a selfish will,
Taught me the passion, and inspires it still

My reason, all my faculties, unite,
To make thy glory their supreme delight;
Forbid it, fountain of my brightest days,
That I should rob thee, and usurp thy praise!

My soul! rest happy in thy low estate,
Nor hope, nor wish, to be esteem'd or great;
To take the impression of a will divine,
Be that thy glory, and those riches thine.

Confess him righteous in his just decrees,
Love what he loves, and let his pleasure please;
Die daily; from the touch of sin recede;
Then thou hast crown'd him, and he reigns indeed.

SELF-LOVE AND TRUTH INCOMPATIBLE.

From thorny wilds a monster came,
That fill'd my soul with fear and shame;
The birds, forgetful of their mirth,
Droop'd at the sight, and fell to earth;
When thus a sage address'd mine ear,
Himself unconscious of a fear.

"Whence all this terror and surprise,
Distracted looks, and streaming eyes?
Far from the world and its affairs,
The joy it boasts, the pain it shares,
Surrender, without guile or art,
To God an undivided heart;
The savage form, so fear'd before,
Shall scare your trembling soul no more;
For, loathsome as the sight may be,
'Tis but the love of self you see.
Fix all your love on God alone,
Choose but his will, and hate your own:

No fear shall in your path be found,
The dreary waste shall bloom around,
And you, through all your happy days,
Shall bless his name, and sing his praise."
Oh lovely solitude, how sweet
The silence of this calm retreat!
Here Truth, the fair whom I pursue,
Gives all her beauty to my view;
The simple, unadorn'd display
Charms every pain and fear away.
O Truth, whom millions proudly slight;
O Truth, my treasure and delight;
Accept this tribute to thy name,
And this poor heart from which it came!

THE LOVE OF GOD, THE END OF LIFE.

Since life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it—I am well content,
And meekly wait my last remove,
Seeking only growth in love.

No bliss I seek, but to fulfil
In life, in death, thy lovely will;
No succours in my woes I want,
Save what thou art pleased to grant.

Our days are number'd, let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care:
'Tis thine to number out our days;
Our's to give them to thy praise.

Love is our only business here,
Love, simple, constant, and sincere;
O blessed days, thy servants see,
Spent, O Lord! in pleasing thee!

LOVE FAITHFUL IN THE ABSENCE OF THE BELOVED.

In vain ye woo me to your harmless joys,
Ye pleasant bowers, remote from strife and noise;
Your shades, the witnesses of many a vow,
Breathed forth in happier days, are irksome now;
Denied that smile 'twas once my heaven to see,
Such scenes, such pleasures, are all past with me.

In vain he leaves me, I shall love him still;
And, though I mourn, not murmur at his will;
I have no cause—an object all divine
Might well grow weary of a soul like mine;
Yet pity me, great God! forlorn, alone,
Heartless and hopeless, life and love all gone.

LOVE PURE AND FERVENT.

Jealous, and with love o'erflowing,
God demands a fervent heart;
Grace and bounty still bestowing,
Calls us to a grateful part.

Oh, then, with supreme affection
His paternal will regard!
If it cost us some dejection,
Every sigh has its reward.

Perfect love has power to soften
Cares that might our peace destroy,
Nay, does more—transforms them often,
Changing sorrow into joy.

Sovereign Love appoints the measure,
And the number of our pains;
And is pleased when we find pleasure
In the trials he ordains.

THE ENTIRE SURRENDER.

Peace has unveil'd her smiling face,
And wooes thy soul to her embrace,
Enjoy'd with ease, if thou refrain
From earthly love, else sought in vain;
She dwells with all who truth prefer,
But seeks not them who seek not her.

Yield to the Lord, with simple heart,
All that thou hast, and all thou art;
Renounce all strength but strength divine,
And peace shall be for ever thine:
Behold the path which I have trod,
My path, till I go home to God.

THE PERFECT SACRIFICE.

I PLACE an offering at thy shrine,
From taint and blemish clear,
Simple and pure in its design,
Of all that I hold dear.

I yield thee back thy gifts again,
Thy gifts which most I prize;
Desirous only to retain
The notice of thine eyes.

But if, by thine adored decree,
That blessing be denied;
Resign'd, and unreluctant, see
My every wish subside.

Thy will in all things I approve,
Exalted or cast down;
Thy will in every state I love,
And even in thy frown.

GOD HIDES HIS PEOPLE.

To lay the soul that loves him low,
Becomes the only-wise:
To hide, beneath a veil of woe,
The children of the skies.

Man, though a worm, would yet be great;
Though feeble, would seem strong;
Assumes an independent state,
By sacrilege and wrong.

Strange the reverse, which, once abased,
The haughty creature proves!
He feels his soul a barren waste,
Nor dares affirm he loves.

Scorn'd by the thoughtless and the vain,
To God he presses near;
Superior to the world's disdain,
And happy in its sneer.

Oh welcome, in his heart he says,
Humility and shame!
Farewell the wish for human praise,
The music of a name!

But will not scandal mar the good
That I might else perform?
And can God work it, if he would,
By so despised a worm?

Ah, vainly anxious!—leave the Lord
To rule thee, and dispose;
Sweet is the mandate of his word,
And gracious all he does.

He draws from human littleness
His grandeur and renown;
And generous hearts with joy confess
The triumph all his own.

Down then with self-exalting thoughts;
Thy faith and hope employ,
To welcome all that he allots,
And suffer shame with joy.

No longer, then, thou wilt encroach
On his eternal right;
And he shall smile at thy approach,
And make thee his delight.

THE SECRETS OF DIVINE LOVE ARE TO BE KEPT.

Sun! stay thy course, this moment stay—
Suspend the o'erflowing tide of day,
Divulge not such a love as mine,
Ah! hide the mystery divine;
Lest man, who deems my glory shame,
Should learn the secret of my flame.

O night! propitious to my views,
Thy sable awning wide diffuse;
Conceal alike my joy and pain,
Nor draw thy curtain back again,
Though morning, by the tears she shows,
Seems to participate my woes.

Ye stars! whose faint and feeble fires
Express my languishing desires,
Whose slender beams pervade the skies
As silent as my secret sighs,
Those emanations of a soul,
That darts her fires beyond the Pole;

Your rays, that scarce assist the sight,
That pierce, but not displace the night,

That shine indeed, but nothing show
Of all those various scenes below,
Bring no disturbance, rather prove
Incentives to a sacred love.

Thou moon! whose never-failing course
Bespeaks a providential force,
Go, tell the tidings of my flame
To him who calls the stars by name;
Whose absence kills, whose presence cheers;
Who blots, or brightens, all my years.

While, in the blue abyss of space,
Thine orb performs its rapid race;
Still whisper in his listening ears
The language of my sighs and tears;
Tell him, I seek him, far below,
Lost in a wilderness of woe.

Ye thought-composing, silent hours,
Diffusing peace o'er all my powers;
Friends of the pensive, who conceal,
In darkest shades, the flames I feel;
To you I trust, and safely may,
The love that wastes my strength away.

In sylvan scenes and caverns rude,
I taste the sweets of solitude
Retired indeed, but not alone,
I share them with a spouse unknown,
Who hides me here from envious eyes,
From all intrusion and surprise.

Imbowering shades and dens profound!
Where echo rolls the voice around;
Mountains! whose elevated heads
A moist and misty veil o'erspreads;
Disclose a solitary bride
To him I love—to none beside.

Ye rills, that, murmuring all the way,
Among the polish'd pebbles stray;
Creep silently along the ground,
Lest, drawn by that harmonious sound,
Some wanderer, whom I would not meet,
Should stumble on my loved retreat.

Enamell'd meads, and hillocks green,
And streams that water all the scene,
Ye torrents, loud in distant ears,
Ye fountains, that receive my tears,
Ah! still conceal, with caution due,
A charge I trust with none but you!

If, when my pain and grief increase,
I seem to enjoy the sweetest peace,
It is because I find so fair
The charming object of my care,
That I can sport and pleasure make
Of torment suffer'd for his sake.

Ye meads and groves, unconscious things!
Ye know not whence my pleasure springs;
Ye know not, and ye cannot know,
The source from which my sorrows flow:

The dear sole cause of all I feel,—
He knows, and understands them well.

Ye deserts, where the wild beasts rove,
Scenes sacred to my hours of love;
Ye forests, in whose shades I stray,
Benighted under burning day;
Ah! whisper not how blest am I,
Nor while I live, nor when I die.

Ye lambs, who sport beneath these shades,
And bound along the mossy glades;
Be taught a salutary fear,
And cease to bleat when I am near:
The wolf may hear your harmless cry,
Whom ye should dread as much as I.

How calm, amid these scenes, my mind!
How perfect is the peace I find!
Oh hush, be still, my every part,
My tongue, my pulse, my beating heart!
That love, aspiring to its cause,
May suffer not a moment's pause.

Ye swift-finn'd nations, that abide
In seas, as fathomless as wide;
And, unsuspicious of a snare,
Pursue at large your pleasures there;
Poor sportive fools! how soon does man
Your heedless ignorance trepan!

Away! dive deep into the brine,
Where never yet sunk plummet line;

Trust me, the vast leviathan
Is merciful, compared with man;
Avoid his arts, forsake the beach,
And never play within his reach.

My soul her bondage ill endures
I pant for liberty like yours;
I long for that immense profound,
That knows no bottom and no bound;
Lost in infinity, to prove
The incomprehensible of love.

Ye birds, that lessen as ye fly,
And vanish in the distant sky;
To whom yon airy waste belongs,
Resounding with your cheerful songs;
Haste to escape from human sight;
Fear less the vulture and the kite.

How blest and how secure am I,
When, quitting earth, I soar on high;
When lost, like you I disappear,
And float in a sublimer sphere;
Whence falling, within human view,
I am ensnared, and caught like you!

Omniscient God, whose notice deigns
To try the heart and search the reins
Compassionate the numerous woes,
I dare not, e'en to thee, disclose;
Oh save me from the cruel hands
Of men, who fear not thy commands!

Love, all-subduing and divine,
Care for a creature truly thine;
Reign in a heart, disposed to own
No sovereign but thyself alone;
Cherish a bride who cannot rove,
Nor quit thee for a meaner love!

THE VICISSITUDES EXPERIENCED IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I SUFFER fruitless anguish day by day,
Each moment, as it passes, marks my pain;
Scarce knowing whither, doubtfully I stray,
And see no end of all that I sustain.

The more I strive the more I am withstood;
Anxiety increasing every hour,
My spirit finds no rest, performs no good,
And nought remains of all my former power.

My peace of heart is fled, I know not where;
My happy hours, like shadows, pass'd away;
Their sweet remembrance doubles all my care,
Night darker seems, succeeding such a day.

Dear faded joys and impotent regret,
What profit is there in incessant tears?
Oh thou, whom, once beheld, we ne'er forget,
Reveal thy love, and banish all my fears!

Alas he flies me—treats me as his foe,
Views not my sorrows, hears not when I plead;
Woe such as mine, despised, neglected woe,
Unless it shortens life, is vain indeed.

Pierced with a thousand wounds, I yet survive;
My pangs are keen, but no complaint transpires;
And, while in terrors of thy wrath I live,
Hell seems to loose its less tremendous fires.

Has hell a pain I would not gladly bear,
So thy severe displeasure might subside?
Hopeless of ease, I seem already there,
My life extinguish'd, and yet death denied.

Is this the joy so promised—this the love,
The unchanging love, so sworn in better days?
Ah! dangerous glories! shown me, but to prove
How lovely thou, and I how rash to gaze.

Why did I see them? had I still remain'd
Untaught, still ignorant how fair thou art,
My humbler wishes I had soon obtain'd,
Nor known the torments of a doubting heart.

Deprived of all, yet feeling no desires,
Whence then, I cry, the pangs that I sustain?
Dubious and uninform'd, my soul inquires,
Ought she to cherish or shake off her pain.

Suffering, I suffer not—sincerely love,
Yet feel no touch of that enlivening flame;
As chance inclines me, unconcern'd I move,
All times, and all events, to me the same.

I search my heart, and not a wish is there
But burns with zeal that hated self may fall;
Such is the sad disquietude I share,
A sea of doubts, and self the source of all.

I ask not life, nor do I wish to die;
And, if thine hand accomplish not my cure,
I would not purchase with a single sigh
A free discharge from all that I endure.

I groan in chains, yet want not a release;
Am sick, and know not the distemper'd part;
Am just as void of purpose as of peace;
Have neither plan, nor fear, nor hope, nor heart.

My claim to life, though sought with earnest care,
No light within me, or without me, shows;
Once I had faith, but now in self-despair
Find my chief cordial and my best repose.

My soul is a forgotten thing; she sinks,
Sinks and is lost, without a wish to rise;
Feels an indifference she abhors, and thinks
Her name erased for ever from the skies.

Language affords not my distress a name,—
Yet it is real and no sickly dream;
'Tis love inflicts it; though to feel that flame
Is all I know of happiness supreme.

When love departs, a chaos wide and vast,
And dark as hell, is open'd in the soul;
When love returns, the gloomy scene is past,
No tempests shake her, and no fears controul.

Then tell me why these ages of delay?
Oh love, all-excellent, once more appear;
Disperse the shades, and snatch me into day,
From this abyss of night, these floods of fear!

No—love is angry, will not now endure
A sigh of mine, or suffer a complaint;
He smites me, wounds me, and withholds the cure;
Exhausts my powers, and leaves me sick and faint.

He wounds, and hides the hand that gave the blow;
He flies, he re-appears, and wounds again—
Was ever heart that loved thee treated so?
Yet I adore thee, though it seem in vain.

And wilt thou leave me, whom, when lost and blind,
Thou didst distinguish and vouchsafe to choose,
Before thy laws were written in my mind,
While yet the world had all my thoughts and views?

Now leave me, when, enamour'd of thy laws,
I make thy glory my supreme delight?
Now blot me from thy register, and cause
A faithful soul to perish from thy sight?

What can have caused the change which I deplore!
Is it to prove me, if my heart be true?
Permit me then, while prostrate I adore,
To draw, and place its picture in thy view.

'Tis thine without reserve, most simply thine;
So given to thee, that it is not my own;
A willing captive of thy grace divine;
And loves, and seeks thee, for thyself alone.

Pain cannot move it, danger cannot scare;
Pleasure and wealth, in its esteem, are dust;
It loves thee, e'en when least inclined to spare
Its tenderest feelings, and avows thee just.

'Tis all thine own; my spirit is so too,
An undivided offering at thy shrine;
It seeks thy glory with no double view,
Thy glory, with no secret bent to mine.

Love, holy love! and art thou not severe,
To slight me, thus devoted, and thus fix'd?
Mine is an everlasting ardour, clear
From all self-bias, generous and unmix'd.

But I am silent, seeing what I see—
And fear, with cause, that I am self-deceived;
Not e'en my faith is from suspicion free,
And that I love seems not to be believed.

Live thou, and reign for ever, glorious Lord!
My last, least offering I present thee now—
Renounce me, leave me, and be still adored!
Slay me, my God, and I applaud the blow.

WATCHING UNTO GOD IN THE NIGHT SEASON.

Sleep at last has fled these eyes,
Nor do I regret his flight,
More alert my spirits rise,
And my heart is free and light.

Nature silent all around,
Not a single witness near;
God as soon as sought is found;
And the flame of love burns clear.

Interruption, all day long,
Checks the current of my joys;
Creatures press me with a throng,
And perplex me with their noise.

Undisturb'd I muse all night,
On the first Eternal Fair;
Nothing there obstructs delight,
Love is renovated there.

Life, with its perpetual stir,
Proves a foe to love and me;
Fresh entanglements occur—
Comes the night, and sets me free.

Never more, sweet sleep, suspend
My enjoyments, always new:
Leave me to possess my friend;
Other eyes and hearts subdue.

Hush the world, that I may wake
To the taste of pure delights;
Oh the pleasures I partake—
God, the partner of my nights!

David, for the selfsame cause,
Night preferr'd to busy day;
Hearts whom heavenly beauty draws,
Wish the glaring sun away.

Sleep, self-lovers, is for you—
Souls that love celestial know
Fairer scenes by night can view
Than the sun could ever show.

ON THE SAME.

Season of my purest pleasure,
Sealer of observing eyes!
When, in larger, freer measure,
I can commune with the skies;
While, beneath thy shade extended,
Weary man forgets his woes,
I, my daily trouble ended,
Find, in watching, my repose.

Silence all around prevailing,
Nature hush'd in slumber sweet,
No rude noise mine ears assailing,
Now my God and I can meet:
Universal nature slumbers,
And my soul partakes the calm,
Breathes her ardour out in numbers,
Plaintive song or lofty psalm.

Now my passion, pure and holy
Shines and burns without restraint;
Which the day's fatigue and folly
Cause to languish, dim and faint:

Charming hours of relaxation!
How I dread the ascending sun!
Surely, idle conversation
Is an evil match'd by none.

Worldly prate and babble hurt me;
Unintelligible prove;
Neither teach me nor divert me;
I have ears for none but love.
Me they rude esteem, and foolish,
Hearing my absurd replies;
I have neither art's fine polish,
Nor the knowledge of the wise.

Simple souls, and unpolluted
By conversing with the great,
Have a mind and taste ill suited
To their dignity and state;
All their talking, reading, writing,
Are but talents misapplied;
Infants' prattle I delight in,
Nothing human choose beside.

'Tis the secret fear of sinning
Checks my tongue, or I should say,
When I see the night beginning,
I am glad of parting day:
Love this gentle admonition
Whispers soft within my breast;
"Choice befits not thy condition,
Acquiescence suits thee best."

Henceforth, the repose and pleasure
Night affords me I resign;
And thy will shall be the measure,
Wisdom infinite! of mine:
Wishing is but inclination
Quarrelling with thy decrees;
Wayward nature finds the occasion—
'Tis her folly and disease.

Night, with its sublime enjoyments,
Now no longer will I choose;
Nor the day, with its employments,
Irksome as they seem, refuse;
Lessons of a God's inspiring
Neither time nor place impedes;
From our wishing and desiring
Our unhappiness proceeds.

ON THE SAME.

Night! how I love thy silent shades,
My spirits they compose;
The bliss of heaven my soul pervades,
In spite of all my woes.

While sleep instils her poppy dews
In every slumbering eye,
I watch to meditate and muse,
In blest tranquillity.

And when I feel a God immense
Familiarly impart,
With every proof he can dispense,
His favour to my heart;

My native meanness I lament,
Though most divinely fill'd
With all the ineffable content
That Deity can yield.

His purpose and his course he keeps;
Treads all my reasonings down;
Commands me out of nature's deeps,
And hides me in his own.

When in the dust, its proper place,
Our pride of heart we lay;
'Tis then a deluge of his grace
Bears all our sins away.

Thou whom I serve, and whose I am,
Whose influence from on high
Refines, and still refines my flame,
And makes my fetters fly;

How wretched is the creature's state
Who thwarts thy gracious power;
Crush'd under sin's enormous weight,
Increasing every hour!

The night, when pass'd entire with thee,
How luminous and clear!
Then sleep has no delights for me,
Lest thou shouldst disappear.

My Saviour! occupy me still
In this secure recess;
Let reason slumber if she will,
My joy shall not be less

Let reason slumber out the night;
But if thou deign to make
My soul the abode of truth and light
Ah, keep my heart awake!

THE JOY OF THE CROSS.

Long plunged in sorrow, I resign
My soul to that dear hand of thine,
Without reserve or fear;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes:
Or into smiles of glad surprise
Transform the falling tear.

My sole possession is thy love;
In earth beneath, or heaven above,
I have no other store;
And, though with fervent suit I pray,
And importune thee night and day,
I ask thee nothing more.

My rapid hours pursue the course
Prescribed them by love's sweetest force
And I thy sovereign will,
Without a wish to escape my doom;
Though still a sufferer from the womb,
And doom'd to suffer still.

By thy command, where'er I stray,
Sorrow attends me all my way,
A never-failing friend;
And, if my sufferings may augment
Thy praise, behold me well content—
Let sorrow still attend!

It cost me no regret, that she,
Who follow'd Christ, should follow me;
And though, where'er she goes,
Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,
I love her, and extract a sweet
From all my bitter woes.

Adieu! ye vain delights of earth,
Insipid sports, and childish mirth,
I taste no sweets in you;
Unknown delights are in the cross,
All joy beside to me is dross;
And Jesus thought so too.

The cross! Oh ravishment and bliss—
How grateful e'en its anguish is;
Its bitterness how sweet!
There every sense, and all the mind,
In all her faculties refined,
Tastes happiness complete.

Souls once enabled to disdain
Base sublunary joys, maintain
Their dignity secure;

The fever of desire is pass'd,
And love has all its genuine taste,
  Is delicate and pure.

Self-love no grace in sorrow sees,
Consults her own peculiar ease;
  'Tis all the bliss she knows;
But nobler aims true Love employ;
In self-denial is her joy,
  In suffering her repose.

Sorrow and love go side by side;
Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
  Their heaven-appointed bands;
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor till the race of life is run
  Disjoin their wedded hands.

Jesus, avenger of our fall,
Thou faithful lover, above all
  The cross has ever borne!
Oh tell me,—life is in thy voice—
How much afflictions were thy choice,
  And sloth and ease thy scorn!

Thy choice and mine shall be the same
Inspirer of that holy flame,
  Which must for ever blaze!
To take the cross and follow thee,
Where love and duty lead, shall be
  My portion and my praise.

JOY IN MARTYRDOM.

SWEET tenants of this grove!
  Who sing without design,
A song of artless love,
  In unison with mine:
These echoing shades return
  Full many a note of ours,
That wise ones cannot learn,
  With all their boasted powers.

O thou! whose sacred charms
  These hearts so seldom love,
Although thy beauty warms
  And blesses all above;
How slow are human things,
  To choose their happiest lot!
All-glorious King of kings,
  Say why we love thee not?

This heart, that cannot rest,
  Shall thine for ever prove;
Though bleeding and distress'd,
  Yet joyful in thy love:
'Tis happy though it breaks
  Beneath thy chastening hand;
And speechless, yet it speaks,
  What thou canst understand.

SIMPLE TRUST.

Still, still, without ceasing,
I feel it increasing,
This fervour of holy desire;
And often exclaim,
Let me die in the flame
Of a love that can never expire!

Had I words to explain
What she must sustain
Who dies to the world and its ways;
How joy and affright,
Distress and delight,
Alternately chequer her days:

Thou, sweetly severe!
I would make thee appear,
In all thou art pleased to award,
Not more in the sweet
Than the bitter I meet,
My tender and merciful Lord.

This faith, in the dark,
Pursuing its mark,
Through many sharp trials of love,
Is the sorrowful waste
That is to be pass'd
In the way to the Canaan above.

THE NECESSITY OF SELF-ABASEMENT.

Source of love, my brighter sun,
Thou alone my comfort art;
See, my race is almost run;
Hast thou left this trembling heart?

In my youth thy charming eyes
Drew me from the ways of men;
Then I drank unmingled joys;
Frown of thine saw never then.

Spouse of Christ was then my name;
And, devoted all to thee,
Strangely jealous I became,
Jealous of this self in me.

Thee to love, and none beside,
Was my darling, sole employ;
While alternately I died,
Now of grief, and now of joy.

Through the dark and silent night
On thy radiant smiles I dwelt;
And to see the dawning light
Was the keenest pain I felt.

Thou my gracious teacher wert;
And thine eye, so close applied,
While it watch'd thy pupil's heart,
Seem'd to look at none beside.

Conscious of no evil drift,
This, I cried, is love indeed—
'Tis the giver, not the gift,
Whence the joys I feel proceed.

But, soon humbled and laid low,
Stript of all thou hast conferr'd,
Nothing left but sin and woe,
I perceived how I had err'd.

Oh, the vain conceit of man,
Dreaming of a good his own,
Arrogating all he can,
Though the Lord is good alone!

He the graces thou hast wrought
Makes subservient to his pride;
Ignorant that one such thought
Passes all his sin beside.

Such his folly—proved, at last,
By the loss of that repose,
Self-complacence cannot taste,
Only love divine bestows.

'Tis by this reproof severe,
And by this reproof alone,
His defects at last appear,
Man is to himself made known.

Learn, all earth! that feeble man,
Sprung from this terrestrial clod,
Nothing is, and nothing can;
Life and power are all in God.

LOVE INCREASED BY SUFFERING.

"I LOVE the Lord," is still the strain
This heart delights to sing;
But I reply—your thoughts are vain,
Perhaps 'tis no such thing.

Before the power of love divine
Creation fades away;
Till only God is seen to shine
In all that we survey.

In gulfs of awful night we find
The God of our desires;
'Tis there he stamps the yielding mind,
And doubles all its fires.

Flames of encircling love invest,
And pierce it sweetly through;
'Tis fill'd with sacred joy, yet press'd
With sacred sorrow too.

Ah love! my heart is in the right—
Amidst a thousand woes,
To thee, its ever new delight,
And all its peace it owes.

Fresh causes of distress occur
Where'er I look or move;
The comforts I to all prefer
Are solitude and love.

Nor exile I nor prison fear;
Love makes my courage great;
I find a Saviour every where,
His grace in every state.

Nor castle walls, nor dungeons deep,
Exclude his quickening beams;
There I can sit, and sing, and weep.
And dwell on heavenly themes.

There sorrow, for his sake, is found
A joy beyond compare;
There no presumptuous thoughts abound,
No pride can enter there.

A Saviour doubles all my joys,
And sweetens all my pains,
His strength in my defence employs,
Consoles me and sustains.

I fear no ill, resent no wrong;
Nor feel a passion move,
When malice whets her slanderous tongue;
Such patience is in love.

SCENES FAVOURABLE TO MEDITATION.

Wilds horrid and dark with o'ershadowing trees,
Rocks that ivy and briers infold,
Scenes nature with dread and astonishment sees,
But I with a pleasure untold;

Though awfully silent, and shaggy, and rude,
I am charm'd with the peace ye afford;
Your shades are a temple where none will intrude,
The abode of my lover and Lord.

I am sick of thy splendour, O fountain of day,
And here I am hid from its beams,
Here safely contemplate a brighter display
Of the noblest and holiest of themes.

Ye forests, that yield me my sweetest repose,
Where stillness and solitude reign,
To you I securely and boldly disclose
The dear anguish of which I complain.

Here, sweetly forgetting and wholly forgot
By the world and its turbulent throng,
The birds and the streams lend me many a note
That aids meditation and song.

Here, wandering in scenes that are sacred to night,
Love wears me and wastes me away,
And often the sun has spent much of his light
Ere yet I perceive it is day.

While a mantle of darkness envelops the sphere,
My sorrows are sadly rehearsed,
To me the dark hours are all equally dear,
And the last is as sweet as the first.

Here I and the beasts of the deserts agree,
Mankind are the wolves that I fear,
They grudge me my natural right to be free,
But nobody questions it here.

Though little is found in this dreary abode
That appetite wishes to find,
My spirit is soothed by the presence of God,
And appetite wholly resign'd.

Ye desolate scenes, to your solitude led,
My life I in praises employ,
And scarce know the source of the tears that I shed,
Proceed they from sorrow or joy.

There's nothing I seem to have skill to discern,
I feel out my way in the dark,
Love reigns in my bosom, I constantly burn,
Yet hardly distinguish the spark.

I live, yet I seem to myself to be dead,
Such a riddle is not to be found,
I am nourish'd without knowing how I am fed,
I have nothing, and yet I abound.

Oh love! who in darkness art pleased to abide,
Though dimly, yet surely I see
That these contrarieties only reside
In the soul that is chosen of thee.

Ah send me not back to the race of mankind,
Perversely by folly beguiled,
For where, in the crowds I have left, shall I find
The spirit and heart of a child.

Here let me, though fix'd in a desert, be free;
A little one whom they despise,
Though lost to the world, if in union with thee,
Shall be holy, and happy, and wise.

TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

LATIN AND ITALIAN

POEMS OF MILTON.

ELEGY I.

TO CHARLES DEODATI.

At length, my friend, the far-sent letters come,
Charged with thy kindness, to their destined home;
They come, at length, from Deva's Western side,
Where prone she seeks the salt Vergivian tide.
Trust me, my joy is great that thou shouldst be,
Though born of foreign race, yet born for me,
And that my sprightly friend, now free to roam,
Must seek again so soon his wonted home,
I well content, where Thames with influent tide
My native city laves, meantime reside,
Nor zeal nor duty now my steps impel
To reedy Cam, and my forbidden cell.
Nor aught of pleasure in those fields have I,
That to the musing bard all shade deny.
'Tis time that I a pedant's threats disdain,
And fly from wrongs my soul will ne'er sustain.
If peaceful days, in letter'd leisure spent
Beneath my father's roof, be banishment,
Then call me banish'd, I will ne'er refuse
A name expressive of the lot I choose.

I would that, exiled to the Pontic shore,
Rome's hapless bard had suffer'd nothing more.
He then had equall'd even Homer's lays,
And, Virgil! thou hadst won but second praise:
For here I woo the muse, with no controul,
And here my books—my life—absorb me whole.
Here too I visit, or to smile or weep,
The winding theatre's majestic sweep;
The grave or gay colloquial scene recruits
My spirits, spent in learning's long pursuits;
Whether some senior shrewd, or spendthrift heir,
Suitor, or soldier, now unarm'd, be there,
Or some coif'd brooder o'er a ten years' cause,
Thunder the Norman gibberish of the laws.
The lacquey, there, oft dupes the wary sire,
And, artful, speeds the enamour'd son's desire.
There, virgins oft, unconscious what they prove,
What love is know not, yet, unknowing, love.
Or, if impassion'd tragedy wield high
The bloody sceptre, give her locks to fly,
Wild as the winds, and roll her haggard eye,
I gaze, and grieve, still cherishing my grief.
At times, e'en bitter tears yield sweet relief,
As, when from bliss untasted torn away,
Some youth dies, hapless, on his bridal day;
Or when the ghost, sent back from shades below,
Fills the assassin's heart with vengeful woe;
When Troy, or Argos, the dire scene affords,
Or Creon's hall laments its guilty lords.
Nor always city-pent, or pent at home,
I dwell; but, when spring calls me forth to roam,

Expatiate in our proud suburban shades
Of branching elm that never sun pervades.
Here many a virgin troop I may descry,
Like stars of mildest influence, gliding by.
Oh forms divine! Oh looks that might inspire
E'en Jove himself, grown old, with young desire,
Oft have I gazed on gem-surpassing eyes,
Out-sparkling every star that gilds the skies;
Necks whiter than the ivory arm bestow'd
By Jove on Pelops, or the milky road!
Bright locks, love's golden snare! these falling low,
Those playing wanton o'er the graceful brow!
Cheeks, too, more winning sweet than after shower
Adonis turn'd to Flora's favourite flower!
Yield, heroines, yield, and ye who shared the embrace
Of Jupiter in ancient times, give place!
Give place, ye turban'd fair of Persia's coast!
And ye, not less renown'd, Assyria's boast!
Submit, ye nymphs of Greece! ye, once the bloom
Of Ilion! and all ye, of haughty Rome,
Who swept, of old, her theatres with trains
Redundant, and still live in classic strains!
To British damsels beauty's palm is due;
Aliens! to follow them is fame for you.
Oh city, founded by Dardanian hands,
Whose towering front the circling realm commands,
Too blest abode! no loveliness we see
In all the earth, but it abounds in thee.
The virgin multitude that daily meets,
Radiant with gold and beauty, in thy streets,

Outnumbers all her train of starry fires
With which Diana gilds thy lofty spires.
Fame says that, wafted hither by her doves,
With all her host of quiver-bearing loves,
Venus, preferring Paphian scenes no more,
Has fix'd her empire on thy nobler shore.
But, lest the sightless boy enforce my stay,
I leave these happy walls while yet I may.
Immortal Moly shall secure my heart
From all the sorcery of Circæan art,
And I will e'en repass Cam's reedy pools
To face once more the warfare of the schools.
Meantime accept this trifle! rhymes though few,
Yet such as prove thy friend's remembrance true!

ELEGY II.

ON THE DEATH OF THE UNIVERSITY BEADLE AT CAMBRIDGE.

Thee, whose refulgent staff and summons clear
Minerva's flock long time was wont to obey,
Although thyself a herald, famous here,
The last of heralds, death, has snatch'd away.
He calls on all alike, nor even deigns
To spare the office that himself sustains.

Thy locks were whiter than the plumes display'd
By Leda's paramour in ancient time ;
But thou wast worthy ne'er to have decay'd,
Or, Æson-like, to know a second prime,
Worthy, for whom some goddess should have won
New life, oft kneeling to Apollo's son.

Commission'd to convene with hasty call
The gowned tribes, how graceful wouldst thou
So stood Cyllenius erst in Priam's hall, [stand !
Wing-footed messenger of Jove's command !
And so Eurybates, when he address'd
To Peleus' son Atrides' proud behest.

Dread queen of sepulchres ! whose rigorous laws
And watchful eyes run through the realms below,
Oh, oft too adverse to Minerva's cause !
Too often to the muse not less a foe !
Choose meaner marks, and with more equal aim
Pierce useless drones, earth's burthen and its shame !

Flow, therefore, tears for him from every eye,
All ye disciples of the muses, weep !
Assembling all in robes of sable dye,
Around his bier lament his endless sleep !
And let complaining Elegy rehearse
In every school her sweetest, saddest verse.

ELEGY III.

ON THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Silent I sat, dejected and alone,
Making, in thought, the public woes my own,
When first arose the image in my breast
Of England's suffering by that scourge, the pest!
How Death, his funeral torch and sithe in hand,
Entering the lordliest mansions of the land,
Has laid the gem-illumined palace low,
And levell'd tribes of nobles at a blow
I next deplored the famed paternal pair,
Too soon to ashes turn'd and empty air!
The heroes next, whom snatch'd into the skies,
All Belgia saw, and follow'd with her sighs;
But thee far most I mourn'd, regretted most,
Winton's chief shepherd, and her worthiest boast!
Pour'd out in tears I thus complaining said:
"Death, next in power to him who rules the dead!
Is it not enough that all the woodlands yield
To thy fell force, and every verdant field;
That lilies, at one noisome blast of thine,
And e'en the Cyprian queen's own roses pine;
That oaks themselves, although the running rill
Suckle their roots, must wither at thy will;
That all the winged nations, even those
Whose heaven-directed flight the future shows,

And all the beasts that in dark forests stray,
And all the herds of Proteus are thy prey.
Ah envious! arm'd with powers so unconfined!
Why stain thy hands with blood of human kind?
Why take delight, with darts that never roam,
To chase a heaven-born spirit from her home?
While thus I mourn'd, the star of evening stood,
Now newly risen above the western flood,
And Phœbus from his morning goal again
Had reach'd the gulfs of the Iberian main.
I wish'd repose, and, on my couch reclined,
Took early rest, to night and sleep resign'd:
When—Oh for words to paint what I beheld!
I seem'd to wander in a spacious field,
Where all the champaign glow'd with purple light,
Like that of sunrise on the mountain height;
Flowers over all the field, of every hue
That ever Iris wore, luxuriant grew.
Nor Chloris, with whom amorous Zephyrs play,
E'er dress'd Alcinous' garden half so gay.
A silver current, like the Tagus, roll'd
O'er golden sands, but sands of purer gold;
With dewy airs Favonius fann'd the flowers,
With airs awaken'd under rosy bowers.
Such, poets feign, irradiated all o'er
The sun's abode on India's utmost shore.
While I that splendour, and the mingled shade
Of fruitful vines, with wonder fix'd, survey'd,
At once, with looks that beam'd celestial grace,
The seer of Winton stood before my face.

His snowy vesture's hem descending low
His golden sandals swept, and, pure as snow
New fallen, shone the mitre on his brow.
Where'er he trod, a tremulous sweet sound
Of gladness shook the flowery scene around:
Attendant angels clap their starry wings,
The trumpet shakes the sky, all ether rings;
Each chants his welcome, folds him to his breast,
And thus a sweeter voice than all the rest:
"Ascend, my son! thy Father's kingdom share!
My son! henceforth be freed from every care!"
So spake the voice, and at its tender close
With psaltery's sound the angelic band arose;
Then night retired, and, chased by dawning day,
The visionary bliss pass'd all away.
I mourn'd my banish'd sleep with fond concern;
Frequent to me may dreams like this return!

ELEGY IV.

TO HIS TUTOR, THOMAS YOUNG,

CHAPLAIN TO THE ENGLISH FACTORY AT HAMBURGH.

Hence, my epistle—skim the deep—fly o'er
Yon smooth expanse to the Teutonic shore!
Haste—lest a friend should grieve for thy delay—
And the gods grant that nothing thwart thy way!
I will myself invoke the king who binds
In his Sicanian echoing vault the winds,

With Doris and her nymphs, and all the throng
Of azure gods, to speed thee safe along.
But rather, to ensure thy happier haste,
Ascend Medea's chariot, if thou mayst;
Or that whence young Triptolemus of yore
Descended, welcome on the Scythian shore.
The sands that line the German coast descried,
To opulent Hamburga turn aside!
So call'd, if legendary fame be true,
From Hama, whom a club-arm'd Cimbrian slew!
There lives, deep learn'd and primitively just,
A faithful steward of his Christian trust,
My friend, and favourite inmate of my heart,
That now is forced to want its better part!
What mountains now, and seas, alas! how wide!
From me this other, dearer self divide,
Dear as the sage renown'd for moral truth
To the prime spirit of the Attic youth!
Dear as the Stagyrite to Ammon's son,
His pupil, who disdain'd the world he won!
Nor so did Chiron, or so Phœnix shine
In young Achilles' eyes, as he in mine.
First led by him through sweet Aonian shade,
Each sacred haunt of Pindus I survey'd;
And, favour'd by the muse, whom I implored,
Thrice on my lip the hallow'd stream I pour'd.
But thrice the sun's resplendent chariot roll'd
To Aries, has new tinged his fleece with gold,
And Chloris twice has dress'd the meadows gay,
And twice has summer parch'd their bloom away,

Since last delighted on his looks I hung
Or my ear drank the music of his tongue:
Fly, therefore, and surpass the tempest's speed;
Aware thyself that there is urgent need!
Him, entering, thou shalt haply seated see
Beside his spouse, his infants on his knee;
Or turning, page by page, with studious look,
Some bulky father, or God's holy book;
Or ministering (which is his weightiest care)
To Christ's assembled flock their heavenly fare.
Give him, whatever his employment be,
Such gratulation as he claims from me!
And, with a downcast eye, and carriage meek,
Addressing him, forget not thus to speak:
"If compass'd round with arms thou canst attend
To verse, verse greets thee from a distant friend.
Long due, and late, I left the English shore;
But make me welcome for that cause the more!
Such from Ulysses, his chaste wife to cheer,
The slow epistle came, though late, sincere.
But wherefore this? why palliate I the deed
For which the culprit's self could hardly plead?
Self-charged, and self-condemned, his proper part
He feels neglected, with an aching heart;
But thou forgive—delinquents, who confess,
And pray forgiveness, merit anger less;
From timid foes the lion turns away,
Nor yawns upon or rends a crouching prey,
E'en pike-wielding Thracians learn to spare,
Won by soft influence of a suppliant prayer;

And heaven's dread thunderbolt arrested stands
By a cheap victim and uplifted hands.
Long had he wish'd to write, but was withheld,
And writes at last, by love alone compell'd,
For fame, too often true, when she alarms,
Reports thy neighbouring fields a scene of arms;
Thy city against fierce besiegers barr'd,
And all the Saxon chiefs for fight prepared.
Enyo wastes thy country wide around,
And saturates with blood the tainted ground;
Mars rests contented in his Thrace no more,
But goads his steeds to fields of German gore,
The ever verdant olive fades and dies,
And Peace, the trumpet-hating goddess, flies,
Flies from that earth which justice long had left,
And leaves the world of its last guard bereft."

Thus horror girds thee round. Meantime alone
Thou dwell'st, and helpless, in a soil unknown;
Poor, and receiving from a foreign hand
The aid denied thee in thy native land.
Oh, ruthless country, and unfeeling more
Than thy own billow-beaten chalky shore!
Leavest thou to foreign care the worthies given
By Providence to guide thy steps to heaven?
His ministers, commission'd to proclaim
Eternal blessings in a Saviour's name!
Ah then most worthy, with a soul unfed,
In Stygian night to lie for ever dead!
So once the venerable Tishbite stray'd
An exiled fugitive from shade to shade,

When, flying Ahab and his fury wife,
In lone Arabian wilds he shelter'd life;
So from Philippa wander'd forth forlorn
Cilician Paul, with sounding scourges torn;
And Christ himself, so left, and trod no more
The thankless Gergesene's forbidden shore.

But thou take courage! strive against despair!
Quake not with dread, nor nourish anxious care!
Grim war indeed on every side appears,
And thou art menaced by a thousand spears;
Yet none shall drink thy blood, or shall offend
E'en the defenceless bosom of my friend.
For thee the Ægis of thy God shall hide,
Jehovah's self shall combat on thy side.
The same who vanquish'd under Sion's towers
At silent midnight all Assyria's powers,
The same who overthrew in ages past
Damascus' sons that laid Samaria waste!
Their king he fill'd and them with fatal fears,
By mimic sounds of clarions in their ears,
Of hoofs, and wheels, and neighings from afar,
Of clashing armour, and the din of war.

Thou, therefore, (as the most afflicted may,)
Still hope, and triumph o'er thy evil day!
Look forth, expecting happier times to come,
And to enjoy, once more, thy native home!

ELEGY V.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Time, never wandering from his annual round,
Bids zephyr breathe the spring, and thaw the ground;
Bleak winter flies, new verdure clothes the plain,
And earth assumes her transient youth again.
Dream I, or also to the spring belong
Increase of genius, and new powers of song?
Spring gives them, and, how strange soe'er it seems,
Impels me now to some harmonious themes.
Castalia's fountain, and the forked hill
By day, by night, my raptured fancy fill,
My bosom burns and heaves, I hear within
A sacred sound that prompts me to begin.
Lo! Phœbus comes, with his bright hair he blends
The radiant laurel wreath; Phœbus descends!
I mount, and undepress'd by cumbrous clay,
Through cloudy regions win my easy way;
Rapt through poetic shadowy haunts I fly:
The shrines all open to my dauntless eye,
My spirit searches all the realms of light,
And no Tartarean gulfs elude my sight.
But this ecstatic trance—this glorious storm
Of inspiration—what will it perform?

Spring claims the verse that with his influence glows,
And shall be paid with what himself bestows.
Thou, veil'd with opening foliage, lead'st the throng
Of feather'd minstrels, Philomel! in song;
Let us, in concert, to the season sing,
Civic and sylvan heralds of the spring!
With notes triumphant spring's approach declare!
To spring, ye muses, annual tribute bear!
The Orient left, and Ethiopia's plains,
The sun now northward turns his golden reins;
Night creeps not now; yet rules with gentle sway,
And drives her dusky horrors swift away;
Now less fatigued, on this ethereal plain
Boötes follows his celestial wain;
And now the radiant centinels above,
Less numerous, watch around the courts of Jove,
For, with the night, force, ambush, slaughter fly,
And no gigantic guilt alarms the sky.
Now, haply says some shepherd, while he views,
Recumbent on a rock, the reddening dews,
This night, this, surely, Phœbus miss'd the fair,
Who stops his chariot by her amorous care.
Cynthia, delighted by the morning's glow,
Speeds to the woodland, and resumes her bow;
Resigns her beams, and, glad to disappear,
Blesses his aid, who shortens her career.
Come—Phœbus cries—Aurora, come—too late
Thou lingerest, slumbering, with thy wither'd mate;
Leave him, and to Hymettus' top repair!
Thy darling Cephalus expects thee there.

The goddess with a blush her love betrays,
But mounts, and, driving rapidly, obeys.
Earth now desires thee, Phœbus! and, to engage
Thy warm embrace, casts off the guise of age;
Desires thee, and deserves; for who so sweet
When her rich bosom courts thy genial heat?
Her breath imparts to every breeze that blows
Arabia's harvest and the Paphian rose.
Her lofty front she diadems around
With sacred pines, like Ops on Ida crown'd;
Her dewy locks with various flowers new blown
She interweaves, various, and all her own;
For Proserpine, in such a wreath attired,
Tænarian Dis himself with love inspired.
Fear not, lest, cold and coy, the nymph refuse!
Herself, with all her sighing zephyrs, sues;
Each courts thee, fanning soft his scented wing,
And all her groves with warbled wishes ring.
Nor, unendow'd and indigent, aspires
The amorous Earth to engage thy warm desires,
But, rich in balmy drugs, assists thy claim,
Divine Physician! to that glorious name.
If splendid recompense, if gifts, can move
Desire in thee, (gifts often purchase love,)
She offers all the wealth her mountains hide,
And all that rests beneath the boundless tide.
How oft, when headlong from the heavenly steep
She sees thee playing in the western deep,
How oft she cries—"Ah Phœbus, why repair
Thy wasted force, why seek refreshment there?

Can Tethys win thee? wherefore shouldst thou lave
A face so fair in her unpleasant wave?
Come, seek my green retreats, and rather choose
To cool thy tresses in my crystal dews.
The grassy turf shall yield thee sweeter rest;
Come, lay thy evening glories on my breast,
And breathing fresh, through many a humid rose,
Soft whispering airs shall lull thee to repose!
No fears I feel like Semele to die,
Nor lest thy burning wheels approach too nigh,
For thou canst govern them, here therefore rest,
And lay thy evening glories on my breast!"
Thus breathes the wanton Earth her amorous flame,
And all her countless offspring feel the same;
For Cupid now through every region strays,
Brightening his faded fires with solar rays;
His new-strung bow sends forth a deadlier sound,
And his new-pointed shafts more deeply wound;
Nor Dian's self escapes him now untried,
Nor even Vesta at her altar-side;
His mother too repairs her beauty's wane,
And seems sprung newly from the deep again.
Exulting youths the hymeneal sing,
With Hymen's name roofs, rocks, and valleys ring;
He, new-attired, and by the season drest,
Proceeds, all fragrant, in his saffron vest.
Now many a golden-cinctured virgin roves
To taste the pleasures of the fields and groves,

All wish, and each alike, some favourite youth
Hers, in the bonds of hymeneal truth.
Now pipes the shepherd through his reeds again,
Nor Phillis wants a song that suits the strain;
With songs the seaman hails the starry sphere,
And dolphins rise from the abyss to hear:
Jove feels himself the season, sports again
With his fair spouse, and banquets all his train.
Now too the satyrs, in the dusk of eve,
Their mazy dance through flowery meadows weave,
And, neither god nor goat, but both in kind,
Silvanus, wreathed with cypress, skips behind.
The dryads leave their hollow sylvan cells
To roam the banks and solitary dells;
Pan riots now; and from his amorous chafe
Ceres and Cybele seem hardly safe,
And Faunus, all on fire to reach the prize,
In chase of some enticing oread flies;
She bounds before, but fears too swift a bound,
And hidden lies, but wishes to be found.
Our shades entice the immortals from above,
And some kind power presides o'er every grove;
And long, ye powers, o'er every grove preside,
For all is safe, and blest, where ye abide!
Return, O Jove! the age of gold restore—
Why choose to dwell where storms and thunder roar?
At least thou, Phœbus! moderate thy speed!
Let not the vernal hours too swift proceed,
Command rough winter back, nor yield the pole
Too soon to night's encroaching, long control!

ELEGY VI.

TO CHARLES DEODATI,

Who, while he spent his Christmas in the country, sent the Author a poetical epistle, in which he requested that his verses, if not so good as usual, might be excused on account of the many feasts to which his friends invited him, and which would not allow him leisure to finish them as he wished.

With no rich viands overcharged, I send [friend.
Health, which perchance you want, my pamper'd
But wherefore should thy muse tempt mine away
From what she loves, from darkness into day?
Art thou desirous to be told how well
I love thee, and in verse? verse cannot tell.
For verse has bounds, and must in measure move;
But neither bounds nor measure knows my love.
How pleasant, in thy lines described, appear
December's harmless sports and rural cheer!
French spirits kindling with cærulean fires,
And all such gambols as the time inspires!

Think not that wine against good verse offends,
The Muse and Bacchus have been always friends;
Nor Phœbus blushes sometimes to be found
With ivy, rather than with laurel, crown'd.
The Nine themselves ofttimes have join'd the song
And revels of the Bacchanalian throng;
Not even Ovid could in Scythian air
Sing sweetly—why? no vine would flourish there.

What in brief numbers sung Anacreon's muse?
Wine, and the rose that sparkling wine bedews.
Pindar with Bacchus glows—his every line
Breathes the rich fragrance of inspiring wine,
While, with loud crash o'erturned, the chariot lies,
And brown with dust the fiery courser flies.
The Roman lyrist steep'd in wine his lays
So sweet in Glycera's and Chloe's praise.
Now too the plenteous feast and mantling bowl
Nourish the vigour of thy sprightly soul;
The flowing goblet makes thy numbers flow,
And casks not wine alone but verse bestow.
Thus Phœbus favours, and the arts attend,
Whom Bacchus and whom Ceres both befriend.
What wonder, then, thy verses are so sweet,
In which these triple powers so kindly meet!
The lute now also sounds, with gold inwrought,
And, touch'd with flying fingers nicely taught,
In tapestried halls, high-roof'd, the sprightly lyre
Directs the dancers of the virgin choir.
If dull repletion fright the muse away,
Sights gay as these may more invite her stay;
And, trust me, while the ivory keys resound,
Fair damsels sport, and perfumes steam around,
Apollo's influence, like ethereal flame,
Shall animate, at once, thy glowing frame,
And all the muse shall rush into thy breast,
By love and music's blended powers possest.
For numerous powers light Elegy befriend,
Hear her sweet voice, and at her call attend;

Her, Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, all approve,
And, with his blushing mother, gentle Love.
Hence to such bards we grant the copious use
Of banquets and the vine's delicious juice.
But they who demigods and heroes praise,
And feats perform'd in Jove's more youthful days,
Who now the counsels of high heaven explore,
Now shades that echo the Cerberean roar,
Simply let these, like him of Samos, live,
Let herbs to them a bloodless banquet give;
In beechen goblets let their beverage shine,
Cool from the crystal spring, their sober wine!
Their youth should pass in innocence secure
From stain licentious, and in manners pure,
Pure as the priest, when robed in white he stands,
The fresh lustration ready in his hands.
Thus Linus lived, and thus, as poets write,
Tiresias, wiser for his loss of sight;
Thus exiled Chalcas, thus the Bard of Thrace,
Melodious tamer of the savage race;
Thus train'd by temperance, Homer led, of yore,
His chief of Ithaca from shore to shore,
Through magic Circe's monster-peopled reign,
And shoals insidious with the syren train; [dwell,
And through the realms where grizzly spectres
Whose tribes he fetter'd in a gory spell;
For these are sacred bards, and from above
Drink large infusions from the mind of Jove.
Wouldst thou, (perhaps 'tis hardly worth thine ear,)
Wouldst thou be told my occupation here?

The promised King of Peace employs my pen,
The eternal covenant made for guilty men,
The new-born Deity, with infant cries
Filling the sordid hovel where he lies;
The hymning angels, and the herald star,
That led the wise, who sought him from afar,
And idols on their own unhallow'd shore
Dash'd, at his birth, to be revered no more.
This theme on reeds of Albion I rehearse:
The dawn of that blest day inspired the verse;
Verse that, reserved in secret, shall attend
Thy candid voice, my critic and my friend!

ELEGY VII.

As yet a stranger to the gentle fires
That Amathusia's smiling queen inspires,
Not seldom I derided Cupid's darts,
And scorn'd his claim to rule all human hearts.
"Go, child," I said, "transfix the timorous dove!
An easy conquest suits an infant love;
Enslave the sparrow, for such prize shall be
Sufficient triumph to a chief like thee!
Why aim thy idle arms at human kind?
Thy shafts prevail not 'gainst the noble mind."
The Cyprian heard, and, kindling into ire,
(None kindles sooner) burn'd with double fire.
It was the spring, and newly risen day
Peep'd o'er the hamlets on the first of May;

My eyes, too tender for the blaze of light,
Still sought the shelter of retiring night,
When Love approach'd, in painted plumes array'd,
The insidious god his rattling darts betray'd,
Nor less his infant features, and the sly,
Sweet intimations of his threatening eye.
Such the Sigeian boy is seen above,
Filling the goblet for imperial Jove;
Such he, on whom the nymphs bestow'd their charms,
Hylas, who perish'd in a naiad's arms.
Angry he seem'd, yet graceful in his ire,
And added threats not destitute of fire.
"My power," he said, "by others' pain alone,
'Twere best to learn; now learn it by thy own!
With those that feel my power, that power attest!
And in thy anguish be my sway confest!
I vanquish'd Phœbus, though returning vain
From his new triumph o'er the Python slain,
And, when he thinks on Daphne, even he
Will yield the prize of archery to me.
A dart less true the Parthian horseman sped,
Behind him kill'd, and conquer'd as he fled:
Less true the expert Cydonian, and less true
The youth whose shaft his latent Procris slew.
Vanquish'd by me see huge Orion bend,
By me Alcides, and Alcides' friend.
At me should Jove himself a bolt design,
His bosom first should bleed, transfix'd by mine.
But all thy doubts this shaft will best explain,
Nor shall it reach thee with a trivial pain.

Thy muse, vain youth! shall not thy peace ensure,
Nor Phœbus' serpent yield thy wound a cure."
He spoke, and, waving a bright shaft in air,
Sought the warm bosom of the Cyprian fair.
That thus a child should bluster in my ear,
Provoked my laughter more than moved my fear.
I shunn'd not, therefore, public haunts, but stray'd
Careless in city or suburban shade,
And, passing and repassing nymphs, that moved
With grace divine, beheld where'er I roved.
Bright shone the vernal day with double blaze
As beauty gave new force to Phœbus' rays.
By no grave scruples check'd, I freely eyed
The dangerous show, rash youth my only guide,
And many a look of many a fair unknown
Met full, unable to control my own.
But one I mark'd, (then peace forsook my breast,)
One—Oh how far superior to the rest!
What lovely features! such the Cyprian queen
Herself might wish, and Juno wish her mien.
The very nymph was she, whom, when I dared
His arrows, Love had even then prepared!
Nor was himself remote, nor unsupplied
With torch well trimm'd and quiver at his side;
Now to her lips he clung, her eyelids now,
Then settled on her cheeks, or on her brow;
And with a thousand wounds from every part
Pierced and transpierced my undefended heart.
A fever, new to me, of fierce desire
Now seized my soul, and I was all on fire;

But she, the while, whom only I adore,
Was gone, and vanish'd, to appear no more.
In silent sadness I pursue my way;
I pause, I turn, proceed, yet wish to stay,
And, while I follow her in thought, bemoan
With tears my soul's delight so quickly flown.
When Jove had hurl'd him to the Lemnian coast,
So Vulcan sorrow'd for Olympus lost,
And so Œclides, sinking into night,
From the deep gulf look'd up to distant light.

Wretch that I am, what hopes for me remain,
Who cannot cease to love, yet love in vain?
Oh could I once, once more, behold the fair,
Speak to her, tell her of the pangs I bear;
Perhaps she is not adamant; would show,
Perhaps, some pity at my tale of woe.
Oh inauspicious flame—'tis mine to prove
A matchless instance of disastrous love.
Ah, spare me, gentle power!—If such thou be,
Let not thy deeds and nature disagree.
Spare me, and I will worship at no shrine
With vow and sacrifice save only thine.
Now I revere thy fires, thy bow, thy darts:
Now own thee sovereign of all human hearts.
Remove! no—grant me still this raging woe!
Sweet is the wretchedness that lovers know:
But pierce hereafter (should I chance to see
One destined mine) at once both her and me.

Such were the trophies that, in earlier days,
By vanity seduced, I toil'd to raise;

Studious, yet indolent, and urged by youth,
That worst of teachers, from the ways of truth;
Till Learning taught me in his shady bower
To quit Love's servile yoke, and spurn his power.
Then, on a sudden the fierce flame supprest,
A frost continual settled on my breast,
Whence Cupid fears his flame extinct to see,
And Venus dreads a Diomede in me.

EPIGRAMS.

ON THE INVENTOR OF GUNS.

Praise in old time the sage Prometheus won,
Who stole ethereal radiance from the sun;
But greater he, whose bold invention strove
To emulate the fiery bolts of Jove.

[The poems on the subject of the Gunpowder Treason I have not translated, both because the matter of them is unpleasant, and because they are written with an asperity, which, however it might be warranted in Milton's day, would be extremely unseasonable now.]

TO LEONORA SINGING AT ROME.*

Another Leonora once inspired
Tasso with fatal love to frensy fired;

* I have translated only two of the three poetical compliments addressed to Leonora, as they appear to me far superior to what I have omitted.

But how much happier, lived he now, were he,
Pierced with whatever pangs for love of thee!
Since could he hear that heavenly voice of thine,
With Adriana's lute of sound divine,
Fiercer than Pentheus' though his eye might roll,
Or idiot apathy benumb his soul,
You still, with medicinal sounds might cheer
His senses wandering in a blind career;
And, sweetly breathing through his wounded breast,
Charm, with soul-soothing song, his thoughts to rest.

TO THE SAME.

Naples, too credulous, ah! boast no more
The sweet-voiced syren buried on thy shore,
That, when Parthenope deceased, she gave
Her sacred dust to a Chalcidic grave,
For still she lives, but has exchanged the hoarse
Pausilipo for Tiber's placid course,
Where, idol of all Rome, she now in chains
Of magic song both gods and men detains.

THE COTTAGER AND HIS LANDLORD.

A FABLE.

A peasant to his lord paid yearly court,
Presenting pippins of so rich a sort,
That he, displeased to have a part alone,
Removed the tree, that all might be his own.

The tree, too old to travel, though before
So fruitful, wither'd, and would yield no more.
The 'squire, perceiving all his labour void,
Curs'd his own pains, so foolishly employ'd,
And, "Oh, he cried, "that I had lived content
With tribute, small indeed, but kindly meant!
My avarice has expensive proved to me,
Has cost me both my pippins and my tree."

TO CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN, WITH CROMWELL'S PICTURE.

Christina, maiden of heroic mien!
Star of the North! of northern stars the queen!
Behold what wrinkles I have earn'd, and how
The iron casque still chafes my veteran brow,
While following Fate's dark footsteps, I fulfil
The dictates of a hardy people's will.
But soften'd in thy sight my looks appear,
Not to all queens or kings alike severe.

ON THE DEATH OF THE VICE-CHANCELLOR, A PHYSICIAN.

Learn, ye nations of the earth,
The condition of your birth,
Now be taught your feeble state!
Know, that all must yield to fate!

If the mournful rover, Death,
Say but once—"Resign your breath!'
Vainly of escape you dream,
You must pass the Stygian stream.

Could the stoutest overcome
Death's assault, and baffle doom,
Hercules had both withstood,
Undiseased by Nessus' blood.

Ne'er had Hector press'd the plain
By a trick of Pallas slain,
Nor the chief to Jove allied
By Achilles' phantom died.

Could enchantments life prolong,
Circe, saved by magic song,
Still had lived, and equal skill
Had preserved Medea still.

Dwelt in herbs and drugs a power
To avert man's destined hour,
Learn'd Machaon should have known
Doubtless to avert his own:

Chiron had survived the smart
Of the hydra-tainted dart,
And Jove's bolt had been, with ease,
Foil'd by Asclepiades.

Thou too, sage! of whom forlorn
Helicon and Cirrha mourn,
Still hadst fill'd thy princely place,
Regent of the gowned race:

Hadst advanced to higher fame
Still thy much ennobled name,
Nor in Charon's skiff explored
The Tartarean gulf abhorr'd.

But resentful Proserpine,
Jealous of thy skill divine,
Snapping short thy vital thread,
Thee too number'd with the dead.

Wise and good! untroubled be
The green turf that covers thee!
Thence, in gay profusion, grow
All the sweetest flowers that blow!

Pluto's consort bid thee rest!
Æacus pronounce thee blest!
To her home thy shade consign!
Make Elysium ever thine!

ON THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF ELY.

My lids with grief were tumid yet,
And still my sullied cheek was wet
With briny dews, profusely shed
For venerable Winton dead:
When fame, whose tales of saddest sound,
Alas! are ever truest found.
The news through all our cities spread
Of yet another mitred head

By ruthless fate to death consign'd,
Ely, the honour of his kind!
At once a storm of passion heaved
My boiling bosom, much I grieved;
But more I raged, at every breath
Devoting Death himself to death.
With less revenge did Naso teem
When hated Ibis was his theme;
With less Archilochus denied
The lovely Greek his promised bride.
But lo! while thus I execrate
Incensed the minister of fate,
Wondrous accents, soft, yet clear,
Wafted on the gale I hear.
" Ah, much deluded! lay aside
Thy threats and anger misapplied!
Art not afraid with sounds like these
To offend, where thou canst not appease?
Death is not (wherefore dreamst thou thus?)
The son of Night and Erebus:
Nor was of fell Erynnis born
On gulfs where Chaos rules forlorn;
But, sent from God, his presence leaves,
To gather home his ripen'd sheaves,
To call encumber'd souls away
From fleshly bonds to boundless day,
(As when the winged hours excite,
And summon forth the morning light,)
And each to convoy to her place
Before the Eternal Father's face.

But not the wicked—them, severe
Yet just, from all their pleasures here
He hurries to the realms below,
Terrific realms of penal woe!
Myself no sooner heard his call,
Than, 'scaping through my prison wall,
I bade adieu to bolts and bars,
And soar'd, with angels, to the stars,
Like him of old, to whom 'twas given
To mount on fiery wheels to heaven.
Boötes' waggon, slow with cold,
Appall'd me not; nor to behold
The sword that vast Orion draws,
Or e'en the Scorpion's horrid claws.
Beyond the sun's bright orb I fly,
And far beneath my feet descry
Night's dread goddess, seen with awe,
Whom her winged dragons draw.
Thus, ever wondering at my speed,
Augmented still as I proceed,
I pass the planetary sphere,
The milky way—and now appear
Heaven's crystal battlements, her door
Of massy pearl, and emerald floor.
But here I cease. For never can
The tongue of once a mortal man
In suitable description trace
The pleasures of that happy place;
Suffice it, that those joys divine
Are all, and all for ever, mine!"

NATURE UNIMPAIRED BY TIME.

Ah, how the human mind wearies herself
With her own wanderings, and, involved in gloom
Impenetrable, speculates amiss!
Measuring in her folly things divine
By human; laws inscribed on adamant
By laws of man's device; and counsels fix'd
For ever, by the hours that pass and die:
How?—shall the face of nature then be plough'd
Into deep wrinkles, and shall years at last
On the great parent fix a sterile curse?
Shall even she confess old age, and halt,
And, palsy-smitten, shake her starry brows?
Shall foul antiquity with rust, and drought,
And famine, vex the radiant worlds above?
Shall Time's unsated maw crave and ingulf
The very heavens, that regulate his flight?
And was the sire of all able to fence
His works, and to uphold the circling worlds,
But, through improvident and heedless haste
Let slip the occasion?—so then—all is lost—
And in some future evil hour, yon arch
Shall crumble, and come thundering down, the poles
Jar in collision, the Olympian king,
Fall with his throne, and Pallas, holding forth
The terrors of the Gorgon shield in vain,
Shall rush to the abyss, like Vulcan hurl'd

Down into Lemnos, through the gate of heaven.
Thou also, with precipitated wheels,
Phœbus! thy own son's fall shalt imitate,
With hideous ruin shalt impress the deep
Suddenly, and the flood shall reek, and hiss,
At the extinction of the lamp of day.
Then too shall Hæmus, cloven to his base,
Be shatter d, and the huge Ceraunian hills,
Once weapons of Tartarean Dis, immersed
In Erebus, shall fill himself with fear.
No. The Almighty Father surer laid
His deep foundations, and providing well
For the event of all, the scales of fate
Suspended in just equipoise, and bade
His universal works, from age to age,
One tenour hold, perpetual, undisturb'd.
Hence the prime mover wheels itself about
Continual, day by day, and with it bears,
In social measure swift, the heavens around.
Not tardier now is Saturn than of old,
Nor radiant less the burning casque of Mars.
Phœbus, his vigour unimpair'd, still shows
The effulgence of his youth, nor needs the god
A downward course, that he may warm the vales;
But, ever rich in influence, runs his road,
Sign after sign, through all the heavenly zone.
Beautiful, as at first, ascends the star
From odoriferous Ind, whose office is
To gather home betimes the ethereal flock,
To pour them o'er the skies again at eve,

And to discriminate the night and day.
Still Cynthia's changeful horn waxes and wanes
Alternate, and with arms extended still
She welcomes to her breast her brother's beams.
Nor have the elements deserted yet
Their functions; thunder with as loud a stroke
As erst smites through the rocks and scatters them
The east still howls; still the relentless north
Invades the shuddering Scythian, still he breathes
The winter, and still rolls the storms along.
The king of ocean, with his wonted force,
Beats on Pelorus; o'er the deep is heard
The hoarse alarm of Triton's sounding shell;
Nor swim the monsters of the Ægean sea
In shallows, or beneath diminish'd waves.
Thou too, thy ancient vegetative power
Enjoy'st, O Earth! Narcissus still is sweet;
And Phœbus! still thy favourite, and still
Thy favourite Cytherea! both retain
Their beauty; nor the mountains, ore-enrich'd
For punishment of man, with purer gold
Teem'd ever, or with brighter gems the deep.
Thus in unbroken series all proceeds;
And shall, till wide involving either pole,
And the immensity of yonder heaven,
The final flames of destiny absorb
The world, consumed in one enormous pyre!

ON THE PLATONIC IDEA AS IT WAS UNDERSTOOD BY ARISTOTLE.

Ye sister powers, who o'er the sacred groves
Preside, and thou, fair mother of them all,
Mnemosyne! and thou who, in thy grot
Immense, reclined at leisure, hast in charge
The archives and the ordinances of Jove,
And dost record the festivals of heaven,
Eternity!—inform us who is He,
That great original, by nature chosen
To be the archetype of human kind,
Unchangeable, immortal, with the poles
Themselves coëval, one, yet every where,
An image of the God who gave him being?
Twin-brother of the goddess born from Jove,
He dwells not in his father's mind, but, though
Of common nature with ourselves, exists
Apart, and occupies a local home—
Whether, companion of the stars, he spend
Eternal ages, roaming at his will
From sphere to sphere the tenfold heavens, or dwell
On the moon's side that nearest neighbours earth,
Or torpid on the banks of Lethe sit
Among the multitude of souls ordain'd
To flesh and blood; or whether (as may chance)
That vast and giant model of our kind
In some far distant region of this globe

Sequester'd stalk with lifted head on high
O'ertowering Atlas, on whose shoulders rest
The stars, terrific even to the gods.
Never the Theban seer, whose blindness proved
His best illumination, him beheld
In secret vision; never him the son
Of Pleione, amid the noiseless night
Descending, to the prophet-choir reveal'd;
Him never knew the Assyrian priest, who yet
The ancestry of Ninus' chronicles,
And Belus, and Osiris, far renown'd;
Nor even thrice great Hermes, although skill'd
So deep in mystery, to the worshippers
Of Isis show'd a prodigy like him.
And thou, who hast immortalized the shades
Of Academus, if the schools received
This monster of the fancy first from thee,
Either recall at once thy banish'd bards
To thy republic, or thyself, evinced
A wilder fabulist, go also forth.

TO HIS FATHER.

Oh that Pieria's spring would through my breast
Pour its inspiring influence, and rush
No rill, but rather an o'erflowing flood;
That, for my venerable father's sake
All meaner themes renounced, my muse, on wings
Of duty borne, might reach a loftier strain!

For thee, my father! howsoe'er it please,
She frames this slender work; nor know I aught
That may thy gifts more suitably requite:
Though to requite them suitably would ask
Returns much nobler, and surpassing far
The meagre stores of verbal gratitude:
But, such as I possess, I send thee all.
This page presents thee in their full amount
With thy son's treasures, and the sum is nought;
Nought, save the riches that from airy dream
In secret grottoes and in laurel bowers,
I have, by golden Clio's gift, acquired.
Verse is a work divine; despise not thou
Verse therefore, which evinces (nothing more)
Man's heavenly source, and which, retaining still
Some scintillations of Promethean fire,
Bespeaks him animated from above.
The gods love verse; the infernal powers themselves
Confess the influence of verse, which stirs
The lowest deep, and binds in triple chains
Of adamant both Pluto and the shades.
In verse the Delphic priestess and the pale
Tremulous sybil make the future known;
And he who sacrifices, on the shrine [bull
Hangs verse, both when he smites the threatening
And when he spreads his reeking entrails wide
To scrutinize the fates enveloped there.
We too, ourselves, what time we seek again
Our native skies, and one eternal now
Shall be the only measure of our being,

Crown'd all with gold, and chanting to the lyre
Harmonious verse, shall range the courts above,
And make the starry firmament resound.
And, even now, the fiery spirit pure
That wheels yon circling orbs, directs himself
Their mazy dance with melody of verse
Unutterable, immortal, hearing which
Huge Ophiuchus holds his hiss suppress'd;
Orion, soften'd, drops his ardent blade,
And Atlas stands unconscious of his load.
Verse graced of old the feasts of kings, ere yet
Luxurious dainties, destined to the gulf
Immense of gluttony, were known, and ere
Lyæus deluged yet the temperate board.
Then sat the bard a customary guest
To share the banquet, and, his length of locks
With beechen honours bound, proposed in verse
The characters of heroes and their deeds,
To imitation; sang of chaos old,
Of nature's birth, of gods that crept in search
Of acorns fallen, and of the thunderbolt
Not yet produced from Ætna's fiery cave.
And what avails, at last, tune without voice,
Devoid of matter? Such may suit perhaps
The rural dance, but such was ne'er the song
Of Orpheus, whom the streams stood still to hear,
And the oaks follow'd. Not by chords alone
Well touch'd, but by resistless accents more
To sympathetic tears the ghosts themselves
He moved; these praises to his verse he owes.

Nor thou persist, I pray thee, still to slight
The sacred Nine, and to imagine vain
And useless powers, by whom inspired, thyself
Art skilful to associate verse with airs
Harmonious, and to give the human voice
A thousand modulations, heir by right
Indisputable of Arion's fame.
Now say, what wonder is it, if a son
Of thine delight in verse, if, so conjoin'd
In close affinity, we sympathize
In social arts and kindred studies sweet?
Such distribution of himself to us
Was Phœbus' choice; thou hast thy gift, and I
Mine also, and between us we receive,
Father and son, the whole inspiring God.
No! howsoe'er the semblance thou assume
Of hate, thou hatest not the gentle muse,
My father! for thou never badest me tread
The beaten path, and broad, that leads right on
To opulence, nor didst condemn thy son
To the insipid clamours of the bar,
To laws voluminous, and ill observed;
But, wishing to enrich me more, to fill
My mind with treasure, ledst me far away
From city din to deep retreats, to banks
And streams Aonian, and, with free consent,
Didst place me happy at Apollo's side.
I speak not now, on more important themes
Intent, of common benefits, and such
As nature bids, but of thy larger gifts,

My father! who, when I had open'd once
The stores of Roman rhetoric, and learn'd
The full-ton'd language of the eloquent Greeks,
Whose lofty music graced the lips of Jove,
Thyself didst counsel me to add the flowers
That Gallia boasts, those too, with which the smooth
Italian his degenerate speech adorns,
That witnesses his mixture with the Goth;
And Palestine's prophetic songs divine.
To sum the whole, whate'er the heaven contains,
The earth beneath it, and the air between,
The rivers and the restless deep, may all
Prove intellectual gain to me, my wish
Concurring with thy will; science herself,
All cloud removed, inclines her beauteous head,
And offers me the lip, if, dull of heart,
I shrink not, and decline her gracious boon.

Go now, and gather dross, ye sordid minds
That covet it; what could my father more?
What more could Jove himself, unless he gave
His own abode, the heaven, in which he reigns?
More eligible gifts than these were not
Apollo's to his son, had they been safe
As they were insecure, who made the boy
The world's vice-luminary, bade him rule
The radiant chariot of the day, and bind
To his young brows his own all-dazzling wreath.
I therefore, although last and least, my place
Among the learned in the laurel grove
Will hold, and where the conqueror's ivy twines,

Henceforth exempt from the unletter'd throng
Profane, nor even to be seen by such.
Away then, sleepless care, complaint, away,
And envy, with thy "jealous leer malign!"
Nor let the monster calumny shoot forth
Her venom'd tongue at me. Detested foes!
Ye all are impotent against my peace,
For I am privileged, and bear my breast
Safe, and too high, for your viperean wound.
But thou! my father, since to render thanks
Equivalent, and to requite by deeds
Thy liberality, exceeds my power,
Suffice it, that I thus record thy gifts,
And bear them treasured in a grateful mind!
Ye, too, the favourite pastime of my youth,
My voluntary numbers, if ye dare
To hope longevity, and to survive
Your master's funeral, not soon absorb'd
In the oblivious Lethæan gulf,
Shall to futurity perhaps convey
This theme, and by these praises of my sire
Improve the fathers of a distant age!

TO SALSILLUS, A ROMAN POET, MUCH INDISPOSED.

The original is written in a measure called Scazon, which signifies limping, and the measure is so denominated, because, though in other respects Iambic, it terminates with a Spondee, and has, consequently, a more tardy movement.

The reader will immediately see that this property of the Latin verse cannot be imitated in English.

My halting muse, that dragg'st by choice along
Thy slow, slow step, in melancholy song,
And likest that pace, expressive of thy cares,
Not less than Diopeia's sprightlier airs,
When in the dance she beats with measured tread
Heaven's floor, in front of Juno's golden bed;
Salute Salsillus, who to verse divine
Prefers, with partial love, such lays as mine.
Thus writes that Milton, then, who, wafted o'er
From his own nest on Albion's stormy shore,
Where Eurus, fiercest of the Æolian band,
Sweeps with ungovern'd rage the blasted land,
Of late to more serene Ausonia came
To view her cities of illustrious name,
To prove, himself a witness of the truth,
How wise her elders, and how learn'd her youth.

Much good, Salsillus! and a body free
From all disease, that Milton asks for thee,
Who now endurest the languor and the pains
That bile inflicts, diffused through all thy veins;
Relentless malady! not moved to spare
By thy sweet Roman voice and Lesbian air!
Health, Hebe's sister, sent us from the skies,
And thou, Apollo, whom all sickness flies,
Pythius, or Pæan, or what name divine
Soe'er thou choose, haste, heal a priest of thine!
Ye groves of Faunus, and ye hills that melt
With vinous dews, where meek Evander dwelt!
If aught salubrious in your confines grow,
Strive which shall soonest heal your poet's woe,
That, render'd to the muse he loves, again
He may enchant the meadows with his strain.
Numa, reclined in everlasting ease
Amid the shade of dark embowering trees,
Viewing with eyes of unabated fire
His loved Ægeria, shall that strain admire:
So soothed, the tumid Tiber shall revere
The tombs of kings, nor desolate the year,
Shall curb his waters with a friendly rein,
And guide them harmless, till they meet the main.

TO GIOVANNI BATTISTA MANSO,

MARQUIS OF VILLA.

MILTON'S ACCOUNT OF MANSO.

Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, is an Italian nobleman of the highest estimation among his countrymen, for genius, literature, and military accomplishments. To him Torquato Tasso addressed his Dialogues on Friendship, for he was much the friend of Tasso, who has also celebrated him among the other princes of his country, in his poem entitled, Gerusalemme Conquistata, book xx.

> Fra cavalier magnanimi, e cortesi,
> Risplende il Manso.

During the author's stay at Naples he received at the hands of the Marquis a thousand kind offices and civilities, and, desirous not to appear ungrateful, sent him this poem a short time before his departure from that city.

THESE verses also to thy praise, the Nine,
O Manso! happy in that theme, design,
For, Gallus and Mæcenas gone, they see
None such besides, or whom they love as thee;
And if my verse may give the meed of fame,
Thine too shall prove an everlasting name.
Already such, it shines in Tasso's page
(For thou wast Tasso's friend) from age to age,
And, next, the muse consign'd (not unaware
How high the charge) Marino to thy care,

Who, singing to the nymphs Adonis' praise,
Boasts thee the patron of his copious lays.
To thee alone the poet would entrust
His latest vows, to thee alone his dust;
And thou with punctual piety hast paid,
In labour'd brass, thy tribute to his shade.
Nor this contented thee—but lest the grave
Should aught absorb of theirs which thou could'st save,
All future ages thou hast deign'd to teach
The life, lot, genius, character of each,
Eloquent as the Carian sage, who, true
To his great theme, the life of Homer drew.

I, therefore, though a stranger youth, who come
Chill'd by rude blasts that freeze my northern home,
Thee dear to Clio, confident proclaim,
And thine, for Phœbus' sake, a deathless name.
Nor thou, so kind, wilt view with scornful eye
A muse scarce rear'd beneath our sullen sky,
Who fears not, indiscreet as she is young,
To seek in Latium hearers of her song.
We too, where Thames with its unsullied waves
The tresses of the blue-hair'd Ocean laves,
Hear oft by night, or, slumbering, seem to hear,
O'er his wide stream, the swan's voice warbling clear;
And we could boast a Tityrus of yore
Who trod, a welcome guest, your happy shore.

Yes—dreary as we own our northern clime,
E'en we to Phœbus raise the polish'd rhyme,
We too serve Phœbus; Phœbus has received
(If legends old may claim to be believed)

No sordid gifts from us, the golden ear,
The burnish'd apple, ruddiest of the year,
The fragrant crocus, and, to grace his fane,
Fair damsels chosen from the Druid train;
Druids, our native bards in ancient time,
Who gods and heroes praised in hallow'd rhyme!
Hence, often as the maids of Greece surround
Apollo's shrine with hymns of festive sound,
They name the virgins who arrived of yore
With British offerings on the Delian shore,
Loxo, from giant Corineus sprung,
Upis, on whose blest lips the future hung,
And Hacaerge, with the golden hair, [bare.
All deck'd with Pictish hues, and all with bosoms

Thou, therefore, happy sage, whatever clime
Shall ring with Tasso's praise in after time,
Or with Marino's, shalt be known their friend,
And with an equal flight to fame ascend.
The world shall hear how Phœbus and the Nine
Were inmates once, and willing guests of thine.
Yet Phœbus, when of old constrain'd to roam
The earth, an exile from his heavenly home,
Enter'd, no willing guest, Admetus' door,
Though Hercules had ventured there before.
But gentle Chiron's cave was near, a scene
Of rural peace, clothed with perpetual green,
And thither, oft as respite he required,
From rustic clamours loud, the god retired.
There, many a time, on Peneus' bank reclined
At some oak's root, with ivy thick entwined,

Won by his hospitable friend's desire,
He soothed his pains of exile with the lyre.
Then shook the hills, then trembled Peneus' shore,
Nor Œta felt his load of forest more;
The upland elms descended to the plain,
And soften'd lynxes wonder'd at that strain.
Well may we think, Oh, dear to all above!
Thy birth distinguish'd by the smile of Jove,
And that Apollo shed his kindliest power,
And Maia's son, on that propitious hour.
Since only minds so born can comprehend
A poet's worth, or yield that worth a friend.
Hence on thy yet unfaded cheek appears
The lingering freshness of thy greener years;
Hence in thy front and features we admire
Nature unwither'd and a mind entire.
O might so true a friend to me belong,
So skill'd to grace the votaries of song,
Should I recall hereafter into rhyme
The kings and heroes of my native clime,
Arthur the chief, who even now prepares,
In subterraneous being, future wars,
With all his martial knights, to be restored
Each to his seat around the federal board;
And oh, if spirit fail me not, disperse
Our Saxon plunderers in triumphant verse!
Then, after all, when, with the past content,
A life I finish, not in silence spent;
Should he, kind mourner, o'er my deathbed bend,
I shall but need to say—"Be yet my friend!"

He too, perhaps, shall bid the marble breathe
To honour me, and with the graceful wreath
Or of Parnassus or the Paphian isle
Shall bind my brows—but I shall rest the while.
Then also, if the fruits of faith endure,
And virtue's promised recompense be sure,
Born to those seats to which the blest aspire
By purity of soul and virtuous fire,
These rites, as fate permits, I shall survey
With eyes illumined by celestial day,
And, every cloud from my pure spirit driven,
Joy in the bright beatitude of heaven!

ON THE DEATH OF DAMON.

THE ARGUMENT.

Thyrsis and Damon, shepherds and neighbours, had always pursued the same studies, and had, from their earliest days, been united in the closest friendship. Thyrsis, while travelling for improvement, received intelligence of the death of Damon, and, after a time, returning and finding it true, deplores himself, and his solitary condition, in this poem.

By Damon is to be understood Charles Deodati, connected with the Italian city of Lucca by his father's side, in other respects an Englishman; a youth of uncommon genius, erudition, and virtue.

Ye Nymphs of Himera, (for ye have shed
Erewhile for Daphnis, and for Hylas dead,
And over Bion's long-lamented bier,
The fruitless meed of many a sacred tear,)

Now through the villas laved by Thames rehearse
The woes of Thyrsis in Sicilian verse, [found
What sighs he heaved, and how with groans pro-
He made the woods and hollow rocks resound,
Young Damon dead; nor even ceased to pour
His lonely sorrows at the midnight hour.

The green wheat twice had nodded in the ear,
And golden harvest twice enrich'd the year,
Since Damon's lips had gasp'd for vital air
The last, last time, nor Thyrsis yet was there;
For he, enamour'd of the muse, remain'd
In Tuscan Fiorenza long detain'd,
But, stored at length with all he wish'd to learn,
For his flock's sake, now hasted to return;
And when the shepherd had resumed his seat
At the elm's root, within his old retreat,
Then 'twas his lot, then all his loss to know,
And from his burthen'd heart he vented thus his woe:

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are
To other cares than those of feeding you. [due
Alas! what deities shall I suppose
In heaven, or earth, concern'd for human woes,
Since, Oh my Damon! their severe decree
So soon condemns me to regret of thee!
Depart'st thou thus, thy virtues unrepaid
With fame and honour, like a vulgar shade!
Let him forbid it, whose bright rod controls,
And separates sordid from illustrious souls,
Drive far the rabble, and to thee assign
A happier lot with spirits worthy thine!

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are
To other cares than those of feeding you. [due
Whate'er befall, unless by cruel chance
The wolf first give me a forbidding glance,
Thou shalt not moulder undeplored, but long
Thy praise shall dwell on every shepherd's tongue.
To Daphnis first they shall delight to pay,
And, after him, to thee the votive lay,
While Pales shall the flocks and pastures love,
Or Faunus to frequent the field or grove;
At least, if ancient piety and truth,
With all the learned labours of thy youth,
May serve thee aught, or to have left behind
A sorrowing friend, and of the tuneful kind.
"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are
To other cares than those of feeding you. [due
Who, now, my pains and perils shall divide,
As thou wast wont, for ever at my side,
Both when the rugged frost annoy'd our feet,
And when the herbage all was parch'd with heat;
Whether the grim wolf's ravage to prevent,
Or the huge lion's, arm'd with darts we went;
Whose converse now shall calm my stormy day,
With charming song who now beguile my way?
"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are
To other cares than those of feeding you. [due
In whom shall I confide? Whose counsel find
A balmy medicine for my troubled mind?
Or whose discourse with innocent delight
Shall fill me now, and cheat the wintry night,

While hisses on my hearth the pulpy pear,
And blackening chestnuts start and crackle there,
While storms abroad the dreary meadows whelm,
And the wind thunders through the neighbouring elm.

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are
To other cares than those of feeding you. [due
Or who, when summer suns their summit reach,
And Pan sleeps hidden by the sheltering beech,
When shepherds disappear, nymphs seek the sedge,
And the stretch'd rustic snores beneath the hedge,
Who then shall render me thy pleasant vein
Of attic wit, thy jests, thy smiles again?

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are
To other cares than those of feeding you. [due
Where glens and vales are thickest overgrown
With tangled boughs, I wander now alone,
Till night descend, while blustering wind and shower
Beat on my temples through the shatter'd bower.

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are
To other cares than those of feeding you. [due
Alas! what rampant weeds now shame my fields,
And what a mildew'd crop the furrow yields;
My rambling vines unwedded to the trees,
Bear shrivell'd grapes; my myrtles fail to please;
Nor please me more my flocks: they, slighted turn
Their unavailing looks on me, and mourn.

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are
To other cares than those of feeding you. [due

Ægon invites me to the hazel grove,
Amyntas, on the river's bank to rove,
And young Alphesibœus to a seat
Where branching elms exclude the mid-day heat.
'Here fountains spring—here mossy hillocks rise;
Here zephyr whispers, and the stream replies.'—
Thus each persuades, but, deaf to every call,
I gain the thickets, and escape them all.

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares than those of feeding you.
Then Mopsus said, (the same who reads so well
The voice of birds, and what the stars foretell,
For he by chance had noticed my return,)
'What means thy sullen mood, this deep concern?
Ah, Thyrsis, thou art either crazed with love,
Or some sinister influence from above;
Dull Saturn's influence oft the shepherds rue;
His leaden shaft oblique has pierced thee through.'

"Go, go, my lambs, unpastured as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
The nymphs amazed, my melancholy see,
And, 'Thyrsis!' cry—'what will become of thee?
What wouldst thou, Thyrsis? such should not appear
The brow of youth, stern, gloomy, and severe;
Brisk youth should laugh, and love—ah, shun the fate
Of those, twice wretched mopes! who love too late!'

"Go, go, my lambs, unpastured as ye are;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.

Ægle with Hyas came, to soothe my pain,
And Baucis' daughter, Dryope, the vain,
Fair Dryope, for voice and finger neat
Known far and near, and for her self-conceit;
Chloris too came, whose cottage on the lands
That skirt the Idumanian current stands;
But all in vain they came, and but to see
Kind words, and comfortable, lost on me.
"Go, go, my lambs, unpastured as ye are;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ah blest indifference of the playful herd,
None by his fellow chosen, or preferr'd!
No bonds of amity the flocks inthral,
But each associates, and is pleased with all;
So graze the dappled deer in numerous droves,
And all his kind alike the zebra loves;
That same law governs, where the billows roar,
And Proteus' shoals o'erspread the desert shore;
The sparrow, meanest of the feather'd race,
His fit companion finds in every place,
With whom he picks the grain that suits him best,
Flirts here and there, and late returns to rest,
And whom, if chance the falcon make his prey,
Or hedger with his well aim'd arrow slay,
For no such loss the gay survivor grieves,
New love he seeks, and new delight receives.
We only, an obdurate kind, rejoice,
Scorning all others, in a single choice.
We scarce in thousands meet one kindred mind,
And if the long-sought good at last we find,

When least we fear it, Death our treasure steals,
And gives our heart a wound that nothing heals.
" Go, go, my lambs, unpastured as ye are;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ah, what delusion lured me from my flocks,
To traverse Alpine snows and rugged rocks!
What need so great had I to visit to Rome,
Now sunk in ruins, and herself a tomb?
Or, had she flourish'd still, as when, of old,
For her sake Tityrus forsook his fold,
What need so great had I to incur a pause
Of thy sweet intercourse for such a cause,
For such a cause to place the roaring sea, [me?
Rocks, mountains, woods, between my friend and
Else, had I grasp'd thy feeble hand, composed
Thy decent limbs, thy drooping eyelids closed,
And, at the last, had said—" Farewell—ascend—
Nor even in the skies forget thy friend!"
" Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Although well pleased, ye tuneful Tuscan swains!
My mind the memory of your worth retains,
Yet not your worth can teach me less to mourn
My Damon lost.—He too was Tuscan born,
Born in your Lucca, city of renown!
And wit possess'd, and genius, like your own.
Oh how elate was I, when, stretch'd beside
The murmuring course of Arno's breezy tide,
Beneath the poplar grove I pass'd my hours,
Now cropping myrtles, and now vernal flowers,

And hearing, as I lay at ease along,
Your swains contending for the prize of song!
I also dared attempt (and, as it seems,
Not much displeased attempting) various themes,
For even I can presents boast from you,
The shepherd's pipe, and ozier basket too,
And Dati and Francini both have made
My name familiar to the beechen shade,
And they are learn'd, and each in every place
Renown'd for song, and both of Lydian race.
" Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
While bright the dewy grass with moonbeams shone,
And I stood hurdling in my kids alone,
How often have I said (but thou hadst found
Ere then thy dark cold lodgment underground)
Now Damon sings, or springes sets for hares,
Or wickerwork for various use prepares!
How oft, indulging fancy, have I plann'd
New scenes of pleasure that I hoped at hand,
Call'd thee abroad as I was wont, and cried—
' What, hoa! my friend—come, lay thy task aside;
Haste, let us forth together, and beguile
The heat beneath yon whispering shades awhile,
Or on the margin stray of Colne's clear flood,
Or where Cassibelan's gray turrets stood!
There thou shalt cull me simples, and shalt teach
Thy friend the name and healing powers of each,
From the tall bluebell to the dwarfish weed,
What the dry land, and what the marshes breed,

For all their kinds alike to thee are known,
And the whole art of Galen is thy own.
Ah, perish Galen's art, and wither'd be
The useless herbs that gave not health to thee!
Twelve evenings since, as in poetic dream
I meditating sat some statelier theme,
The reeds no sooner touch'd my lip, though new,
And unessay'd before, than wide they flew,
Bursting their waxen bands, nor could sustain
The deep-toned music of the solemn strain;
And I am vain perhaps, but I will tell
How proud a theme I chose—ye groves, farewell!
" Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Of Brutus, Dardan chief, my song shall be,
How with his barks he plough'd the British sea,
First from Rutupia's towering headland seen,
And of his consort's reign, fair Imogen;
Of Brennus and Belinus, brothers bold,
And of Arviragus, and how of old
Our hardy sires the Armorican control'd,
And of the wife of Gorloïs, who, surprised
By Uther, in her husband's form disguised,
(Such was the force of Merlin's art,) became
Pregnant with Arthur of heroic fame.
These themes I now revolve—and Oh—if Fate
Proportion to these themes my lengthen'd date,
Adieu my shepherd's reed—yon pine tree bough
Shall be thy future home, there dangle thou

Forgotten and disused, unless ere long
Thou change thy Latian for a British song:
A British?—even so—the powers of man
Are bounded; little is the most he can;
And it shall well suffice me, and shall be
Fame and proud recompense enough for me,
If Usa, golden-hair'd, my verse may learn,
If Alain bending o'er his crystal urn,
Swift-whirling Abra, Trent's o'ershadow'd stream,
Thames, lovelier far than all in my esteem,
Tamar's ore-tinctured flood, and, after these,
The wave-worn shores of utmost Orcades.
" Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
All this I kept in leaves of laurel rind
Enfolded safe, and for thy view design'd,
This—and a gift from Manso's hand beside,
(Manso, not least his native city's pride,)
Two cups that radiant as their giver shone,
Adorn'd by sculpture with a double zone.
The spring was graven there; here slowly wind
The Red Sea shores with groves of spices lined;
Her plumes of various hues amid the boughs
The sacred, solitary phœnix shows,
And, watchful of the dawn, reverts her head
To see Aurora leave her watery bed.
—In other part, the expansive vault above,
And there too, even there, the god of love;
With quiver arm'd he mounts, his torch displays
A vivid light, his gem-tipt arrows blaze,

Around his bright and fiery eyes he rolls,
Nor aims at vulgar minds or little souls,
Nor deigns one look below, but, aiming high,
Sends every arrow to the lofty sky;
Hence forms divine, and minds immortal, learn
The power of Cupid, and enamour'd burn.

" Thou also, Damon, (neither need I fear
That hope delusive,) thou art also there;
For whither should simplicity like thine
Retire, where else such spotless virtue shine?
Thou dwell'st not (thought profane) in shades below
Nor tears suit thee—cease then, my tears, to flow.
Away with grief: on Damon ill bestow'd!
Who, pure himself, has found a pure abode,
Has pass'd the showery arch, henceforth resides
With saints and heroes, and from flowing tides
Quaffs copious immortality and joy
With hallow'd lips!—Oh! blest without alloy,
And now enrich'd with all that faith can claim,
Look down, entreated by whatever name,
If Damon please thee most (that rural sound
Shall oft with echoes fill the groves around)
Or if Deodatus, by which alone
In those ethereal mansions thou art known.
Thy blush was maiden, and thy youth the taste
Of wedded bliss knew never, pure and chaste,
The honours, therefore, by divine decree
The lot of virgin worth, are given to thee:
Thy brows encircled with a radiant band,
And the green palm branch waving in thy hand,

Thou in immortal nuptials shalt rejoice,
And join with seraphs thy according voice,
Where rapture reigns, and the ecstatic lyre
Guides the blest orgies of the blazing quire.

AN ODE, ADDRESSED TO MR. JOHN ROUSE,

LIBRARIAN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

On a lost volume of my Poems, which he desired me to replace, that he might add them to my other Works deposited in the Library.

This ode is rendered without rhyme, that it might more adequately represent the original, which, as Milton himself informs us, is of no certain measure. It may possibly for this reason disappoint the reader, though it cost the writer more labour than the translation of any other piece in the whole collection.

STROPHE.

My twofold book! single in show
But double in contents,
Neat, but not curiously adorn'd,
Which, in his early youth,
A poet gave, no lofty one in truth,
Although an earnest wooer of the muse—
Say, while in cool Ausonian shades
Or British wilds he roam'd,
Striking by turns his native lyre,
By turns the Daunian lute,
And stepp'd almost in air—

ANTISTROPHE.

Say, little book, what furtive hand
Thee from thy fellow books convey'd,
What time, at the repeated suit
Of my most learned friend,
I sent thee forth, an honour'd traveller,
From our great city to the source of Thames,
Cærulean sire!
Where rise the fountains, and the raptures ring,
Of the Aonian choir,
Durable as yonder spheres,
And through the endless lapse of years
Secure to be admired?

STROPHE II.

Now what god, or demigod,
For Britain's ancient genius moved,
(If our afflicted land
Have expiated at length the guilty sloth
Of her degenerate sons)
Shall terminate our impious feuds,
And discipline with hallow'd voice recall?
Recall the muses too,
Driven from their ancient seats
In Albion, and well nigh from Albion's shore,
And, with keen Phœbean shafts
Piercing the unseemly birds,
Whose talons menace us,
Shall drive the harpy race from Helicon afar?

ANTISTROPHE.

But thou, my book, though thou hast stray'd,
Whether by treachery lost,
Or indolent neglect, thy bearer's fault,
From all thy kindred books,
To some dark cell or cave forlorn,
Where thou endurest, perhaps,
The chafing of some hard untutor'd hand,
Be comforted—
For lo! again the splendid hope appears
That thou mayst yet escape
The gulfs of Lethe, and on oary wings
Mount to the everlasting courts of Jove!

STROPHE III.

Since Rouse desires thee, and complains
That, though by promise his,
Thou yet appear'st not in thy place
Among the literary noble stores
Given to his care,
But, absent, leavest his numbers incomplete.
He, therefore, guardian vigilant
Of that unperishing wealth,
Calls thee to the interior shrine, his charge,
Where he intends a richer treasure far
That Iön kept (Iön, Erectheus' son
Illustrious, of the fair Creüsa born)
In the resplendent temple of his god,
Tripods of gold, and Delphic gifts divine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Haste, then, to the pleasant groves,
The muses' favourite haunt;
Resume thy station in Apollo's dome,
Dearer to him
Than Delos, or the fork'd Parnassian hill!
Exulting go,
Since now a splendid lot is also thine,
And thou art sought by my propitious friend;
For there thou shalt be read
With authors of exalted note,
The ancient glorious lights of Greece and Rome.

EPODE.

Ye, then, my works, no longer vain,
And worthless deem'd by me!
Whate'er this sterile genius has produced,
Expect, at last, the rage of envy spent,
An unmolested happy home,
Gift of kind Hermes, and my watchful friend,
Where never flippant tongue profane
Shall entrance find,
And whence the coarse unletter'd multitude
Shall babble far remote.
Perhaps some future distant age,
Less tinged with prejudice, and better taught,
Shall furnish minds of power
To judge more equally.

Then, malice silenced in the tomb,
Cooler heads and sounder hearts,
Thanks to Rouse, if aught of praise
I merit, shall with candour weigh the claim.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE ITALIAN POEMS.

SONNET.

Fair Lady! whose harmonious name the Rhine,
Through all his grassy vale, delights to hear,
Base were indeed the wretch who could forbear
To love a spirit elegant as thine,
That manifests a sweetness all divine,
Nor knows a thousand winning acts to spare,
And graces, which Love's bow and arrows are,
Tempering thy virtues to a softer shine.
When gracefully thou speak'st, or singest gay
Such strains as might the senseless forest move,
Ah then—turn each his eyes and ears away,
Who feels himself unworthy of thy love!
Grace can alone preserve him ere the dart
Of fond desire yet reach his inmost heart.

SONNET.

As on a hill-top rude, when closing day
Imbrowns the scene, some pastoral maiden fair
Waters a lovely foreign plant with care,
Borne from its native genial airs away,
That scarcely can its tender bud display,
So, on my tongue these accents, new and rare,
Are flowers exotic, which Love waters there.
While thus, O sweetly scornful! I essay
Thy praise in verse to British ears unknown,
And Thames exchange for Arno's fair domain;
So Love has will'd, and ofttimes Love has shown,
That what he wills, he never wills in vain—
Oh that this hard and sterile breast might be
To Him, who plants from heaven, a soil as free!

CANZONE.

They mock my toil—the nymphs and amorous swains—
And whence this fond attempt to write, they cry,
Love-songs in language that thou little know'st?
How darest thou risk to sing these foreign strains?
Say truly. Find'st not oft thy purpose cross'd,
And that thy fairest flowers here fade and die?
Then with pretence of admiration high—

Thee other shores expect, and other tides,
Rivers, on whose grassy sides
Her deathless laurel leaf, with which to bind
Thy flowing locks, already Fame provides;
Why then this burden, better far declined?
Speak, muse! for me—the fair one said, who guides
My willing heart, and all my fancy's flights,
"This is the language in which Love delights."

SONNET, TO CHARLES DEODATI.

Charles—and I say it wondering—thou must know
That I, who once assumed a scornful air
And scoff'd at Love, am fallen in his snare,
(Full many an upright man has fallen so:)
Yet think me not thus dazzled by the flow
Of golden locks, or damask cheek; more rare
The heartfelt beauties of my foreign fair:
A mien majestic, with dark brows that show
The tranquil lustre of a lofty mind;
Words exquisite, of idioms more than one,
And song, whose fascinating power might bind,
And from her sphere draw down the labouring moon;
With such fire-darting eyes that, should I fill
My ears with wax, she would enchant me still.

SONNET.

Lady! It cannot be but that thine eyes
Must be my sun, such radiance they display,
And strike me e'en as Phœbus him whose way
Through horrid Libya's sandy desert lies.
Meantime, on that side steamy vapours rise
Where most I suffer. Of what kind are they,
New as to me they are, I cannot say,
But deem them, in the lover's language—sighs.
Some, though with pain, my bosom close conceals,
Which, if in part escaping thence, they tend
To soften thine, thy coldness soon congeals.
While others to my tearful eyes ascend,
Whence my sad nights in showers are ever drown'd,
Till my Aurora comes, her brow with roses bound.

SONNET.

Enamour'd, artless, young, on foreign ground,
Uncertain whither from myself to fly;
To thee, dear Lady, with an humble sigh
Let me devote my heart, which I have found
By certain proofs, not few, intrepid, sound,
Good, and addicted to conceptions high:
When tempests shake the world, and fire the sky,
It rests in adamant self-wrapt around,
As safe from envy as from outrage rude,

From hopes and fears that vulgar minds abuse,
As fond of genius, and fix'd fortitude,
Of the resounding lyre and every muse.
Weak you will find it in one only part,
Now pierced by love's immedicable dart.

SIMILE IN PARADISE LOST.

'So when, from mountain tops, the dusky clouds
Ascending,' &c.

Quales aërii montis de vertice nubes
Cum surgunt, et jam Boreæ tumida ora quiêrunt,
Cœlum hilares abdit, spissâ caligine, vultus:
Tum, si jucundo tandem sol prodeat ore,
Et crocco montes et pascua lumine tingat,
Gaudent omnia, aves mulcent concentibus agros
Balatuque ovium colles vallesque resultant.

TRANSLATION OF DRYDEN'S EPIGRAM ON MILTON.

Tres tria, sed longè distantia, sæcula vates
Ostentant tribus è gentibus eximios.
Græcia sublimem, cum majestate disertum
Roma tulit, felix Anglia utrique parem.
Partubus ex binis Natura exhausta, coacta est,
Tertius ut fieret, consociare duos.

July, 1780.

TRANSLATIONS FROM VINCENT BOURNE.

I. THE GLOWWORM.

Beneath the hedge, or near the stream
A worm is known to stray,
That shows by night a lucid beam,
Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
From whence his rays proceed;
Some give that honour to his tail,
And others to his head.

But this is sure—the hand of night
That kindles up the skies,
Gives him a modicum of light
Proportion'd to his size.

Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,
By such a lamp bestow'd,
To bid the traveller, as he went,
Be careful where he trod:

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light
Might serve, however small,
To show a stumbling stone by night,
And save him from a fall.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
Is legible and plain,
'Tis power almighty bids him shine
Nor bids him shine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
Teach humbler thoughts to you,
Since such a reptile has its gem,
And boasts its splendour too.

II. THE JACKDAW.

There is a bird who, by his coat
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather.
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the rareeshow,
That occupy mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall.
No; not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he?—Caw.

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men;
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine
And such a head between 'em.

III. THE CRICKET.

Little inmate, full of mirth
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good,
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song more soft and sweet;
In return thou shalt receive
Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be express'd,
Inoffensive, welcome guest!
While the rat is on the scout,
And the mouse with curious snout,
With what vermin else infest
Every dish, and spoil the best;
Frisking thus before the fire,
Thou hast all thine heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
Form'd as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
Theirs is but a summer's song,
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpair'd, and shrill, and clear,
Melody throughout the year.

Neither night nor dawn of day
Puts a period to thy play:
Sing, then—and extend thy span
Far beyond the date of man.
Wretched man, whose years are spent
In repining discontent,
Lives not, aged though he be,
Half a span, compared with thee.

IV. THE PARROT.

In painted plumes superbly dress'd,
A native of the gorgeous east,
By many a billow toss'd;
Poll gains at length the British shore,
Part of the captain's precious store,
A present to his toast.

Belinda's maids are soon preferr'd,
To teach him now and then a word,
As Poll can master it;
But 'tis her own important charge,
To qualify him more at large,
And make him quite a wit.

Sweet Poll! his doting mistress cries,
Sweet Poll! the mimic bird replies,
And calls aloud for sack.

She next instructs him in the kiss;
'Tis now a little one, like Miss,
And now a hearty smack.

At first he aims at what he hears;
And, listening close with both his ears,
Just catches at the sound;
But soon articulates aloud,
Much to the amusement of the crowd,
And stuns the neighbours round.

A querulous old woman's voice
His humorous talent next employs,
He scolds, and gives the lie.
And now he sings, and now is sick,
Here, Sally, Susan, come, come quick,
Poor Poll is like to die!

Belinda and her bird! 'tis rare
To meet with such a well match'd pair,
The language and the tone,
Each character in every part
Sustain'd with so much grace and art,
And both in unison.

When children first begin to spell,
And stammer out a syllable,
We think them tedious creatures;
But difficulties soon abate,
When birds are to be taught to prate,
And women are the teachers.

THE THRACIAN.

Thracian parents, at his birth,
Mourn their babe with many a tear,
But, with undissembled mirth,
Place him breathless on his bier.

Greece and Rome, with equal scorn,
"O the savages!" exclaim,
"Whether they rejoice or mourn,
Well entitled to the name!"

But the cause of this concern
And this pleasure would they trace,
Even they might somewhat learn
From the savages of Thrace.

RECIPROCAL KINDNESS THE PRIMARY LAW OF NATURE.

Androcles, from his injured lord, in dread
Of instant death, to Lybia's desert fled,
Tired with his toilsome flight, and parch'd with heat,
He spied at length a cavern's cool retreat;
But scarce had given to rest his weary frame,
When, hugest of his kind, a lion came:

He roar'd approaching: but the savage din
To plaintive murmurs changed—arrived within,
And with expressive looks, his lifted paw
Presenting, aid implored from whom he saw.
The fugitive, through terror at a stand,
Dared not awhile afford his trembling hand;
But bolder grown, at length inherent found
A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.
The cure was wrought; he wiped the sanious blood,
And firm and free from pain the lion stood.
Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day
Regales his inmate with the parted prey.
Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepared,
Spread on the ground, and with a lion shared.
But thus to live—still lost—sequester'd still—
Scarce seem'd his lord's revenge a heavier ill.
Home! native home! O might he but repair!
He must—he will, though death attends him there.
He goes, and doom'd to perish on the sands
Of the full theatre unpitied stands:
When lo! the selfsame lion from his cage
Flies to devour him, famish'd into rage.
He flies, but viewing in his purposed prey
The man, his healer, pauses on his way,
And, soften'd by remembrance into sweet
And kind composure, crouches at his feet.
Mute with astonishment, the assembly gaze:
But why, ye Romans? Whence your mute amaze?
All this is natural: nature bade him rend
An enemy; she bids him spare a friend.

A MANUAL,

MORE ANCIENT THAN THE ART OF PRINTING, AND NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY CATALOGUE.

THERE is a book, which we may call
(Its excellence is such)
Alone a library, though small;
The ladies thumb it much.

Words none, things numerous it contains:
And things with words compared,
Who needs be told, that has his brains,
Which merits most regard?

Ofttimes its leaves of scarlet hue
A golden edging boast;
And open'd, it displays to view
Twelve pages at the most.

Nor name nor title, stamp'd behind,
Adorns its outer part;
But all within 'tis richly lined,
A magazine of art.

The whitest hands that secret hoard
Oft visit: and the fair
Preserve it in their bosoms stored,
As with a miser's care.

Thence implements of every size,
And form'd for various use,
(They need but to consult their eyes,)
They readily produce.

The largest and the longest kind
Possess the foremost page
A sort most needed by the blind,
Or nearly such from age.

The full charg'd leaf, which next ensues,
Presents in bright array
The smaller sort, which matrons use,
Not quite so blind as they.

The third, the fourth, the fifth supply
What their occasions ask,
Who with a more discerning eye
Perform a nicer task.

But still with regular decrease
From size to size they fall,
In every leaf grow less and less;
The last are least of all.

O! what a fund of genius, pent
In narrow space is here!
This volume's method and intent
How luminous and clear!

It leaves no reader at a loss
Or posed, whoever reads:
No commentator's tedious gloss,
Nor even index needs.

Search Bodley's many thousands o'er!
No book is treasured there,
Nor yet in Granta's numerous store,
That may with this compare.

No!—rival none in either host
Of this was ever seen,
Or, that contents could justly boast,
So brilliant and so keen.

AN ENIGMA.

A NEEDLE, small as small can be,
In bulk and use surpasses me,
Nor is my purchase dear;
For little, and almost for nought,
As many of my kind are bought
As days are in the year.

Yet though but little use we boast,
And are procured at little cost,
The labour is not light;
Nor few artificers it asks,
All skilful in their several tasks,
To fashion us aright.

One fuses metal o'er the fire,
A second draws it into wire,
The sheers another plies;
Who clips in length the brazen thread
From him who, chafing every shred,
Gives all an equal size.

A fifth prepares, exact and round,
The knob with which it must be crown'd;
His follower makes it fast:

And with his mallet and his file
To shape the point, employs awhile
The seventh and the last.

Now, therefore, Œdipus! declare
What creature, wonderful, and rare,
A process that obtains
Its purpose with so much ado
At last produces!—tell me true,
And take me for your pains!

SPARROWS SELF-DOMESTICATED IN TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

None ever shared the social feast,
Or as an inmate or a guest,
Beneath the celebrated dome
Where once Sir Isaac had his home,
Who saw not (and with some delight
Perhaps he view'd the novel sight)
How numerous, at the tables there,
The sparrows beg their daily fare.
For there, in every nook and cell
Where such a family may dwell,
Sure as the vernal season comes
Their nest they weave in hope of crumbs,
Which kindly given, may serve with food
Convenient their unfeather'd brood;
And oft as with its summons clear
The warning bell salutes their ear,

Sagacious listeners to the sound,
They flock from all the fields around,
To reach the hospitable hall,
None more attentive to the call.
Arrived, the pensionary band,
Hopping and chirping, close at hand,
Solicit what they soon receive,
The sprinkled, plenteous donative.
Thus is a multitude, though large,
Supported at a trivial charge;
A single doit would overpay
The expenditure of every day,
And who can grudge so small a grace
To suppliants, natives of the place?

FAMILIARITY DANGEROUS.

As in her ancient mistress' lap
The youthful tabby lay,
They gave each other many a tap,
Alike disposed to play.

But strife ensues. Puss waxes warm,
And with protruded claws
Ploughs all the length of Lydia's arm,
Mere wantonness the cause.

At once, resentful of the deed,
She shakes her to the ground
With many a threat that she shall bleed
With still a deeper wound.

But, Lydia, bid thy fury rest:
It was a venial stroke:
For she that will with kittens jest
Should bear a kitten's joke.

INVITATION TO THE REDBREAST.

Sweet bird, whom the winter constrains—
And seldom another it can—
To seek a retreat while he reigns
In the well-shelter'd dwellings of man,
Who never can seem to intrude,
Though in all places equally free,
Come, oft as the season is rude,
Thou art sure to be welcome to me.

At sight of the first feeble ray
That pierces the clouds of the east,
To inveigle thee every day
My windows shall show thee a feast.
For, taught by experience, I know,
Thee mindful of benefit long;
And that, thankful for all I bestow,
Thou wilt pay me with many a song.

Then, soon as the swell of the buds
Bespeaks the renewal of spring,
Fly hence, if thou wilt, to the woods,
Or where it shall please thee to sing

And shouldst thou, compell'd by a frost,
Come again to my window or door,
Doubt not an affectionate host,
Only pay as thou paid'st me before.

This music must needs be confess'd
To flow from a fountain above;
Else how should it work in the breast
Unchangeable friendship and love?
And who on the globe can be found,
Save your generation and ours,
That can be delighted by sound,
Or boasts any musical powers?

STRADA'S NIGHTINGALE.

The shepherd touch'd his reed; sweet Philomel
Essay'd, and oft essay'd to catch the strain,
And treasuring, as on her ear they fell,
The numbers, echo'd note for note again.

The peevish youth, who ne'er had found before
A rival of his skill, indignant heard,
And soon (for various was his tuneful store)
In loftier tones defied the simple bird.

She dared the task, and, rising as he rose,
With all the force that passion gives inspired,
Return'd the sounds awhile, but in the close
Exhausted fell, and at his feet expired.

Thus strength, not skill prevail'd. O fatal strife,
By thee, poor songstress, playfully begun;
And, O sad victory, which cost thy life,
And he may wish that he had never won!

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A LADY,

WHO LIVED ONE HUNDRED YEARS, AND DIED ON HER BIRTHDAY, 1728.

Ancient dame, how wide and vast
To a race like ours appears,
Rounded to an orb at last,
All thy multitude of years!

We, the herd of human kind,
Frailer and of feebler powers;
We to narrow bounds confined,
Soon exhaust the sum of ours.

Death's delicious banquet—we
Perish even from the womb,
Swifter than a shadow flee,
Nourish'd but to feed the tomb.

Seeds of merciless disease
Lurk in all that we enjoy;
Some that waste us by degrees,
Some that suddenly destroy.

And, if life o'erleap the bourn
Common to the sons of men,
What remains, but that we mourn,
Dream, and dote, and drivel then?

Fast as moons can wax and wane
Sorrow comes; and, while we groan,
Pant with anguish, and complain,
Half our years are fled and gone.

If a few (to few 'tis given),
Lingering on this earthly stage,
Creep and halt with steps uneven
To the period of an age,

Wherefore live they, but to see
Cunning, arrogance, and force,
Sights lamented much by thee,
Holding their accustom'd course?

Oft was seen, in ages past,
All that we with wonder view;
Often shall be to the last;
Earth produces nothing new.

Thee we gratulate, content
Should propitious Heaven design
Life for us as calmly spent,
Though but half the length of thine.

THE CAUSE WON.

Two neighbours furiously dispute;
A field—the subject of the suit.
Trivial the spot, yet such the rage
With which the combatants engage,
'Twere hard to tell who covets most
The prize——at whatsoever cost.
The pleadings swell. Words still suffice:
No single word but has its price.
No term but yields some fair pretence
For novel and increased expense.
Defendant thus becomes a name,
Which he that bore it may disclaim,
Since both in one description blended,
Are plaintiffs—when the suit is ended.

THE SILKWORM.

The beams of April, ere it goes,
A worm, scarce visible, disclose;
All winter long content to dwell
The tenant of his native shell.
The same prolific season gives
The sustenance by which he lives,
The mulberry leaf, a simple store,
That serves him—till he needs no more!
For, his dimensions once complete,
Thenceforth none ever sees him eat;

Though till his growing time be past
Scarce ever is he seen to fast.
That hour arrived, his work begins.
He spins and weaves, and weaves and spins;
Till circle upon circle, wound
Careless around him and around,
Conceals him with a veil, though slight,
Impervious to the keenest sight.
Thus self-enclosed, as in a cask,
At length he finishes his task;
And, though a worm when he was lost,
Or caterpillar at the most,
When next we see him, wings he wears,
And in papilio pomp appears;
Becomes oviparous; supplies
With future worms and future flies
The next ensuing year—and dies!
Well were it for the world, if all
Who creep about this earthly ball,
Though shorter-lived than most he be,
Were useful in their kind as he.

THE INNOCENT THIEF.

Not a flower can be found in the fields,
  Or the spot that we till for our pleasure,
From the largest to the least, but it yields
  The bee never wearied a treasure.

Scarce any she quits unexplored
With a diligence truly exact;
Yet, steal what she may for her hoard,
Leaves evidence none of the fact.

Her lucrative task she pursues,
And pilfers with so much address,
That none of their odour they lose,
Nor charm by their beauty the less.

Not thus inoffensively preys
The cankerworm, in-dwelling foe!
His voracity not thus allays
The sparrow, the finch, or the crow.

The worm, more expensively fed,
The pride of the garden devours;
And birds peck the seed from the bed,
Still less to be spared than the flowers

But she with such delicate skill
Her pillage so fits for her use,
That the chemist in vain with his still
Would labour the like to produce.

Then grudge not her temperate meals,
Nor a benefit blame as a theft;
Since, stole she not all that she steals,
Neither honey nor wax would be left.

DENNER'S OLD WOMAN.

In this mimic form of a matron in years,
How plainly the pencil of Denner appears!
The matron herself, in whose old age we see
Not a trace of decline, what a wonder is she!
No dimness of eye, and no cheek hanging low,
No wrinkle, or deep-furrow'd frown on the brow!
Her forehead indeed is here circled around
With locks like the ribbon with which they are bound;
While glossy and smooth, and as soft as the skin
Of a delicate peach, is the down of her chin;
But nothing unpleasant, or sad, or severe,
Or that indicates life in its winter—is here.
Yet all is express'd with fidelity due,
Nor a pimple or freckle conceal'd from the view.
Many fond of new sights, or who cherish a taste
For the labours of art, to the spectacle haste.
The youths all agree, that, could old age inspire
The passion of love, hers would kindle the fire,
And the matrons with pleasure confess that they see
Ridiculous nothing or hideous in thee.
The nymphs for themselves scarcely hope a decline,
O wonderful woman! as placid as thine
Strange magic of art! which the youth can engage
To peruse, half enamour'd, the features of age;

And force from the virgin a sigh of despair,
That she when as old shall be equally fair!
How great is the glory that Denner has gain'd,
Since Apelles not more for his Venus obtain'd.

THE TEARS OF A PAINTER.

Apelles, hearing that his boy
Had just expired—his only joy!
Although the sight with anguish tore him,
Bade place his dear remains before him.
He seized his brush, his colours spread;
And—"Oh! my child, accept,"—he said,
"('Tis all that I can now bestow,)
This tribute of a father's woe!"
Then, faithful to the twofold part,
Both of his feelings and his art,
He closed his eyes with tender care,
And form'd at once a fellow pair.
His brow with amber locks beset,
And lips he drew not livid yet;
And shaded all that he had done
To a just image of his son.
Thus far is well. But view again
The cause of thy paternal pain!
Thy melancholy task fulfil!
It needs the last, last touches still.

Again his pencil's powers he tries,
For on his lips a smile he spies:
And still his cheek unfaded shows
The deepest damask of the rose.
Then, heedful to the finish'd whole,
With fondest eagerness he stole,
Till scarce himself distinctly knew
The cherub copied from the true.
Now, painter, cease! Thy task is done.
Long lives this image of thy son;
Nor short-lived shall thy glory prove
Or of thy labour or thy love.

THE MAZE.

From right to left, and to and fro,
Caught in a labyrinth you go,
And turn, and turn, and turn again,
To solve the mystery, but in vain;
Stand still, and breathe, and take from me
A clue, that soon shall set you free!
Not Ariadne, if you met her,
Herself could serve you with a better.
You enter'd easily—find where—
And make with ease your exit there!

NO SORROW PECULIAR TO THE SUFFERER.

The lover, in melodious verses,
His singular distress rehearses;
Still closing with a rueful cry,
"Was ever such a wretch as I!"
Yes! thousands have endured before
All thy distress; some, haply, more.
Unnumber'd Corydons complain,
And Strephons, of the like disdain;
And if thy Chloe be of steel,
Too deaf to hear, too hard to feel;
Not her alone that censure fits,
Nor thou alone hast lost thy wits.

THE SNAIL.

To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,
The snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,
As if he grew there, house and all
Together.

Within that house secure he hides,
When danger imminent betides
Of storm, or other harm besides
Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,
His self-collecting power is such,
He shrinks into his house, with much
Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,
Except himself has chattels none,
Well satisfied to be his own
Whole treasure.

Thus, hermit-like, his life he leads,
Nor partner of his banquet needs,
And if he meets one, only feeds
The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than blind,
(He and his house are so combined,)
If, finding it, he fails to find
Its master.

THE CANTAB.

With two spurs or one, and no great matter which,
Boots bought, or boots borrow'd, a whip or a switch,
Five shillings or less for the hire of his beast,
Paid part into hand;—you must wait for the rest.
Thus equipt, Academicus climbs up his horse,
And out they both sally for better or worse:
His heart void of fear, and as light as a feather;
And in violent haste to go not knowing whither.

Through the fields and the towns; (see!) he scampers along:
And is look'd at and laugh'd at by old and by young.
Till, at length overspent, and his sides smear'd with blood,
Down tumbles his horse, man and all in the mud.
In a waggon or chaise, shall he finish his route?
Oh! scandalous fate! he must do it on foot.
Young gentlemen, hear!—I am older than you:
The advice that I give I have proved to be true,
Wherever your journey may be, never doubt it,
The faster you ride, you're the longer about it.

TRANSLATIONS OF GREEK VERSES.

FROM THE GREEK OF JULIANUS.

A Spartan, his companion slain,
Alone from battle fled;
His mother, kindling with disdain
That she had borne him, struck him dead;
For courage, and not birth alone,
In Sparta, testifies a son!

ON THE SAME BY PALLADAS.

A Spartan 'scaping from the fight,
His mother met him in his flight,
Upheld a falchion to his breast,
And thus the fugitive address'd:
"Thou canst but live to blot with shame
Indelible thy mother's name,
While every breath that thou shalt draw
Offends against thy country's law;
But, if thou perish by this hand,
Myself indeed, throughout the land,
To my dishonour, shall be known
The mother still of such a son;
But Sparta will be safe and free,
And that shall serve to comfort me."

AN EPITAPH.

My name—my country—what are they to thee!
What, whether base or proud my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpass'd all other men—
Perhaps I fell below them all—what then?
Suffice it, stranger! that thou seest a tomb—
Thou know'st its use—it hides—no matter whom.

ANOTHER.

Take to thy bosom, gentle earth, a swain
With much hard labour in thy service worn!
He set the vines that clothe yon ample plain,
And he these olives that the vale adorn.
He fill'd with grain the glebe; the rills he led
Through this green herbage, and those fruitful bowers;
Thou, therefore, earth! lie lightly on his head,
His hoary head, and deck his grave with flowers.

ANOTHER.

Painter, this likeness is too strong,
And we shall mourn the dead too long.

ANOTHER.

At threescore winters' end I died
A cheerless being, sole and sad;
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had.

BY CALLIMACHUS.

At morn we placed on his funeral bier
Young Melanippus; and, at eventide,
Unable to sustain a loss so dear,
By her own hand his blooming sister died.
Thus Aristippus mourn'd his noble race,
Annihilated by a double blow,
Nor son could hope nor daughter more to embrace,
And all Cyrene sadden'd at his woe.

ON MILTIADES.

Miltiades! thy valour best
(Although in every region known)
The men of Persia can attest,
Taught by thyself at Marathon.

ON AN INFANT.

Bewail not much, my parents! me, the prey
Of ruthless Ades, and sepulchred here.
An infant, in my fifth scarce finish'd year,
He found all sportive, innocent, and gay,
Your young Callimachus; and if I knew
Not many joys, my griefs were also few.

BY HERACLIDES.

In Cnidus born, the consort I became
Of Euphron. Aretimias was my name.
His bed I shared, nor proved a barren bride,
But bore two children at a birth, and died.
One child I leave to solace and uphold
Euphron hereafter, when infirm and old.
And one, for his remembrance sake, I bear
To Pluto's realm, till he shall join me there.

ON THE REED.

I was of late a barren plant,
Useless, insignificant,
Nor fig, nor grape, nor apple bore,
A native of the marshy shore;
But, gather'd for poetic use,
And plunged into a sable juice,
Of which my modicum I sip
With narrow mouth and slender lip,
At once, although by nature dumb,
All eloquent I have become,
And speak with fluency untired,
As if by Phœbus' self inspired

TO HEALTH.

Eldest born of powers divine!
Bless'd Hygeia! be it mine
To enjoy what thou canst give,
And henceforth with thee to live:
For in power if pleasure be,
Wealth or numerous progeny,
Or in amorous embrace,
Where no spy infests the place;
Or in aught that Heaven bestows
To alleviate human woes,
When the wearied heart despairs
Of a respite from its cares;
These and every true delight
Flourish only in thy sight;
And the sister Graces three
Owe, themselves, their youth to thee,
Without whom we may possess
Much, but never happiness.

ON INVALIDS.

Far happier are the dead, methinks, than they
Who look for death, and fear it every day.

ON THE ASTROLOGERS.

The astrologers did all alike presage
My uncle's dying in extreme old age;
One only disagreed. But he was wise,
And spoke not till he heard the funeral cries.

ON AN OLD WOMAN.

Mycilla dyes her locks, 'tis said;
But 'tis a foul aspersion;
She buys them black; they therefore need
No subsequent immersion.

ON FLATTERERS.

No mischief worthier of our fear
In nature can be found
Than friendship, in ostent sincere,
But hollow and unsound.
For lull'd into a dangerous dream
We close infold a foe,
Who strikes, when most secure we seem,
The inevitable blow.

ON A TRUE FRIEND.

Hast thou a friend? thou hast indeed
A rich and large supply,
Treasure to serve your every need,
Well managed, till you die.

ON THE SWALLOW.

Attic maid! with honey fed,
Bear'st thou to thy callow brood
Yonder locust from the mead,
Destined their delicious food?

Ye have kindred voices clear,
Ye alike unfold the wing,
Migrate hither, sojourn here,
Both attendant on the spring!

Ah, for pity drop the prize;
Let it not with truth be said,
That a songster gasps and dies,
That a songster may be fed.

ON LATE ACQUIRED WEALTH.

Poor in my youth, and in life's later scenes
Rich to no end, I curse my natal hour,
Who nought enjoy'd while young, denied the means;
And nought when old enjoy'd, denied the power.

ON A BATH, BY PLATO.

Did Cytherea to the skies
From this pellucid lymph arise?
Or was it Cytherea's touch,
When bathing here, that made it such?

ON A FOWLER, BY ISIDORUS.

With seeds and birdlime, from the desert air,
Eumelus gather'd free, though scanty, fare.
No lordly patron's hand he deign'd to kiss,
Nor luxury knew, save liberty, nor bliss.
Thrice thirty years he lived, and to his heirs
His seeds bequeath'd, his birdlime, and his snares.

ON NIOBE.

Charon! receive a family on board,
Itself sufficient for thy crazy yawl,
Apollo and Diana, for a word
By me too proudly spoken, slew us all.

ON A GOOD MAN.

Traveller, regret not me; for thou shalt find
Just cause of sorrow none in my decease,
Who, dying, children's children left behind,
And with one wife lived many a year in peace:
Three virtuous youths espoused my daughters three,
And oft their infants in my bosom lay,
Nor saw I one of all derived from me,
Touch'd with disease, or torn by death away.
Their duteous hands my funeral rites bestow'd,
And me, by blameless manners fitted well
To seek it, sent to the serene abode
Where shades of pious men for ever dwell.

ON A MISER.

THEY call thee rich—I deem thee poor,
Since, if thou darest not use thy store,
But savest it only for thine heirs,
The treasure is not thine, but theirs.

ANOTHER.

A MISER, traversing his house,
Espied, unusual there, a mouse,
And thus his uninvited guest
Briskly inquisitive address'd:
"Tell me, my dear, to what cause is it
I owe this unexpected visit?"
The mouse her host obliquely eyed,
And, smiling, pleasantly replied:
"Fear not, good fellow, for your hoard!
I come to lodge, and not to board."

ANOTHER.

ART thou some individual of a kind
Long-lived by nature as the rook or hind?
Heap treasure, then, for if thy need be such,
Thou hast excuse, and scarce canst heap too much.
But man thou seem'st, clear therefore from thy breast
This lust of treasure—folly at the best!
For why shouldst thou go wasted to the tomb,
To fatten with thy spoils thou know'st not whom?

ON FEMALE INCONSTANCY.

Rich, thou hadst many lovers—poor, hast none,
So surely want extinguishes the flame,
And she who call'd thee once her pretty one,
And her Adonis, now inquires thy name.

Where wast thou born, Sosicrates, and where,
In what strange country can thy parents live.
Who seem'st, by thy complaints, not yet aware
That want's a crime no woman can forgive?

ON THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy songster, perch'd above,
On the summit of the grove,
Whom a dewdrop cheers to sing
With the freedom of a king.
From thy perch survey the fields
Where prolific nature yields
Nought that, willingly as she,
Man surrenders not to thee.
For hostility or hate
None thy pleasures can create.
Thee it satisfies to sing
Sweetly the return of spring,
Herald of the genial hours,
Harming neither herbs nor flowers.

Therefore man thy voice attends
Gladly—thou and he are friends;
Nor thy never-ceasing strains,
Phœbus or the muse disdains
As too simple or too long,
For themselves inspire the song.
Earth-born, bloodless, undecaying,
Ever singing, sporting, playing,
What has nature else to show
Godlike in its kind as thou?

ON HERMOCRATIA.

Hermocratia named—save only one—
Twice fifteen births I bore, and buried none;
For neither Phœbus pierced my thriving joys,
Nor Dian—she my girls, or he my boys.
But Dian rather, when my daughters lay
In parturition, chased their pangs away.
And all my sons, by Phœbus' bounty, shared
A vigorous youth, by sickness unimpair'd.
O Niobe! far less prolific! see
Thy boast against Latona shamed by me!

FROM MENANDER.

Fond youth! who dream'st that hoarded gold
Is needful, not alone to pay
For all thy various items sold,
To serve the wants of every day;

Bread, vinegar, and oil, and meat,
For savoury viands season'd high;
But somewhat more important yet—
I tell thee what it cannot buy.

No treasure, hadst thou more amass'd
Than fame to Tantalus assign'd,
Would save thee from a tomb at last,
But thou must leave it all behind.

I give thee, therefore, counsel wise;
Confide not vainly in thy store,
However large—much less despise
Others comparatively poor;

But in thy more exalted state
A just and equal temper show,
That all who see thee rich and great
May deem thee worthy to be so.

ON PALLAS BATHING, FROM A HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

Nor oils of balmy scent produce,
Nor mirror for Minerva's use,
Ye nymphs who lave her; she, array'd
In genuine beauty, scorns their aid.
Not even when they left the skies
To seek on Ida's head the prize

From Paris' hand, did Juno deign,
Or Pallas in the crystal plain
Of Simois' stream her locks to trace,
Or in the mirror's polish'd face,
Though Venus oft with anxious care
Adjusted twice a single hair.

TO DEMOSTHENES.

It flatters and deceives thy view,
This mirror of ill-polish'd ore;
For, were it just, and told thee true,
Thou wouldst consult it never more.

ON A SIMILAR CHARACTER.

You give your cheeks a rosy stain,
With washes dye your hair;
But paint and washes both are vain
To give a youthful air.

Those wrinkles mock your daily toil,
No labour will efface 'em,
You wear a mask of smoothest oil,
Yet still with ease we trace 'em.

An art so fruitless then forsake,
Which though you much excel in,
You never can contrive to make
Old Hecuba young Helen.

ON AN UGLY FELLOW.

Beware, my friend! of crystal brook,
Or fountain, lest that hideous hook,
Thy nose, thou chance to see;
Narcissus' fate would then be thine,
And self-detested thou wouldst pine,
As self-enamour'd he.

ON A BATTERED BEAUTY.

Hair, wax, rouge, honey, teeth you buy,
A multifarious store!
A mask at once would all supply,
Nor would it cost you more.

ON A THIEF.

When Aulus, the nocturnal thief, made prize
Of Hermes, swift-wing'd envoy of the skies,
Hermes, Arcadia's king, the thief divine,
Who when an infant stole Apollo's kine,
And whom, as arbiter and overseer
Of our gymnastic sports, we planted here;
"Hermes," he cried, "you meet no new disaster;
Ofttimes the pupil goes beyond his master."

ON PEDIGREE.

FROM EPICHARMUS.

My mother! if thou love me, name no more
My noble birth! Sounding at every breath
My noble birth, thou kill'st me. Thither fly,
As to their only refuge, all from whom
Nature withholds all good besides; they boast
Their noble birth, conduct us to the tombs
Of their forefathers, and, from age to age
Ascending, trumpet their illustrious race:
But whom hast thou beheld, or canst thou name
Derived from no forefathers? Such a man
Lives not; for how could such be born at all?
And if it chance that, native of a land
Far distant, or in infancy deprived
Of all his kindred, one, who cannot trace
His origin, exist, why deem him sprung
From baser ancestry than theirs who can?
My mother! he whom nature at his birth
Endow'd with virtuous qualities, although
An Æthiop and a slave, is nobly born.

ON ENVY.

Pity, says the Theban bard,
From my wishes I discard;
Envy, let me rather be,
Rather far, a theme for thee

Pity to distress is shown,
Envy to the great alone—
So the Theban—But to shine
Less conspicuous be mine!
I prefer the golden mean,
Pomp and penury between;
For alarm and peril wait,
Ever on the loftiest state,
And the lowest to the end
Obloquy and scorn attend.

BY MOSCHUS.

I SLEPT when Venus enter'd: to my bed
A Cupid in her beauteous hand she led,
A bashful seeming boy, and thus she said:
"Shepherd, receive my little one! I bring
An untaught love, whom thou must teach to sing."
She said, and left him. I, suspecting nought,
Many a sweet strain my subtle pupil taught,
How reed to reed Pan first with osier bound,
How Pallas form'd the pipe of softest sound,
How Hermes gave the lute, and how the quire
Of Phœbus owe to Phœbus' self the lyre.
Such were my themes; my themes nought heeded
But ditties sang of amorous sort to me, [he,
The pangs that mortals and immortals prove
From Venus' influence and the darts of love.
Thus was the teacher by the pupil taught;
His lessons I retain'd, he mine forgot.

BY PHILEMON.

Oft we enhance our ills by discontent,
And give them bulk beyond what nature meant.
A parent, brother, friend deceased, to cry—
" He's dead indeed, but he was born to die"—
Such temperate grief is suited to the size
And burden of the loss; is just and wise.
But to exclaim, " Ah! wherefore was I born,
Thus to be left for ever thus forlorn?"
Who thus laments his loss invites distress,
And magnifies a woe that might be less,
Through dull despondence to his lot resign'd,
And leaving reason's remedy behind.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FABLES OF GAY.

LEPUS MULTIS AMICUS.

Lusus amicitia est, uni nisi dedita, ceu fit,
Simplice ni nexus fœdere, lusus amor.
Incerto genitore puer, non sæpe paternæ
Tutamen novit, deliciasque domûs:
Quique sibi fidos fore multos sperat, amicus,
Mirum est huic misero si ferat ullus opem.
Comis erat, mitisque, et nolle et velle paratus
Cum quovis, Gaii more modoque, Lepus.
Ille, quot in sylvis et quot spatiantur in agris
Quadrupedes, nôrat conciliare sibi;
Et quisque innocuo, invitoque lacessere quenquam
Labra tenus saltem fidus amicus erat.
Ortum sub lucis dum pressa cubilia linquit,
Rorantes herbas, pabula sueta, petens,
Venatorum audit clangores ponè sequentem,
Fulmineumque sonum territus erro fugit.
Corda pavor pulsat, sursum sedet, erigit aures,
Respicit, et sentit jam prope adesse necem.
Utque canes fallat latè circumvagus, illuc,
Unde abiit, mirâ calliditate redit;
Viribus at fractis tandem se projicit ultro
In mediâ miserum semianimemque viâ.

Vix ibi stratus, equi sonitum pedis audit, et, oh spe
Quam lætâ adventu cor agitatur equi !
Dorsum (inquit) mihi, chare, tuum concede, tuoque
Auxilio nares fallere, vimque canum.
Me meus, ut nosti, pes prodit—fidus amicus
Fert quodcunque lubens, nec grave sentit, onus.
Belle, miselle lepuscule, (equus respondet) amara
Omnia quæ tibi sunt, sunt et amara mihi.
Verum age—sume animos—multi, me pone, bonique
Adveniunt, quorum sis citò salvus ope.
Proximus armenti dominus bos solicitatus
Auxilium his verbis se dare posse negat.
Quando quadrupedum, quot vivunt, nullus amicum
Me nescire potest usque fuisse tibi,
Libertate æquus, quam cedit amicus amico,
Utar, et absque metu ne tibi displiceam ;
Hinc me mandat amor. Juxta istum messis acervum
Me mea, præ cunctis chara, juvenca manet ;
Et quis non ultro quæcunque negotia linquit,
Pareat ut dominæ cum vocat ipse suæ ?
Nec me crudelem dicas—discedo—sed hircus,
Cujus ope effugias integer, hircus adest.
Febrem (ait hircus) habes. Heu, sicca ut lumina languent !
Utque caput, collo deficiente, jacet !
Hirsutum mihi tergum ; et forsan læserit ægrum,
Vellere eris melius fultus, ovisque venit.
Me mihi fecit onus natura, ovis inquit, anhelans
Sustineo lanæ pondera tanta meæ ;

Me nec velocem nec fortem jacto, solentque
Nos etiam sævi dilacerare canes.
Ultimus accedit vitulus, vitulumque precatur,
Ut periturum alias ocyus eripiat.
Remne ego, respondet vitulus, suscepero tantam,
Non depulsus adhuc ubere, natus heri?
Te, quem maturi canibus validique relinquunt,
Incolumem potero reddere parvus ego?
Præterea tollens quem illi aversantur, amicis
Forte parum videar consuluisse meis.
Ignoscas oro. Fidissima dissociantur
Corda, et tale tibi sat liquet esse meum.
Ecce autem ad calces canis est! te quanta perempto
Tristitia est nobis ingruitura!—Vale!

AVARUS ET PLUTUS.

Icta fenestra Euri flatu stridebat, avarus
Ex somno trepidus surgit, opumque memor.
Lata silenter humi ponit vestigia, quemque
Respicit ad sonitum, respiciensque tremit;
Angustissima quæque foramina lampade visit,
Ad vectes, obices, fertque refertque manum.
Dein reserat crebris junctam compagibus arcam
Exultansque omnes conspicit intus opes.
Sed tandem furiis ultricibus actus ob artes
Queis sua res tenuis creverat in cumulum.
Contortis manibus nunc stat, nunc pectora pulsans
Aurum execratur, perniciemque vocat;

O mihi, ait, misero mens quam tranquilla fuisset,
Hoc celasset adhuc si modo terra malum!
Nunc autem virtus ipsa est venalis; et aurum
Quid contra vitii tormina sæva valet?
O inimicum aurum! O homini infestissima pestis;
Cui datur illecebras vincere posse tuas?
Aurum homines suasit contemnere quicquid hones-
Et præter nomen nil retinere boni. [tum est,
Aurum cuncta mali per terras semina sparsit;
Aurum nocturnis furibus arma dedit.
Bella docet fortes, timidosque ad pessima ducit,
Fœdifragas artes, multiplicesque dolos,
Nec vitii quicquam est, quod non inveneris ortum
Ex malesuadâ auri sacrilegâque fame.
Dixit, et ingemuit; Plutusque suum sibi numen
Ante oculos, irâ fervidus, ipse stetit.
Arcam clausit avarus, et ora horrentia rugis
Ostendens; tremulum sic Deus increpuit.
Questibus his raucis mihi cur, stulte, obstrepis aures?
Ista tui similis tristia quisque canit.
Commaculavi egone humanum genus, improbe? Culpa,
Dum rapis, et captas omnia, culpa tua est.
Mene execrandum censes, quia tam pretiosa
Criminibus fiunt perniciosa tuis?
Virtutis specie, pulchro ceu pallio amictus
Quisque catus nebulo sordida facta tegit.
Atque suis manibus commissa potentia, durum
Et dirum subito vergit ad imperium.

Hinc, nimium dum latro aurum detrudit in arcam.
Idem aurum latet in pectore pestis edax.
Nutrit avaritiam et fastum, suspendere adunco
Suadet naso inopes, et vitium omne docet.
Auri et larga probo si copia contigit, instar
Roris dilapsi ex æthere cuncta beat:
Tum, quasi numen inesset, alit, fovet, educat orbos,
Et viduas lacrymis ora rigare vetat.
Quo sua crimina jure auro derivet avarus,
Aurum animæ pretium qui cupit atque capit?
Lege pari gladium incuset sicarius atrox
Cæso homine, et ferrum judicet esse reum.

PAPILIO ET LIMAX.

Qui subito ex imis rerum in fastigia surgit,
Nativas sordes, quicquid agatur, olet.

EPIGRAMS TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF OWEN.

ON ONE IGNORANT AND ARROGANT.

Thou mayst of double ignorance boast,
Who know'st not that thou nothing know'st.

PRUDENT SIMPLICITY.

That thou mayst injure no man, dovelike be,
And serpentlike, that none may injure thee!

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS.

I wish thy lot, now bad, still worse, my friend;
For when at worst, they say, things always mend.

RETALIATION.

The works of ancient bards divine,
Aulus, thou scorn'st to read;
And should posterity read thine,
It would be strange indeed!

When little more than boy in age,
I deem'd myself almost a sage:
But now seem worthier to be styled,
For ignorance, almost a child.

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

CONTEMPLATE, when the sun declines,
Thy death with deep reflection!
And when again he rising shines,
Thy day of resurrection!

TRANSLATIONS FROM VIRGIL, OVID, HORACE, AND HOMER.

THE SALAD, BY VIRGIL.

The winter night now well nigh worn away,
The wakeful cock proclaim'd approaching day,
When Simulus, poor tenant of a farm
Of narrowest limits, heard the shrill alarm,
Yawn'd, stretch'd his limbs, and anxious to provide
Against the pangs of hunger unsupplied,
By slow degrees his tatter'd bed forsook,
And, poking in the dark, explored the nook
Where embers slept with ashes heap'd around,
And with burnt fingers' ends the treasure found.
It chanced that from a brand beneath his nose,
Sure proof of latent fire, some smoke arose;
When, trimming with a pin the incrusted tow,
And stooping it towards the coals below,
He toils, with cheeks distended, to excite
The lingering flame, and gains at length a light.
With prudent heed he spreads his hand before
The quivering lamp, and opes his granary door.
Small was his stock, but taking for the day
A measured stint of twice eight pounds away,

With these his mill he seeks. A shelf at hand,
Fix'd in the wall, affords his lamp a stand:
Then baring both his arms—a sleeveless coat
He girds, the rough exuviæ of a goat:
And with a rubber, for that use design'd,
Cleansing his mill within—begins to grind;
Each hand has its employ; labouring amain,
This turns the winch, while that supplies the grain.
The stone, revolving rapidly, now glows,
And the bruised corn a mealy current flows;
While he, to make his heavy labour light,
Tasks oft his left hand to relieve his right;
And chants with rudest accent, to beguile
His ceaseless toil, as rude a strain the while.
And now, "Dame Cybale, come forth!" he cries;
But Cybale, still slumbering, nought replies.
From Afric she, the swain's sole serving-maid,
Whose face and form alike her birth betray'd.
With woolly locks, lips tumid, sable skin,
Wide bosom, udders flaccid, belly thin,
Legs slender, broad and most misshapen feet,
Chapp'd into chinks, and parch'd with solar heat.
Such, summon'd oft, she came; at his command
Fresh fuel heap'd, the sleeping embers fann'd,
And made in haste her simmering skillet steam.
Replenish'd newly from the neighbouring stream
The labours of the mill perform'd, a sieve
The mingled flour and bran must next receive,
Which shaken oft shoots Ceres through refined,
And better dress'd, her husks all left behind.

This done, at once his future plain repast
Unleaven'd on a shaven board he cast,
With tepid lymph first largely soak'd it all,
Then gather'd it with both hands to a ball,
And spreading it again with both hands wide,
With sprinkled salt the stiffen'd mass supplied;
At length the stubborn substance, duly wrought,
Takes from his palms impress'd the shape it ought,
Becomes an orb—and quarter'd into shares,
The faithful mark of just division bears.
Last, on his hearth it finds convenient space,
For Cybale before had swept the place,
And there, with tiles and embers overspread,
She leaves it—reeking in its sultry bed.

Nor Simulus, while Vulcan thus alone
His part perform'd, proves heedless of his own,
But sedulous, not merely to subdue
His hunger, but to please his palate too,
Prepares more savoury food. His chimney side
Could boast no gammon, salted well and dried
And hook'd behind him; but sufficient store
Of bundled anise and a cheese it bore; [strung
A broad round cheese, which, through its centre
With a tough broom twig, in the corner hung;
The prudent hero, therefore, with address
And quick dispatch, now seeks another mess.

Close to his cottage lay a garden ground,
With reeds and osiers sparely girt around:
Small was the spot, but liberal to produce;
Nor wanted aught to serve a peasant's use,

And sometimes e'en the rich would borrow thence,
Although its tillage was its sole expense.
For oft as from his toils abroad he ceased,
Home-bound by weather, or some stated feast,
His debt of culture here he duly paid,
And only left the plough to wield the spade.
He knew to give each plant the soil it needs,
To drill the ground and cover close the seeds;
And could with ease compel the wanton rill
To turn and wind obedient to his will.
There flourish'd star-wort, and the branching beet.
The sorrel acid, and the mallow sweet,
The skirret, and the leek's aspiring kind,
The noxious poppy—quencher of the mind!
Salubrious sequel of a sumptuous board,
The lettuce, and the long huge-bellied gourd;
But these (for none his appetite controll'd
With stricter sway) the thrifty rustic sold;
With broom twigs neatly bound, each kind apart,
He bore them ever to the public mart:
Whence laden still, but with a lighter load,
Of cash well earn'd he took his homeward road,
Expending seldom, ere he quitted Rome,
His gains in flesh-meat for a feast at home.
There, at no cost, on onions, rank and red,
Or the curl'd endive's bitter leaf, he fed:
On scallions sliced, or, with a sensual gust,
On rockets—foul provocatives of lust!
Nor even shunn'd with smarting gums to press
Nasturtium—pungent face-distorting mess!

Some such regale now also in his thought,
With hasty steps his garden ground he sought;
There, delving with his hands, he first displaced
Four plants of garlick, large, and rooted fast;
The tender tops of parsley next he culls,
Then the old rue bush shudders as he pulls;
And coriander last to these succeeds,
That hangs on slightest threads her trembling seeds
Placed near his sprightly fire, he now demands
The mortar at his sable servant's hands;
When, stripping all his garlick first, he tore
The exterior coats, and cast them on the floor,
Then cast away with like contempt the skin,
Flimsier concealment of the cloves within.
These, search'd, and perfect found, he one by one
Rinsed, and disposed within the hollow stone.
Salt added, and a lump of salted cheese,
With his injected herbs he cover'd these,
And, tucking with his left his tunic tight,
And seizing fast the pestle with his right,
The garlick bruising first he soon express'd,
And mix'd the various juices of the rest.
He grinds, and by degrees his herbs below,
Lost in each other, their own powers forego,
And with the cheese in compound, to the sight
Nor wholly green appear nor wholly white.
His nostrils oft the forceful fume resent,
He cursed full oft his dinner for its scent;
Or, with wry faces, wiping as he spoke
The trickling tears, cried, "Vengeance on the smoke!"

The work proceeds: not roughly turns he now
The pestle, but in circles smooth and slow;
With cautious hand, that grudges what it spills,
Some drops of olive oil he next instils,
Then vinegar with caution scarcely less,
And gathering to a ball the medley mess,
Last, with two fingers frugally applied,
Sweeps the small remnant from the mortar's side.
And, thus complete in figure and in kind,
Obtains at length the salad he design'd.
And now black Cybale before him stands,
The cake drawn newly glowing in her hands,
He glad receives it, chasing far away
All fears of famine for the passing day;
His legs enclosed in buskins, and his head
In its tough casque of leather, forth he led
And yoked his steers, a dull obedient pair,
Then drove afield, and plunged the pointed share.

June, 1799.

TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL.

ÆNEID, BOOK VIII, LINE 18.

Thus Italy was moved—nor did the chief
Æneas in his mind less tumult feel.
On every side his anxious thought he turns,
Restless, unfix'd, not knowing what to choose.

And as a cistern that in brim of brass
Confines the crystal flood, if chance the sun
Smite on it, or the moon's resplendent orb,
The quivering light now flashes on the walls,
Now leaps uncertain to the vaulted roof:
Such were the wavering motions of his mind.
'Twas night—and weary nature sunk to rest.
The birds, the bleating flocks, were heard no more.
At length, on the cold ground, beneath the damp
And dewy vault, fast by the river's brink,
The father of his country sought repose.
When lo! among the spreading poplar boughs,
Forth from his pleasant stream, propitious rose
The god of Tiber: clear transparent gauze
Infolds his loins, his brows with reeds are crown'd:
And these his gracious words to soothe his care:
"Heaven-born, who bring'st our kindred home again,
Rescued, and givest eternity to Troy,
Long have Laurentum and the Latian plains
Expected thee; behold thy fix'd abode.
Fear not the threats of war, the storm is past,
The gods appeased. For proof that what thou hear'st
Is no vain forgery or delusive dream,
Beneath the grove that borders my green bank,
A milk-white swine, with thirty milk-white young,
Shall greet thy wondering eyes. Mark well the place;
For 'tis thy place of rest, there end thy toils:
There, twice ten years elapsed, fair Alba's walls

Shall rise, fair Alba, by Ascanius' hand.
Thus shall it be—now listen, while I teach
The means to accomplish these events at hand.
The Arcadians here, a race from Pallas sprung,
Following Evander's standard and his fate,
High on these mountains, a well chosen spot,
Have built a city, for their grandsire's sake
Named Pallanteum. These perpetual war
Wage with the Latians: join'd in faithful league
And arms confederate, add them to your camp.
Myself between my winding banks will speed
Your well oar'd barks to stem the opposing tide.
Rise, goddess-born, arise; and with the first
Declining stars seek Juno in thy prayer,
And vanquish all her wrath with suppliant vows.
When conquest crowns thee, then remember me.
I am the Tiber, whose cærulean stream
Heaven favours; I with copious flood divide
These grassy banks, and cleave the fruitful meads.
My mansion, this—and lofty cities crown
My fountain head."—He spoke and sought the deep,
And plunged his form beneath the closing flood.
Æneas at the morning dawn awoke,
And, rising, with uplifted eye beheld
The orient sun, then dipp'd his palms, and scoop'd
The brimming stream, and thus address'd the skies:
"Ye nymphs, Laurentian nymphs, who feed the source
Of many a stream, and thou, with thy blest flood,
O Tiber, hear, accept me, and afford,

At length afford, a shelter from my woes.
Where'er in secret cavern under ground
Thy waters sleep, where'er they spring to light,
Since thou hast pity for a wretch like me,
My offerings and my vows shall wait thee still:
Great horned Father of Hesperian floods,
Be gracious now, and ratify thy word."
He said, and chose two galleys from his fleet,
Fits them with oars, and clothes the crew in arms.
When lo! astonishing and pleasing sight,
The milk-white dam, with her unspotted brood,
Lay stretch'd upon the bank, beneath the grove.
To thee, the pious Prince, Juno, to thee
Devotes them all, all on thine altar bleed.
That livelong night old Tiber smooth'd his flood,
And so restrain'd it that it seem'd to stand
Motionless as a pool, or silent lake,
That not a billow might resist their oars.
With cheerful sound of exhortation soon
Their voyage they begin; the pitchy keel
Slides through the gentle deep, the quiet stream
Admires the unwonted burthen that it bears,
Well polish'd arms, and vessels painted gay.
Beneath the shade of various trees, between
The umbrageous branches of the spreading groves,
They cut their liquid way, nor day nor night
They slack their course, unwinding as they go
The long meanders of the peaceful tide.

The glowing sun was in meridian height,
When from afar they saw the humble walls,

And the few scatter'd cottages, which now
The Roman power has equall'd with the clouds;
But such was then Evander's scant domain.
They steer to shore, and hasten to the town.
It chanced the Arcadian monarch on that day,
Before the walls, beneath a shady grove,
Was celebrating high, in solemn feast,
Alcides and his tutelary gods.
Pallas, his son was there, and there the chief
Of all his youth; with these, a worthy tribe,
His poor but venerable senate, burnt
Sweet incense, and their altars smoked with blood.
Soon as they saw the towering masts approach,
Sliding between the trees, while the crew rest
Upon their silent oars, amazed they rose,
Not without fear, and all forsook the feast.
But Pallas undismay'd, his javelin seized,
Rush'd to the bank, and from a rising ground
Forbade them to disturb the sacred rites.
"Ye stranger youth! What prompts you to explore
This untried way? and whither do ye steer?
Whence, and who are ye? Bring ye peace or war?"
Æneas from his lofty deck holds forth
The peaceful olive branch, and thus replies:
"Trojans and enemies to the Latian state,
Whom they with unprovoked hostilities
Have driven away, thou see'st. We seek Evander—
Say this—and say beside, the Trojan chiefs
Are come, and seek his friendship and his aid."
Pallas with wonder heard that awful name,

And "Whosoe'er thou art," he cried, "come forth;
Bear thine own tidings to my father's ear,
And be a welcome guest beneath our roof."
He said, and press'd the stranger to his breast:
Then led him from the river to the grove,
Where, courteous, thus Æneas greets the king:
"Best of the Grecian race, to whom I bow
(So wills my fortune) suppliant, and stretch forth
In sign of amity this peaceful branch,
I fear'd thee not, although I knew thee well
A Grecian leader, born in Arcady,
And kinsman of the Atridæ. Me my virtue,
That means no wrong to thee—the Oracles,
Our kindred families allied of old,
And thy renown diffused through every land,
Have all conspired to bind in friendship to thee,
And send me not unwilling to thy shores.
Dardanus, author of the Trojan state,
(So say the Greeks,) was fair Electra's son;
Electra boasted Atlas for her sire,
Whose shoulders high sustain the æthereal orbs.
Your sire is Mercury, whom Maia bore,
Sweet Maia, on Cyllene's hoary top.
Her, if we credit aught tradition old,
Atlas of yore, the selfsame Atlas, claim'd
His daughter. Thus united close in blood,
Thy race and ours one common sire confess.
With these credentials fraught, I would not send
Ambassadors with artful phrase to sound
And win thee by degrees—but came myself—

Me, therefore, me thou seest; my life the stake:
'Tis I, Æneas, who implore thine aid.
Should Daunia, that now aims the blow at thee,
Prevail to conquer us, nought then, they think,
Will hinder, but Hesperia must be theirs,
All theirs, from the upper to the nether sea.
Take then our friendship, and return us thine.
We too have courage, we have noble minds,
And youth well tried, and exercised in arms."

Thus spoke Æneas—He with fix'd regard
Survey'd him speaking, features, form, and mien.
Then briefly thus—" Thou noblest of thy name,
How gladly do I take thee to my heart,
How gladly thus confess thee for a friend!
In thee I trace Anchises; his thy speech,
Thy voice, thy countenance. For I well remember
Many a day since, when Priam journey'd forth
To Salamis, to see the land where dwelt
Hesione, his sister, he push'd on
E'en to Arcadia's frozen bounds. 'Twas then
The bloom of youth was glowing on my cheek;
Much I admired the Trojan chiefs, and much
Their king, the son of great Laomedon,
But most Anchises, towering o'er them all.
A youthful longing seized me to accost
The hero, and embrace him; I drew near,
And gladly led him to the walls of Pheneus.
Departing, he distinguish'd me with gifts,
A costly quiver stored with Lycian darts,
A robe inwove with gold, with gold imboss'd

Two bridles, those which Pallas uses now.
The friendly league thou hast solicited
I give thee, therefore, and to-morrow all
My chosen youth shall wait on your return.
Meanwhile, since thus in friendship ye are come,
Rejoice with us, and join to celebrate
These annual rites, which may not be delay'd,
And be at once familiar at our board."
He said, and bade replace the feast removed;
Himself upon a grassy bank disposed
The crew; but for Æneas order'd forth
A couch spread with a lion's tawny shag,
And bade him share the honours of his throne.
The appointed youth with glad alacrity
Assist the labouring priest to load the board
With roasted entrails of the slaughter'd beeves,
Well kneaded bread and mantling bowls. Well pleased,
Æneas and the Trojan youth regale
On the huge length of a well pastured chine.
Hunger appeased, and tables all despatch'd,
Thus spake Evander: "Superstition here,
In this old solemn feasting, has no part.
No, Trojan friend, from utmost danger saved,
In gratitude this worship we renew.
Behold that rock which nods above the vale,
Those bulks of broken stone dispersed around
How desolate the shatter'd cave appears,
And what a ruin spreads the incumber'd plair
Within this pile, but far within, was once

The den of Cacus; dire his hateful form
That shunn'd the day, half monster and half man.
Blood newly shed stream'd ever on the ground
Smoking, and many a visage pale and wan
Nail'd at his gate, hung hideous to the sight.
Vulcan begot the brute: vast was his size,
And from his throat he belch'd his father's fires.
But the day came that brought us what we wish'd,
The assistance and the presence of a God.
Flush'd with his victory, and the spoils he won
From triple-form'd Geryon lately slain,
The great avenger, Hercules, appear'd.
Hither he drove his stately bulls, and pour'd
His herds along the vale. But the sly thief
Cacus, that nothing might escape his hand
Of villany or fraud, drove from the stalls
Four of the lordliest of his bulls, and four
The fairest of his heifers; by the tail
He dragg'd them to his den, that, there conceal'd,
No footsteps might betray the dark abode.
And now, his herd with provender sufficed,
Alcides would be gone: they as they went
Still bellowing loud, made the deep echoing woods
And distant hills resound: when hark! one ox,
Imprison'd close within the vast recess,
Lows in return, and frustrates all his hope.
Then fury seized Alcides, and his breast
With indignation heaved: grasping his club
Of knotted oak, swift to the mountain top
He ran, he flew. Then first was Cacus seen

To tremble; and his eyes bespoke his fears.
Swift as an eastern blast, he sought his den,
And dread, increasing, winged him as he went.
Drawn up in iron slings above the gate,
A rock was hung enormous. Such his haste,
He burst the chains, and dropp'd it at the door,
Then grappled it with iron work within
Of bolts and bars by Vulcan's art contrived.
Scarce was he fast, when, panting for revenge,
Came Hercules; he gnash'd his teeth with rage,
And quick as lightning glanced his eyes around
In quest of entrance. Fiery red and stung
With indignation, thrice he wheeled his course
About the mountain; thrice, but thrice in vain,
He strove to force the quarry at the gate,
And thrice sat down o'erwearied in the vale.
There stood a pointed rock, abrupt and rude,
That high o'erlook'd the rest, close at the back
Of the fell monster's den, where birds obscene
Of ominous note resorted, choughs and daws.
This, as it lean'd obliquely to the left,
Threatening the stream below, he from the right
Push'd with his utmost strength, and to and fro
He shook the mass, loosening its lowest base;
Then shoved it from its seat; down fell the pile;
Sky thunder'd at the fall; the banks give way,
The affrighted stream flows upward to his source.
Behold the kennel of the brute exposed,
The gloomy vault laid open. So, if chance
Earth yawning to the centre should disclose

The mansions, the pale mansions of the dead,
Loathed by the gods, such would the gulf appear,
And the ghosts tremble at the sight of day.
The monster braying with unusual din
Within his hollow lair, and sore amazed
To see such sudden inroads of the light,
Alcides press'd him close with what at hand
Lay readiest, stumps of trees, and fragments huge
Of millstone size. He, (for escape was none.)
Wondrous to tell! forth from his gorge discharged
A smoky cloud that darken'd all the den;
Wreath after wreath he vomited amain,
The smothering vapour mix'd with fiery sparks.
No sight could penetrate the veil obscure.
The hero, more provoked, endured not this,
But with a headlong leap he rush'd to where
The thickest cloud enveloped his abode.
There grasp'd he Cacus, spite of all his fires,
Till, crush'd within his arms, the monster shows
His bloodless throat, now dry with panting hard,
And his press'd eyeballs start. Soon he tears down
The barricade of rock, the dark abyss
Lies open; and the imprison'd bulls, the theft
He had with oaths denied, are brought to light;
By the heels the miscreant carcass is dragg'd forth,
His face, his eyes, all terrible, his breast
Beset with bristles, and his sooty jaws
Are view'd with wonder never to be cloy'd.
Hence the celebrity thou seest, and hence
This festal day Potitius first enjoin'd

Posterity: these solemn rites he first,
With those who bear the great Pinarian name,
To Hercules devoted; in the grove
This altar built, deem'd sacred in the highest
By us, and sacred ever to be deem'd.
Come, then, my friends, and bind your youthful brows
In praise of such deliverance, and hold forth
The brimming cup; your deities and ours
Are now the same, then drink and freely too.
So saying, he twisted round his reverend locks
A variegated poplar wreath, and fill'd
His right hand with a consecrated bowl.
At once all pour libations on the board,
All offer prayer. And now, the radiant sphere
Of day descending, eventide drew near.
When first Potitius with the priests advanced,
Begirt with skins, and torches in their hands.
High piled with meats of savoury taste, they ranged
The chargers, and renew'd the grateful feast.
Then came the Salii, crown'd with poplar too,
Circling the blazing altars; here the youth
Advanced, a choir harmonious, there were heard
The reverend seers responsive; praise they sung,
Much praise in honour of Alcides' deeds;
How first with infant gripe two serpents huge
He strangled, sent from Juno; next they sung,
How Troja and Oechalia he destroy'd,
Fair cities both, and many a toilsome task
Beneath Eurystheus (so his stepdame will'd)
Achieved victorious. Thou, the cloud-born pair

Hylæus fierce and Pholus, monstrous twins,
Thou slew'st the minotaur, the plague of Crete,
And the vast lion of the Nemean rock,
Thee hell, and Cerberus, hell's porter, fear'd,
Stretch'd in his den upon his half-gnaw'd bones.
Thee no abhorred form, not e'en the vast
Typhœus could appal, though clad in arms.
Hail, true-born son of Jove, among the gods
At length enroll'd, nor least illustrious thou,
Haste thee propitious, and approve our songs.
Thus hymn'd the chorus; above all they sing
The cave of Cacus, and the flames he breathed.
The whole grove echoes, and the hills rebound.
The rites perform'd, all hasten to the town
The king, bending with age, held as he went
Æneas and his Pallas by the hand,
With much variety of pleasing talk
Shortening the way. Æneas, with a smile,
Looks round him, charm'd with the delightful scene
And many a question asks, and much he learns
Of heroes far renown'd in ancient times.
Then spake Evander. These extensive groves,
Were once inhabited by fauns and nymphs,
Produced beneath their shades, and a rude race
Of men, the progeny uncouth of elms
And knotted oaks. They no refinement knew
Of laws or manners civilized, to yoke
The steer, with forecast provident to store
The hoarded grain, or manage what they had,
But browsed like beasts upon the leafy boughs,

Or fed voracious on their hunted prey.
An exile from Olympus, and expell'd
His native realm by thunder-bearing Jove,
First Saturn came. He from the mountains drew
This herd of men untractable and fierce,
And gave them laws: and call'd his hiding-place
This growth of forests, Latium. Such the peace
His land possess'd, the golden age was then,
So famed in story; till by slow degrees
Far other times, and of far different hue,
Succeeded, thirst of gold and thirst of blood.
Then came Ausonian bands, and armed hosts
From Sicily, and Latium often changed
Her master and her name. At length arose
Kings, of whom Tybris of gigantic form
Was chief; and we Italians since have call'd
The river by his name; thus Albula
(So was the country call'd in ancient days)
Was quite forgot. Me from my native land
An exile, through the dangerous ocean driven,
Resistless fortune and relentless fate,
Placed where thou seest me. Phœbus, and
The nymph Carmentis, with maternal care
Attendant on my wanderings, fix'd me here.

[Ten lines omitted.]

He said, and show'd him the Tarpeian rock,
And the rude spot where now the Capitol
Stands all magnificent and bright with gold,
Then overgrown with thorns. And yet e'en then

The swains beheld that sacred scene with awe;
The grove, the rock, inspired religious fear.
This grove, he said, that crowns the lofty top
Of this fair hill, some deity, we know,
Inhabits, but what deity we doubt.
The Arcadians speak of Jupiter himself,
That they have often seen him, shaking here
His gloomy Ægis, while the thunder storms
Came rolling all around him. Turn thine eyes,
Behold that ruin; those dismantled walls,
Where once two towns, Janiculum ——,
By Janus this, and that by Saturn built,
Saturnia. Such discourse brought them beneath
The roof of poor Evander; thence they saw,
Where now the proud and stately forum stands,
The grazing herds wide scatter'd o'er the field.
Soon as he enter'd—Hercules, he said,
Victorious Hercules, on this threshold trod,
These walls contain'd him, humble as they are.
Dare to despise magnificence, my friend,
Prove thy divine descent by worth divine,
Nor view with haughty scorn this mean abode.
So saying, he led Æneas by the hand,
And placed him on a cushion stuff'd with leaves,
Spread with the skin of a Lybistian bear.

[The Episode of Venus and Vulcan omitted.]

While thus in Lemnos Vulcan was employ'd,
Awaken'd by the gentle dawn of day,
And the shrill song of birds beneath the eaves

Of his low mansion, old Evander rose.
His tunic, and the sandals on his feet,
And his good sword well girded to his side,
A panther's skin dependent from his left,
And over his right shoulder thrown aslant,
Thus was he clad. Two mastiffs follow'd him,
His whole retinue and his nightly guard.

OVID, TRIST. BOOK V. ELEG. XII.

Scribis, ut oblectem.

You bid me write to amuse the tedious hours,
And save from withering my poetic powers;
Hard is the task, my friend, for verse should flow
From the free mind, not fetter'd down by woe;
Restless amidst unceasing tempests tost,
Whoe'er has cause for sorrow, I have most.
Would you bid Priam laugh, his sons all slain,
Or childless Niobe from tears refrain,
Join the gay dance, and lead the festive train?
Does grief or study most befit the mind
To this remote, this barbarous nook confined?
Could you impart to my unshaken breast
The fortitude by Socrates possess'd,
Soon would it sink beneath such woes as mine,
For what is human strength to wrath divine?
Wise as he was, and Heaven pronounced him so,
My sufferings would have laid that wisdom low.

Could I forget my country, thee and all,
And e'en the offence to which I owe my fall,
Yet fear alone would freeze the poet's vein,
While hostile troops swarm o'er the dreary plain.
Add that the fatal rust of long disuse
Unfits me for the service of the muse.
Thistles and weeds are all we can expect
From the best soil impoverish'd by neglect;
Unexercised, and to his stall confined,
The fleetest racer would be left behind;
The best built bark that cleaves the watery way,
Laid useless by, would moulder and decay—
No hope remains that time shall me restore,
Mean as I was, to what I was before.
Think how a series of desponding cares
Benumbs the genius and its force impairs.
How oft, as now, on this devoted sheet,
My verse, constrain'd to move with measured feet,
Reluctant and laborious limps along,
And proves itself a wretched exile's song.
What is it tunes the most melodious lays?
'Tis emulation and the thirst of praise,
A noble thirst, and not unknown to me,
While smoothly wafted on a calmer sea.
But can a wretch like Ovid pant for fame,
No, rather let the world forget my name.
Is it because that world approved my strain,
You prompt me to the same pursuit again?
No, let the Nine the ungrateful truth excuse,
I charge my hopeless ruin on the muse,

And, like Perillus, meet my just desert,
The victim of my own pernicious art;
Fool that I was to be so warn'd in vain,
And, shipwreck'd once, to tempt the deep again.
Ill fares the bard in this unletter'd land,
None to consult, and none to understand.
The purest verse has no admirers here,
Their own rude language only suits their ear.
Rude as it is, at length familiar grown,
I learn it, and almost unlearn my own—
Yet to say truth, e'en here the muse disdains
Confinement, and attempts her former strains.
But finds the strong desire is not the power,
And what her taste condemns the flames devour.
A part, perhaps, like this, escapes the doom,
And though unworthy, finds a friend at Rome;
But oh the cruel art, that could undo
Its votary thus! would that could perish too!

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE IX.

Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte; . . . . .

See'st thou yon mountain laden with deep snow,
The groves beneath their fleecy burthen bow,
The streams, congeal'd, forget to flow,
Come, thaw the cold, and lay a cheerful pile
Of fuel on the hearth;

Broach the best cask, and make old winter smile
With seasonable mirth.

This be our part—let Heaven dispose the rest;
If Jove command, the winds shall sleep,
That now wage war upon the foamy deep,
And gentle gales spring from the balmy west.

E'en let us shift to-morrow as we may,
When to-morrow's pass'd away,
We at least shall have to say,
We have lived another day;
Your auburn locks will soon be silver'd o'er,
Old age is at our heels, and youth returns no more.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXXVIII.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.

Boy, I hate their empty shows,
Persian garlands I detest,
Bring not me the late-blown rose,
Lingering after all the rest.
Plainer myrtle pleases me,
Thus outstretch'd beneath my vine;
Myrtle more becoming thee,
Waiting with thy master's wine.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXXVIII.

Boy! I detest all Persian fopperies,
Fillet-bound garlands are to me disgusting;
Task not thyself with any search, I charge thee,
Where latest roses linger,
Bring me alone (for thou wilt find that readily)
Plain myrtle. Myrtle neither will disparage
Thee occupied to serve me, or me drinking
Beneath my vine's cool shelter.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE X.

Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse fortune's power;
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blasts; the loftiest tower
  Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side
His cloudcapt eminence divide,
  And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
  And hopes in spite of pain;
If Winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet Spring comes dancing forth,
  And Nature laughs again.

What if thine Heaven be overcast,
The dark appearance will not last;
  Expect a brighter sky.
The God that strings the silver bow
Awakes sometimes the muses too,
  And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
  And let thy strength be seen:
But O! if Fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
  Take half thy canvass in.

A REFLECTION ON THE FOREGOING ODE.

And is this all? Can Reason do no more
Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the shore?
Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has an art unknown to thee:
He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where Duty bids he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XVI.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti

Ease is the weary merchant's prayer,
Who ploughs by night the Ægean flood,
When neither moon nor stars appear,
Or faintly glimmer through the cloud.

For ease the Mede with quiver graced,
For ease the Thracian hero sighs,
Delightful ease all pant to taste,
A blessing which no treasure buys.

For neither gold can lull to rest,
Nor all a Consul's guard beat off
The tumults of a troubled breast,
The cares that haunt a gilded roof.

Happy the man whose table shows
A few clean ounces of old plate,
No fear intrudes on his repose,
No sordid wishes to be great.

Poor short-lived things, what plans we lay!
Ah, why forsake our native home!
To distant climates speed away;
For self sticks close where'er we roam.

Care follows hard, and soon o'ertakes
The well rigg'd ship, the warlike steed
Her destined quarry ne'er forsakes,
Not the wind flies with half her speed.

From anxious fears of future ill
Guard well the cheerful, happy now:
Gild e'en your sorrows with a smile,
No blessing is unmix'd below.

Thy neighing steeds and lowing herds,
Thy numerous flocks around thee graze,
And the best purple Tyre affords
Thy robe magnificent displays.

On me indulgent Heaven bestow'd
A rural mansion, neat and small;
This lyre;—and as for yonder crowd,
The happiness to hate them all.

THE FIFTH SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

A HUMOROUS DESCRIPTION OF THE AUTHOR'S JOURNEY FROM ROME TO BRUNDUSIUM.

'Twas a long journey lay before us,
When I and honest Heliodorus,
Who far in point of rhetoric
Surpasses every living Greek,
Each leaving our respective home,
Together sallied forth from Rome.
First at Aricia we alight,
And there refresh, and pass the night,
Our entertainment rather coarse
Than sumptuous, but I've met with worse.
Thence o'er the causeway soft and fair
To Appii forum we repair.
But as this road is well supplied
(Temptation strong!) on either side
With inns commodious, snug, and warm,
We split the journey, and perform
In two days' time what's often done
By brisker travellers in one.
Here, rather choosing not to sup
Than with bad water mix my cup,
After a warm debate in spite
Of a provoking appetite,

I sturdily resolved at last
To balk it, and pronounce a fast,
And in a moody humour wait,
While my less dainty comrades bait.
Now o'er the spangled hemisphere
Diffused the starry train appear,
When there arose a desperate brawl;
The slaves and bargemen, one and all,
Rending their throats (have mercy on us!)
As if they were resolved to stun us.
"Steer the barge this way to the shore;
I tell you we'll admit no more;
Plague! will you never be content?"
Thus a whole hour at least is spent,
While they receive the several fares,
And kick the mule into his gears.
Happy, these difficulties past,
Could we have fallen asleep at last!
But, what with humming, croaking, biting,
Gnats, frogs, and all their plagues uniting,
These tuneful natives of the lake
Conspired to keep us broad awake.
Besides, to make the concert full,
Two maudlin wights, exceeding dull,
The bargeman and a passenger,
Each in his turn, essay'd an air
In honour of his absent fair.
At length the passenger, opprest
With wine, left off, and snored the rest.
The weary bargeman too gave o'er,

And, hearing his companion snore,
Seized the occasion, fix'd the barge,
Turn'd out his mule to graze at large,
And slept forgetful of his charge.
And now the sun o'er eastern hill
Discover'd that our barge stood still;
When one, whose anger vex'd him sore,
With malice fraught, leaps quick on shore;
Plucks up a stake, with many a thwack
Assails the mule and driver's back.

Then slowly moving on with pain,
At ten Feronia's stream we gain,
And in her pure and glassy wave
Our hands and faces gladly lave.
Climbing three miles, fair Anxur's height
We reach, with stony quarries white.
While here, as was agreed, we wait,
Till, charged with business of the state,
Mæcenas and Cocceius come,
The messengers of peace from Rome.
My eyes, by watery humours blear
And sore, I with black balsam smear.
At length they join us, and with them
Our worthy friend Fonteius came;
A man of such complete desert,
Antony loved him at his heart.
At Fundi we refused to bait,
And laugh'd at vain Aufidius' state,
A prætor now, a scribe before,
The purple-border'd robe he wore,

His slave the smoking censer bore.
Tired, at Muræna's we repose,
At Formia sup at Capito's.
With smiles the rising morn we greet,
At Sinuessa pleased to meet
With Plotius, Varius, and the bard
Whom Mantua first with wonder heard.
The world no purer spirits knows;
For none my heart more warmly glows.
O! what embraces we bestow'd,
And with what joy our breasts o'erflow'd!
Sure, while my sense is sound and clear,
Long as I live, I shall prefer
A gay, good-natured, easy friend
To every blessing Heaven can send.
At a small village, the next night,
Near the Vulturnus we alight;
Where, as employ'd on state affairs,
We were supplied by the purveyors,
Frankly at once, and without hire,
With food for man and horse, and fire.
Capua next day betimes we reach,
Where Virgil and myself, who each
Labour'd with different maladies,
His such a stomach, mine such eyes,
As would not bear strong exercise,
In drowsy mood to sleep resort;
Mæcenas to the tennis-court.
Next at Cocceius' farm we're treated,
Above the Caudian tavern seated;

His kind and hospitable board
With choice of wholesome food was stored.
Now, O ye Nine, inspire my lays!
To nobler themes my fancy raise!
Two combatants, who scorn to yield
The noisy, tongue-disputed field,
Sarmentus and Cicirrus, claim
A poet's tribute to their fame;
Cicirrus of true Oscian breed,
Sarmentus, who was never freed,
But ran away. We don't defame him;
His lady lives, and still may claim him.
Thus dignified, in harder fray
These champions their keen wit display,
And first Sarmentus led the way.
"Thy locks," quoth he, "so rough and coarse,
Look like the mane of some wild horse."
We laugh; Cicirrus undismay'd—
"Have at you!"—cries, and shakes his head.
"'Tis well," Sarmentus says, "you've lost
That horn your forehead once could boast;
Since, maim'd and mangled as you are,
You seem to butt." A hideous scar
Improved, 'tis true, with double grace
The native horrors of his face.
Well, after much jocosely said
Of his grim front, so fiery red,
(For carbuncles had blotch'd it o'er
As usual on Campania's shore,)
"Give us," he cried, "since you're so big,

A sample of the Cyclop's jig!
Your shanks methinks no buskins ask,
Nor does your phiz require a mask."
To this Cicirrus: "In return
Of you, Sir, now I fain would learn,
When 'twas, no longer deem'd a slave,
Your chains you to the Lares gave?
For though a scrivener's right you claim,
Your lady's title is the same.
But what could make you run away,
Since, pigmy as you are, each day
A single pound of bread would quite
O'erpower your puny appetite?"
Thus joked the champions, while we laugh'd,
And many a cheerful bumper quaff'd.
To Beneventum next we steer;
Where our good host by over care
In roasting thrushes lean as mice
Had almost fallen a sacrifice.
The kitchen soon was all on fire,
And to the roof the flames aspire;
There might you see each man and master
Striving, amidst this sad disaster,
To save the supper. Then they came
With speed enough to quench the flame.
From hence we first at distance see
The Apulian hills, well known to me,
Parch'd by the sultry western blast;
And which we never should have past,
Had not Trivicius by the way

Received us at the close of day.
But each was forced at entering here
To pay the tribute of a tear,
For more of smoke than fire was seen—
The hearth was piled with logs so green.
From hence in chaises we were carried
Miles twenty-four, and gladly tarried
At a small town, whose name my verse
(So barbarous is it) can't rehearse.
Know it you may by many a sign,
Water is dearer far than wine;
There bread is deem'd such dainty fare,
That every prudent traveller
His wallet loads with many a crust;
For at Canusium you might just
As well attempt to gnaw a stone
As think to get a morsel down:
That too with scanty streams is fed;
Its founder was brave Diomed.
Good Varius (ah, that friends must part!)
Here left us all with aching heart.
At Rubi we arrived that day,
Well jaded by the length of way,
And sure poor mortals ne'er were wetter:
Next day no weather could be better;
No roads so bad; we scarce could crawl
Along to fishy Barium's wall.
The Egnatians next, who by the rules
Of common sense are knaves or fools,
Made all our sides with laughter heave,

Since we with them must needs believe
That incense in their temples burns,
And without fire to ashes turns.
To circumcision's bigots tell
Such tales! for me, I know full well
That in high heaven, unmoved by care,
The gods eternal quiet share:
Nor can I deem their spleen the cause,
While fickle Nature breaks her laws.
Brundusium last we reach: and there
Stop short the muse and traveller.

1759.

THE NINTH SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

DESCRIPTION OF AN IMPERTINENT. ADAPTED TO THE PRESENT TIMES, 1759.

Sauntering along the street one day,
On trifles musing by the way—
Up steps a free familiar wight,
(I scarcely knew the man by sight.)
"Carlos," he cried, "your hand, my dear;
Gad, I rejoice to meet you here!
Pray Heaven I see you well?" "So, so;
E'en well enough as times now go.
The same good wishes, Sir, to you."

Finding he still pursued me close—
"Sir, you have business I suppose."
"My business, Sir, is quickly done,
'Tis but to make my merit known.
Sir, I have read"—"O learned Sir,
You and your learning I revere."
Then sweating with anxiety,
And sadly longing to get free,
Gods, how I scamper'd, scuffled for't,
Ran, halted, ran again, stopp'd short,
Beckon'd my boy, and pull'd him near,
And whisper'd nothing in his ear
Teased with his loose unjointed chat—
"What street is this? What house is that?"
O Harlow, how I envied thee
Thy unabash'd effrontery,
Who darest a foe with freedom blame,
And call a coxcomb by his name!
When I return'd him answer none,
Obligingly the fool ran on,
"I see you're dismally distress'd,
Would give the world to be released.
But by your leave, Sir, I shall still
Stick to your skirts, do what you will.
Pray which way does your journey tend?"
"O, 'tis a tedious way, my friend;
Across the Thames, the Lord knows where,
I would not trouble you so far."
"Well, I'm at leisure to attend you."
"Are you?" thought I, "the Deil befriend you."

No ass with double panniers rack'd,
Oppress'd, o'erladen, broken-back'd,
E'er look'd a thousandth part so dull
As I, nor half so like a fool.
"Sir, I know little of myself,
(Proceeds the pert conceited elf)
If Gray or Mason you will deem
Than me more worthy your esteem.
Poems I write by folios
As fast as other men write prose;
Then I can sing so loud, so clear,
That Beard cannot with me compare.
In dancing too I all surpass,
Not Cooke can move with such a grace."
Here I made shift with much ado
To interpose a word or two.—
"Have you no parents, Sir, no friends,
Whose welfare on your own depends?"
"Parents, relations, say you? No.
They're all disposed of long ago."—
"Happy to be no more perplex'd!
My fate too threatens, I go next.
Dispatch me, Sir, 'tis now too late,
Alas! to struggle with my fate!
Well, I'm convinced my time is come—
When young, a gipsy told my doom.
The beldame shook her palsied head,
As she perused my palm, and said:
Of poison, pestilence, and war,
Gout, stone, defluxion, or catarrh,

You have no reason to beware.
Beware the coxcomb's idle prate;
Chiefly, my son, beware of that.
Be sure, when you behold him, fly
Out of all earshot, or you die."
To Rufus' Hall we now draw near;
Where he was summoned to appear,
Refute the charge the plaintiff brought,
Or suffer judgment by default.
"For Heaven's sake, if you love me, wait
One moment! I'll be with you straight."
Glad of a plausible pretence—
"Sir, I must beg you to dispense
With my attendance in the court.
My legs will surely suffer for't."
"Nay, prithee, Carlos, stop awhile!
"Faith, Sir, in law I have no skill.
Besides, I have no time to spare,
I must be going you know where."
"Well, I protest I'm doubtful now
Whether to leave my suit or you!"
"Me without scruple!" I reply,
"Me by all means, Sir!"—"No, not I.
Allons, Monsieur!" 'Twere vain, you know,
To strive with a victorious foe.
So I reluctantly obey,
And follow where he leads the way.
"You and Newcastle are so close,
Still hand and glove, Sir—I suppose."—
"Newcastle, let me tell you, Sir,

Has not his equal every where."
" Well. There indeed your fortune's made.
Faith, Sir, you understand your trade.
Would you but give me your good word:
Just introduce me to my lord,
I should serve charmingly by way
Of second fiddle, as they say:
What think you, Sir? 'twere a good jest.
'Slife, we should quickly scout the rest."
" Sir, you mistake the matter far,
We have no second fiddles there—
Richer than I some folks may be;
More learned, but it hurts not me.
Friends though he has of different kind,
Each has his proper place assign'd."
" Strange matters these alleged by you!"
" Strange they may be, but they are true."—
" Well then, I vow, 'tis mighty clever,
Now I long ten times more than ever
To be advanced extremely near
One of his shining character.
Have but the will—there wants no more,
'Tis plain enough you have the power.
His easy temper (that's the worst)
He knows, and is so shy at first."—
" But such a cavalier as you—
Lord, Sir, you'll quickly bring him to!"
" Well; if I fail in my design,
Sir, it shall be no fault of mine.
If by the saucy servile tribe

Denied, what think you of a bribe?
Shut out to-day, not die with sorrow,
But try my luck again to-morrow;
Never attempt to visit him
But at the most convenient time;
Attend him on each levee day,
And there my humble duty pay—
Labour, like this, our want supplies;
And they must stoop who mean to rise."
While thus he wittingly harangued,
For which you'll guess I wish'd him hang'd,
Campley, a friend of mine, came by—
Who knew his humour more than I;
We stop, salute, and—"Why so fast,
Friend Carlos? Whither all this haste?"—
Fired at the thought of a reprieve,
I pinch him, pull him, twitch his sleeve,
Nod, beckon, bite my lips, wink, pout,
Do every thing but speak plain out:
While he, sad dog, from the beginning
Determined to mistake my meaning,
Instead of pitying my curse,
By jeering made it ten times worse.
"Campley, what secret (pray!) was that
You wanted to communicate?"
"I recollect. But 'tis no matter.
Carlos, we'll talk of that hereafter.
E'en let the secret rest. 'Twill tell
Another time, Sir, just as well."
Was ever such a dismal day?

Unlucky cur, he steals away,
And leaves me, half bereft of life,
At mercy of the butcher's knife;
When sudden, shouting from afar,
See his antagonist appear!
The bailiff seized him quick as thought,
"Ho, Mr. Scoundrel! Are you caught?
Sir, you are witness to the arrest."
"Ay, marry, Sir, I'll do my best."
The mob huzzas. Away they trudge,
Culprit and all, before the judge.
Meanwhile I luckily enough
(Thanks to Apollo) got clear off.

TRANSLATION OF AN EPIGRAM FROM HOMER.*

Pay me my price, potters! and I will sing.
Attend, O Pallas! and with lifted arm
Protect their oven; let the cups and all
The sacred vessels blacken well, and, baked
With good success, yield them both fair renown

* No title is prefixed to this piece, but it appears to be a translation of one of the Επιγραμματα of Homer called Ὁ Καμινος, or the Furnace. Herodotus, or whoever was the Author of the Life of Homer ascribed to him, observes, "certain potters, while they were busied in baking their ware, seeing Homer at a small distance, and having heard much said of his wisdom, called to him, and promised him a present of their commodity, and of such other things as they could afford, if he would sing to them, when he sang as follows."

And profit, whether in the market sold
Or streets, and let no strife ensue between us.
But, oh ye potters! if with shameless front
Ye falsify your promise, then I leave
No mischief uninvoked to avenge the wrong.
Come, Syntrips, Smaragus, Sabactes, come,
And Asbetus, nor let your direst dread,
Omodamus, delay! Fire seize your house,
May neither house nor vestibule escape,
May ye lament to see confusion mar
And mingle the whole labour of your hands,
And may a sound fill all your oven, such
As of a horse grinding his provender,
While all your pots and flagons bounce within
Come hither also, daughter of the sun,
Circe the sorceress, and with thy drugs
Poison themselves, and all that they have made!
Come also, Chiron, with thy numerous troop
Of centaurs, as well those who died beneath
The club of Hercules, as who escaped,
And stamp their crockery to dust; down fall
Their chimney; let them see it with their eyes,
And howl to see the ruin of their art,
While I rejoice; and if a potter stoop
To peep into his furnace, may the fire
Flash in his face and scorch it, that all men
Observe, thenceforth, equity and good faith.

Oct. 1790.

COWPER'S LATIN POEMS.

MONTES GLACIALES, IN OCEANO GERMANICO NATANTES.

En, quæ prodigia, ex oris allata, remotis,
Oras adveniunt pavefacta per æquora nostras!
Non equidem priscæ sæclum rediisse videtur
Pyrrhæ, cum Proteus pecus altos visere montes
Et sylvas, egit. Sed tempora vix leviora
Adsunt, evulsi quando radicitus alti
In mare descendunt montes, fluctusque pererrant.
Quid verò hoc monstri est magis et mirabile visu?
Splendentes video, ceu pulchro ex ære vel auro
Conflatos, rutilisque accinctos undique gemmis,
Baccâ cæruleâ, et flammas imitante pyropo.
Ex oriente ádsunt, ubi gazas optima tellus
Parturit omnigenas, quibus æva per omnia sumptu
Ingenti finxêre sibi diademata reges?
Vix hoc crediderim. Non fallunt talia acutos
Mercatorum oculos: prius et quàm littora Gangis
Liquissent, avidis gratissima præda fuissent.
Ortos unde putemus? An illos Ves'vius atrox
Protulit, ignivomisve ejecit faucibus Ætna?
Luce micant propriâ, Phœbive, per aëra purum
Nunc stimulantis equos, argentea tela retorquent?
Phœbi luce micant. Ventis et fluctibus altis
Appulsi, et rapidis subter currentibus undis,
Tandem non fallunt oculos. Capita alta videre est
Multâ onerata nive et canis conspersa pruinis.

Cætera sunt glacies. Procul hinc, ubi Bruma fere
omnes
Contristat menses, portenta hæc horrida nobis
Illa strui voluit. Quoties de culmine summo
Clivorum fluerent in littora prona, solutæ
Sole, nives, propero tendentes in mare cursu,
Illa gelu fixit. Paulatim attollere sese
Mirum cœpit opus; glacieque ab origine rerum
In glaciem aggestâ sublimes vertice tandem
Æquavit montes, non crescere nescia moles.
Sic immensa diu stetit, æternumque stetisset
Congeries, hominum neque vi neque mobilis arte,
Littora ni tandem declivia deseruisset,
Pondere victa suo. Dilabitur. Omnia circum
Antra et saxa gemunt, subito concussa fragore,
Dum ruit in pelagum, tanquam studiosa natandi,
Ingens tota strues. Sic Delos dicitur olim,
Insula, in Ægæo fluitâsse erratica ponto.
Sed non ex glacie Delos; neque torpida Delum
Bruma inter rupes genuit nudum sterilemque.
Sed vestita herbis erat illa, ornataque nunquam
Deciduâ lauro; et Delum dilexit Apollo.
At vos, errones horrendi, et caligine digni
Cimmeriâ, Deus idem odit. Natalia vestra,
Nubibus involvens frontem, non ille tueri
Sustinuit. Patrium vos ergo requirite cælum!
Ite! Redite! Timete moras; ni lenitèr austro
Spirante, et nitidas Phœbo jaculante sagittas
Hostili vobis, pereatis gurgite misti!

March 11, 1799.

ON THE ICE ISLANDS, SEEN FLOATING IN THE GERMAN OCEAN.

What portents, from what distant region, ride,
Unseen till now in ours, the astonish'd tide?
In ages past, old Proteus, with his droves
Of sea-calves, sought the mountains and the groves.
But now, descending whence of late they stood,
Themselves the mountains seem to rove the flood.
Dire times were they, full charged with human woes;
And these, scarce less calamitous than those.
What view we now? More wondrous still! Behold!
Like burnish'd brass they shine, or beaten gold;
And all around the pearl's pure splendour show,
And all around the ruby's fiery glow.
Come they from India, where the burning earth,
All bounteous, gives her richest treasures birth;
And where the costly gems, that beam around
The brows of mightiest potentates, are found?
No. Never such a countless dazzling store
Had left unseen the Ganges' peopled shore.
Rapacious hands, and ever watchful eyes,
Should sooner far have mark'd and seized the prize.
Whence sprang they then? Ejected have they come
From Vesuvius', or from Ætna's burning womb?
Thus shine they self illumed, or but display
The borrow'd splendours of a cloudless day?

With borrow'd beams they shine. The gales that breathe
Now landward, and the current's force beneath,
Have borne them nearer: and the nearer sight,
Advantaged more, contemplates them aright.
Their lofty summits crested high they show,
With mingled sleet, and long-incumbent snow.
The rest is ice. Far hence, where, most severe,
Bleak winter well nigh saddens all the year,
Their infant growth began. He bade arise
Their uncouth forms, portentous in our eyes.
Oft as dissolved by transient suns, the snow
Left the tall cliff, to join the flood below;
He caught, and curdled with a freezing blast
The current, ere it reach'd the boundless waste.
By slow degrees uprose the wondrous pile,
And long successive ages roll'd the while;
Till, ceaseless in its growth, it claim'd to stand,
Tall as its rival mountains on the land.
Thus stood, and, unremovable by skill
Or force of man, had stood the structure still,
But that, though firmly fix'd, supplanted yet
By pressure of its own enormous weight,
It left the shelving beach—and, with a sound
That shook the bellowing waves and rocks around,
Self-launch'd, and swiftly, to the briny wave,
As if instinct with strong desire to lave,
Down went the ponderous mass. So bards of old
How Delos swam the Ægean deep have told.
But not of ice was Delos. Delos bore

Herb, fruit, and flower. She, crown'd with laurel, wore,
E'en under wintry skies, a summer smile;
And Delos was Apollo's favourite isle.
But, horrid wanderers of the deep, to you
He deems Cimmerian darkness only due.
Your hated birth he deign'd not to survey,
But, scornful, turn'd his glorious eyes away.
Hence, seek your home, nor longer rashly dare
The darts of Phœbus and a softer air;
Lest ye regret, too late, your native coast,
In no congenial gulf for ever lost!

March 19, 1799.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION TO WILLIAM NORTHCOT.

Hic sepultus est
Inter suorum lacrymas
GULIELMUS NORTHCOT,
GULIELMI et MARIÆ filius
Unicus, unicé dilectus,
Qui floris ritu succisus est semihiantis,
Aprilis die septimo,
1780. Æt. 10.

Care, vale! Sed non æternùm, care, valeto!
Namque iterùm tecum, sim modò dignus, ero.
Tum nihil amplexus poterit divellere nostros,
Nec tu marcesces, nec lacrymabor ego.

TRANSLATION.

FAREWELL! "But not for ever," Hope replies,
Trace but his steps and meet him in the skies!
There nothing shall renew our parting pain,
Thou shalt not wither, nor I weep again.

IN SEDITIONEM HORRENDAM,

CORRUPTELIS GALLICIS, UT FERTUR, LONDINI NUPER EXORTAM.

PERFIDA, crudelis, victa et lymphata furore,
Non armis, laurum Gallia fraude petit.
Venalem pretio plebem conducit, et urit
Undique privatas patriciasque domos.
Nequicquàm conata suâ, fœdissima sperat
Posse tamen nostrâ nos superare manu.
Gallia, vana struis! Precibus nunc utere! Vinces
Nam mites timidis, supplicibusque sumus.

TRANSLATION.

FALSE, cruel, disappointed, stung to the heart,
France quits the warrior's for the assassin's part,
To dirty hands a dirty bribe conveys,
Bids the low street and lofty palace blaze.

Her sons too weak to vanquish us alone,
She hires the worst and basest of our own.
Kneel, France! a suppliant conquers us with ease,
We always spare a coward on his knees.

MOTTO ON A CLOCK.

WITH A TRANSLATION BY HAYLEY.

Quæ lenta accedit, quam velox præterit hora!
Ut capias, patiens esto, sed esto vigil!

Slow comes the hour; its passing speed how great!
Waiting to seize it——vigilantly wait!

A SIMILE LATINIZED.

Sors adversa gerit stimulum, sed tendit et alas:
Pungit api similis, sed velut ista fugit.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED.

TO THE MARCH IN SCIPIO.

Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

Sept. 1782.

IN SUBMERSIONEM NAVIGII, CUI GEORGIUS REGALE NOMEN INDITUM.

Plangimus fortes. Perière fortes,
Patrium propter perière littus
Bis quatèr centum; subitò sub alto
Æquore mersi.

Navis, innitens lateri, jacebat,
Malus ad summas trepidabat undas,
Cùm levis, funes quatiens, ad imum
Depulit aura.

Plangimus fortes. Nimis, heu, caducam
Fortibus vitem voluêre parcæ,
Nec sinunt ultrà tibi nos recentes
Nectere laurus,

Magne, qui nomen, licèt incanorum,
Traditum ex multis atavis tulisti!
At tuos olim memorabit ævum
Omne triumphos.

Non hyems illos furibunda mersit,
Non mari in clauso scopuli latentes,
Fissa non rimis abies, nec atrox
Abstulit ensis.

Navitæ sed tum nimium jocosi
Voce fallebant hilari laborem,
Et quiescebat, calamoque dextram im-
pleverat heros

Vos, quibus cordi est grave opus piumque,
Humidum ex alto spolium levate,
Et putrescentes sub aquis amicos
Reddite amicis!

Hi quidem (sic dîs placuit) fuêre:
Sed ratis, nondùm putris, ire possit
Rursùs in bellum, Britonumque nomen
Tollere ad astra.

IN BREVITATEM VITÆ SPATII HOMINIBUS CONCESSI.

BY DR. JORTIN.

Hei mihi! lege ratâ sol occidit atque resurgit,
Lunaque mutatæ reparat dispendia formæ,
Astraque, purpurei telis extincta diei,
Rursus nocte vigent. Humiles telluris alumni.

Graminis herba virens, et florum picta propago,
Quos crudelis hyems lethali tabe peredit,
Cum Zephyri vox blanda vocat, rediitque seren
Temperies anni, fœcundo è cespite surgunt.
Nos domini rerum, nos, magna et pulchra minati,
Cum breve ver vitæ robustaque transiit ætas,
Deficimus; nec nos ordo revolubilis auras
Reddit in æthereas, tumuli neque claustra resolvit.

ON THE SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.

Suns that set, and moons that wane,
Rise and are restored again;
Stars, that orient day subdues,
Night at her return renews.
Herbs and flowers, the beauteous birth
Of the genial womb of earth,
Suffer but a transient death
From the winter's cruel breath.
Zephyr speaks; serener skies
Warm the glebe, and they arise.
We, alas! earth's haughty kings,
We, that promise mighty things,
Losing soon life's happy prime,
Droop, and fade, in little time.
Spring returns, but not our bloom;
Still 'tis winter in the tomb.

Jan. 1784.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

The nymph must lose her female friend,
If more admired than she —
But where will fierce contention end,
If flowers can disagree?

Within the garden's peaceful scene
Appear'd two lovely foes,
Aspiring to the rank of queen,
The Lily and the Rose.

The Rose soon redden'd into rage,
And, swelling with disdain,
Appeal'd to many a poet's page
To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command,
A fair imperial flower;
She seem'd design'd for Flora's hand
The sceptre of her power.

This civil bickering and debate
The goddess chanced to hear,
And flew to save, ere yet too late
The pride of the parterre.

Yours is, she said, the nobler hue,
And yours the statelier mien;
And, till a third surpasses you,
Let each be deem'd a queen.

Thus soothed and reconciled, each seeks
The fairest British fair;
The seat of empire is her cheeks,
They reign united there.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Heu inimicitias quoties parit æmula forma,
Quam raro pulchræ pulchra placere potest?
Sed fines ultra solitos discordia tendit,
Cum flores ipsos bilis et ira movent.

Hortus ubi dulces præbet tacitosque recessus,
Se rapit in partes gens animosa duas;
Hic sibi regales Amaryllis candida cultus,
Illic purpureo vindicat ore Rosa.

Ira Rosam et meritis quæsita superbia tangunt,
Multaque fervenți vix cohibenda sinu,
Dum sibi fautorum ciet undique nomina vatum,
Jusque suum, multo carmine fulta, probat.

Altior emicat illa, et celso vertice nutat,
Ceu flores inter non habitura parem,
Fastiditque alios, et nata videtur in usus
Imperii, sceptrum, Flora quod ipsa gerat.

Nec Dea non sensit civilis murmura rixæ,
Cui curæ est pictas pandere ruris opes.
Deliciasque suas nunquam non prompta tueri,
Dum licet et locus est, ut tueatur, adest.

Et tibi forma datur procerior omnibus, inquit,
Et tibi, principibus qui solet esse, color,
Et donec vincat quædam formosior ambas,
Et tibi reginæ nomen, et esto tibi.

His ubi sedatus furor est, petit utraque nympham,
Qualem inter Veneres Anglia sola parit;
Hanc penes imperium est, nihil optant amplius, hujus
Regnant in nitidis, et sine lite, genis.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

The poplars are fell'd, farewell to the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew;
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,
And the scene where his melody charm'd me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if any thing can,
To muse on the perishing pleasures of man;
Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,
Have a being less durable even than he.*

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Populeæ cecidit gratissima copia silvæ,
Conticuêre susurri, omnisque evanuit umbra.
Nullæ jam levibus se miscent frondibus auræ,
Et nulla in fluvio ramorum ludit imago.

Hei mihi! bis senos dum luctu torqueor annos,
His cogor silvis suetoque carere recessu,
Cum serò rediens, stratasque in gramine cernens,
Insedi arboribus, sub queîs errare solebam.

Ah ubi nunc merulæ cantus? Felicior illum
Silva tegit, duræ nondum permissa bipenni;
Scilicet exustos colles camposque patentes
Odit, et indignans et non rediturus abivit.

* Cowper afterwards altered this last stanza in the following manner:—

The change both my heart and my fancy employs,
I reflect on the frailty of man, and his joys;
Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

Sed qui succisas doleo succidar et ipse,
Et priùs huic parilis, quàm creverit altera silva
Flebor, et, exequiis parvis donatus, habebo
Defixum lapidem tumulique cubantis acervum.

Tam subitò periisse videns tam digna manere,
Agnosco humanas sortes et tristia fata—
Sit licèt ipse brevis, volucrique simillimus umbræ,
Est homini brevior citiùsque obitura voluptas.

VOTUM.

O MATUTINI rores, auræque salubres,
O nemora, et lætæ rivis felicibus herbæ,
Graminei colles, et amœnæ in vallibus umbræ!
Fata modò dederint quas olim in rure paterno
Delicias, procul arte, procul formidine novi,
Quam vellem ignotus, quod mens mea semper avebat,
Ante larem proprium placidam expectare senectam
Tum demùm, exactis non infeliciter annis,
Sortiri tacitum lapidem, aut sub cespite condi!

TRANSLATION OF PRIOR'S CHLOE AND EUPHELIA.

MERCATOR, vigiles oculos ut fallere possit,
Nomine sub ficto trans mare mittit opes;
Lenè sonat liquidumque meis Euphelia chordis,
Sed solam exoptant te, mea vota, Chlöe.

Ad speculum ornabat nitidos Euphelia crines,
Cum dixit, mea lux, heus, cane, sume lyram.
Namque lyram juxtà positam cum carmine vidit,
Suave quidem carmen dulcisonamque lyram.

Fila lyræ vocemque paro, suspiria surgunt,
Et miscent numeris murmura mœsta meis,
Dumque tuæ memoro laudes, Euphelia, formæ,
Tota anima intereà pendet ab ore Chlöes.

Subrubet illa pudore, et contrahit altera frontem,
Me torquet mea mens conscia, psallo, tremo;
Atque Cupidineâ dixit Dea cincta coronâ,
Heu! fallendi artem quam didicere parum.

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF DR. LLOYD.

SPOKEN AT THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION NEXT AFTER HIS DECEASE.

Our good old friend is gone; gone to his rest,
Whose social converse was itself a feast.
O ye of riper years, who recollect
How once ye loved, and eyed him with respect,
Both in the firmness of his better day,
While yet he ruled you with a father's sway,
And when, impair'd by time, and glad to rest,
Yet still with looks in mild complacence drest,
He took his annual seat, and mingled here
His sprightly vein with yours—now drop a tear!

In morals blameless, as in manners meek,
He knew no wish that he might blush to speak,
But, happy in whatever state below,
And richer than the rich in being so,
Obtain'd the hearts of all, and such a meed
At length from one* as made him rich indeed.
Hence then, ye titles, hence, not wanted here!
Go! garnish merit in a higher sphere,
The brows of those, whose more exalted lot
He could congratulate, but envied not!
Light lie the turf, good senior, on thy breast;
And tranquil, as thy mind was, be thy rest.
Though, living, thou hadst more desert than fame,
And not a stone now chronicles thy name!

Abiit senex. Periit senex amabilis,
Quo non fuit jucundior.
Lugete vos, ætas quibus maturior
Senem colendum præstitit;
Seu quando, viribus valentioribus
Firmoque fretus pectore,
Florentiori vos juventute excolens
Curâ fovebat patriâ;
Seu quando, fractus, jamque donatus rude,
Vultu sed usque blandulo,
Miscere gaudebat suas facetias
His annuis leporibus.

* He was usher and under-master of Westminster near fifty years, and retired from his occupation when he was near seventy, with a handsome pension from the king.

Vixit probus, purâque simplex indole,
Blandisque comis moribus,
Et dives æquâ mente, charus omnibus,
Unius auctus munere.
Ite, tituli! Meritis beatioribus
Aptate laudes debitas!
Nec invidebat ille, si quibus favens
Fortuna plus arriserat.
Placide senex, levi quiescas cespite,
Etsi superbum nec vivo tibi
Decus sit inditum, nec mortuo
Lapis notatus nomine!

END OF VOL. VIII.

As Cowper's Version of Homer is not included in this Edition of his Works, it seems necessary to assign the reasons which have led to the omission.

Distinguished as this Version unquestionably is, beyond any preceding attempt, for its fidelity and close adherence to the Grecian Bard, as well as for other excellences which have already been specified, it has still failed in securing an adequate reception from the British public. In the Religious portion of the community it is well known that a very general sentiment of regret exists that the author of the Task, whose Muse was capable of such high moral flights, should have consumed so many years in this laborious enterprise. Under these circumstances, its re-publication here, appeared to be undesirable, especially as it would have added *one-third to the cost* of the present Edition, and as editions of Cowper's Homer are already before the public, and accessible to all who attach an interest to this portion of the Poet's Works.

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